

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Western Canada's
Home Magazine

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WINNIPEG

Issued Monthly

WINNIPEG, MAN., OCTOBER, 1922

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The HOME PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG : : : : CANADA

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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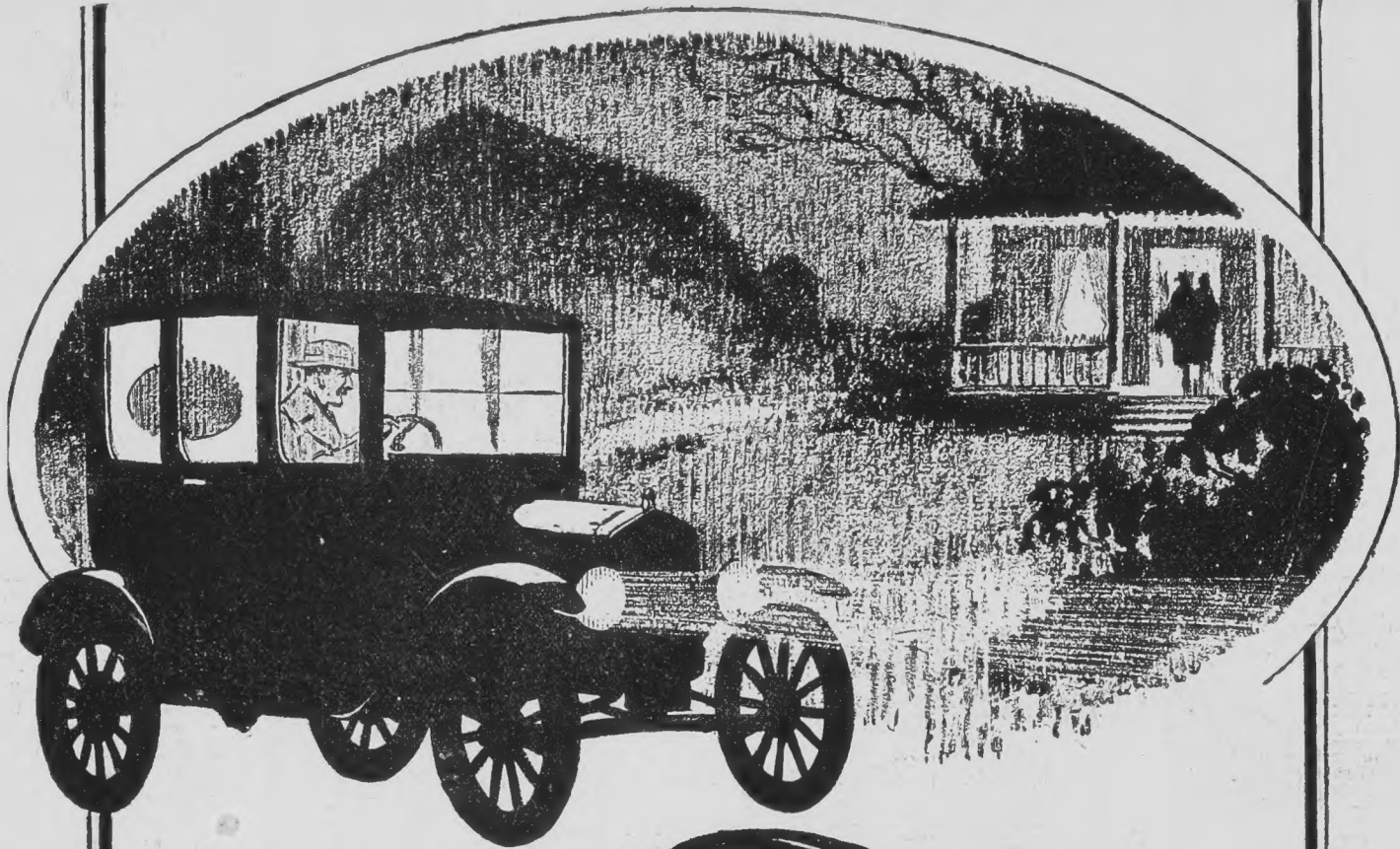
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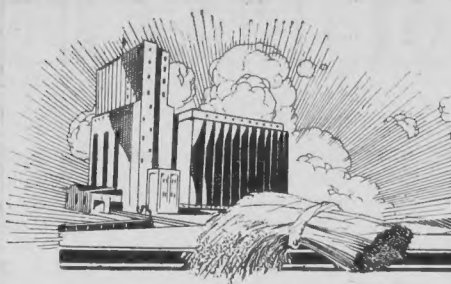
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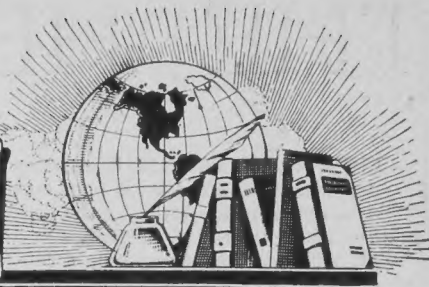
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EDITORIAL



Reconciliation

WHEN Robinson Crusoe lived on his lonely island there was no struggle between capital and labor. He was producer, middleman and consumer—three in one. There could be no strike, no lockout, no tying up of a system of transportation. When a man has only himself to quarrel with he soon settles his grievances.

But one day there came to the island the man Friday. To Crusoe he owed life, liberty and a happiness of which he had never before dreamed. To him Crusoe owed companionship, security from attack, help in all his undertakings. The two seem to have got along together without trouble. One naturally assumed the position of leader and the other as dependent. It could not well have been otherwise. Yet in this little society were possibilities of all the evils we see in our complex organization today, and if we would care to act justly in all the affairs that vex us, we can get many a lesson from examining just how these two men must have behaved during their strange experience on Juan Fernandez.

To begin with, Friday might have laid claim to equality with Crusoe a share in the home, the garden, the tools, the weapons, and he might have insisted that there be an eight-hour day or forty-four hour week. If a day happened to have twenty-four hours and the two had to be continually on the watch, that was Crusoe's problem, for he was the capitalist of the concern. Similarly Crusoe might have said, "I own the capital, and it is a fifty-fifty arrangement for you to supply the labor. I shall be boss and you shall be servant, I shall be king and you my subject, I shall be master and you my slave. So while I order things you carry them out. While I sleep or play solitaire, you cook and dig and milk, and build new quarters."

Clearly both these attitudes are wrong—as wrong as can be. Yet in a measure they are the attitudes adopted in our complex society today, the only difference being that most men find themselves sometimes in Crusoe's class and sometimes in Friday's class. The great middle class of society occupies this position, and that is probably the reason why the middle class has never been able to form a union.

Now, what would have been a reasonable attitude for Crusoe and Friday to take? Clearly Friday could not ignore the fact that his rescuer possessed the only desirable capital on the island. He was in control of food, clothing, shelter, means of defence, and was clearly more advanced in knowledge and wisdom. His experience was his real capital and this was the first thing Friday recognized. All this experience and capital were at the service of Friday. What should he not give in return? First he owed life and for this he would thankfully return life-service, then he owed devotion, loyalty, labor, love. On the other hand Crusoe would recognize and did recognize the need of training this young man for service. Education was the first necessity, and he must be teacher and the black man the learner. The lessons were simple, learning to talk, to keep records, to milk goats, to keep house, to shoot, to stand on guard. Crusoe knew that if he did not educate his new associate he could not get the most out of him. Incidentally he found that he was being educated in many ways himself. There were things he could not do so well as this savage. Apart altogether from this, Crusoe having a human heart saw in Friday more than a worker. He took more pride in developing in him qualities and abilities than in teaching him how to gather wood and prepare meals. To put it briefly, the best that Friday gave was not what was demanded from him, and the best Crusoe gave was outside of any fifty-fifty industrial arrangement.

Yet no doubt there was some division of labor. Some things one could do better than the other. These became his concern. Co-operation meant division of responsibility. It is just here there was room for dispute. Each might think he had to bear more than his share of the burden. Fortunately that condition did not arise, because the relationship of the two was founded on affection, and the more experienced was inclined to be just and kind, while the other possessed a fond memory, and was thankful and anxious to be of service.

Now let us suppose there came to the island two other persons almost similarly placed. They put up their own quarters, and enter upon their own enterprises and get along quite as well as the original pair. But after a time it is found that one end of the island is better for hunting and the other for agriculture, one has better wood for building, the other has a supply of stone. Here there begins exchange, and there is again an opportunity for disagreement. First of all the north settlers may think the south settlers are unreasonable in their bargaining, and in the second place the two savages may get together and protest that the

white men are exacting too much. On the other hand the two whites may enter into rivalry as to which shall possess the better house, and this rivalry may entail unwilling labor upon the two savages, who are quite content to lie in the shade or sleep at night in the branches of a tree. The solution of the problems just suggested is not to be found in intensifying the bad feeling between north and south, and between the white men and the black. It is in conference or friendly discussion. Each capitalist will recognize that he is richer because he has a helper, and each settlement will realize that it will make progress in proportion as it avails itself of the wealth of the other, and there will be a frank recognition of the fact that the foundation of all lasting co-operation is justice and regard for the other man's point of view.

In modern life and industry the possibilities of friction are multiplied. Capital now assumes many forms, and division of labor gives rise to countless classes of workmen. Some of the wealthy are heartless in their greed, and some of the workers are bitter in their hatred of all that is known as capital. Districts are often lined up against districts in unseemly rivalry, and nations contend with each other even to the point of armed opposition. Yet the way to peace is ever the same, and it is not the way of brute force. The big stick inside school or outside of it has had its day. In this world men and nations need each other, and they need each other so badly that they must be fair and just in all their decisions and actions. They must be a thousand times more anxious to help each other than to find fault. If for one year the workmen in a great factory were to follow the practice of their fathers and strive honestly to do their best to increase and perfect production, and if the managers were at the same time to do their best to reward, assist and educate their workmen, there would in that factory never be a return to belligerent methods. There is proof of this in one or two institutions in our own land.

There are two or three classes of people that are working against permanent peace and settled conditions. First there are those who think more of their organizations or unions than of right and justice. Had they been in Friday's place they would have burned down Crusoe's house and destroyed his possessions rather than work for less than schedule, and at that would have stalled on the job. Then there are the bloodsuckers—those who neither have capital nor work and who yet grow wealthy by living on others. A fair sample of this class is the bootlegger. Recently one of this class who pronounces his w's as v's, came into a real estate office in this city and asked if there was a good house in Crescentwood for sale at about \$35,000. He could pay cash. When questioned he explained that he was purchasing for himself, and could if necessary lend money on mortgage on four other houses of the same kind. He said he had been in Saskatchewan two years. There are many of this class in our Western cities. If both labor and capital, instead of fighting each other, would join forces in ousting this common enemy they would be doing more wisely than by attacking each other to little or no purpose. For such little contests as are going on get no place. One party or the other gets the better of it for the time, but the trouble is bound to break out again. The only things that live forever are good faith, good-will, and friendly co-operation.

Beauty

BLESSED be the man or woman who adds to the world a little beauty. This thought comes to one as he passes a beautiful garden, listens to a well-played piece of good music, looks at a lady faultlessly dressed, or enters a home tastefully furnished. Beauty preaches without fault-finding, teaches without offending. It is the cheapest thing on earth, because it is so enduring. He who creates something beautiful shows to the world that he is above the common-place. He has in his soul something of refinement, of delicacy, of taste. The world recognizes this, and pays tribute not only to those who create the beautiful but to all who genuinely love it.

We have not yet made enough of the flowers. Every garden should have roses, sweet peas, cosmos, phlox, snap-dragon, pansy, petunia, and all the old time favorites. Children should grow up with all these flowers as their friends. They should be trained to care for them and encouraged to present them to others. For not only do flowers promote tenderness and sweetness, but the giving and receiving of them develop that friendly feeling which is the basis of all happy community life. So let us cultivate the flowers.

There is nothing more attractive than a beautifully appointed home, and even the lowliest home may be beautiful. The essence of beauty is summed up in such words as cleanliness, arrangement, color, adaptation. How restful a living room fitted up in brown!

How refreshing a bedroom in blue or pink or yellow. Lovely are the walls that are decorated with a few well chosen pictures. Home-like the parlor that has a polished floor and a little rug to match the dominating color scheme. There is no need in any home for clutter. Useless material should be destroyed or renewed. The motto for the housewife is "Beauty or nothing." Probably the greatest error in home furnishing is failure to keep to a uniform plan. Just as in buying clothes a lady tries to have hat, dress, gloves, shoes match, so in arranging the home it is impossible to make it beautiful by adding odds and ends just as accident provides. It is just as easy to follow a plan as to proceed in a haphazard fashion. That which children unconsciously absorb from surroundings becomes the moulding factor in their lives. Therefore let the homes be beautiful.

Let us seek knowledge, and wealth, and health and goodness, but let us not forget to worship at the shrine of the beautiful.

Our Boys

IT IS wise in planning the future of our boys that their tastes and proclivities be taken into consideration.

A boy with a passion for art will never make a good farmer or a good doctor; time and money are thrown away in forcing him in one direction when he was designed by nature to go in another. The annals of biography are full of instances of men and women who, in spite of parental prohibition and restraint, forced their way to fame in the path of their choice.

A good many however who might have attained positions, if encouraged to cultivate their special talents, have been dwarfed and blighted by discouragement from parents and friends and robbed of success and happiness that might have been theirs.

As soon as a boy is old enough to attend school and often before—his parents begin to decide what he shall be, when he is a man—some parents devote their sons to the ministry, some to the law, some to medicine. How many ex-ministers we have! How many who studied law and never practised it! How many who studied medicine and abandoned the practice! It by no means follows because of this, that the time and money and intellectual effort invested in studying a profession that is not practised, are thrown away; neither can it be shown that the investment thus made, could not have been made to far greater advantage.

There are a great many positions of usefulness and honor to be filled, which it is not possible to prepare especially for, simply because these positions cannot be anticipated. We never hear of a young man preparing to be Premier of the Dominion, or even President of a college, or a member of a cabinet, or a minister to a foreign country. There are a great many young men who cannot decide before they leave college what they shall be; they resolve to be somebody and to cultivate themselves in one direction or another, till they find the place to which they are adjusted.

"Life is real, life is earnest," says a great poet. Henry Ward Beecher wrote to a young man who asked him to find an easy place; "Do not be an editor, if you would be easy. Do not try the law. Avoid school keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops and merchandise, abhor politics, keep away from lawyers. Do not practise medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic, neither a soldier or a sailor, don't think, don't study, don't work. None of them are easy. Oh, my young friend, you are in a hard world! I know of but one easy place and that is the grave."

To the boy born and bred in the city, whose interests have always been there, a farm is a succession of fields, populated or occupied by cattle, sheep and horses and conducted solely for the purpose of supplying city folks with the necessities of life. To the boy in the country, the city oft-times has many allurements, but the home thought rests with the country. If he is a farmer he will not journey for occupation, only for instruction, pleasure, business or make sales. Parents should early discover the bent of the son's mind and endeavor to turn it to a practical use.

The mechanical-boy should have a shop of his own. Let it be in the attic or an unused room in the barn or woodshed, give him a place and tools. Let him have a pocket knife, gimlet, gauges, planes, saws, a foot-rule and material to work with. If he is a natural mechanic he will develop ability and do himself credit. If he fails, he is to follow some calling that does not demand mechanical skill.

The home, where'er it be, is the moulding place where the boy should learn to copy, and be taught work, duty and faith. It is Tennyson who says:—

How'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—Mrs. Z. M. Swift.

THE HERITAGE OF COURAGE

By Violet Hughes

LEIGH MORTON BONNAR loosened the string of his old kit bag, and turning it upside down, let the contents tumble to the rug at his feet.

"Well old Pal," he reminisced, scrutinizing the bag, "almost three years since we came home and you've still the grime of Flanders Fields in your weave and woof." Easing himself from the davenport to the floor, he laid the bag aside and turned the contents.

As he looked over the crumpled oddments of wearing apparel, the vagaries of articles that it had contained, he marvelled on how time and perspective change one's valuation of things. The array strewn around him represented things he had valued at next to nothing at the time of returning. Now after a trio of years, he looked them over with reverence because of the memories they recalled. They seemed like sentient things. Tangible symbols of once-upon-a-time a need, a pleasure, a desire, in those testing years in France! A sadness came over him, and he drifted to humming snatches of war-time melodies and to reverie thoughts of those comrades who "will not come again the ancient way."

It was nearing five in the afternoon of a dull November day.

The library was comfortable with a live fire burning in the grate. At intervals gusts of wind rattled icy snow on the window panes and a nude Virginia creeper tapped disconsolately against them. Out on the street no one loitered on the homeward walk from shopping or business for a raw wind hurrying southward brought a realistic message that King Boreas was massing his hosts for the yearly siege against this Manitoba city.

A half hour passed.

The ex-soldier did not hear the hall door open nor the pausing of footsteps before the open library door.

"Good evening, son."

The young man lifted his head in a startled way.

"You, Dad?" With a quick movement he flipped out his watch. "Jove, five-thirty so soon. Humph, I've been mooning over these relics for a good half hour. Bestly day isn't it?"

The eyes of the father touched the son in an affectionate glance.

More from the attitude of this father and son, perhaps, rather than from anything said, an onlooker would have sensed instantly something of the fine comradeship and understanding existing between them.

The son returned to the contents of the kit bag and the elder man advanced slowly into the room and took a deep chair by the fire. He ran his fingers again and again through his plentiful and rather long, grey hair, performing the act in an unconscious, habitual manner. He was scarcely seated when he rose and stepped to the mantel, lifting from a small carved tray a Victoria Cross belonging to the son. Laying it in the palm of his hand, he gazed at it intently for a moment, then replaced it.

The gaze of James Bonnar lifted to a large picture hanging above the mantel: that of a girl of eighteen or nineteen years of age astride a typical Western range horse. She was dressed in a style of riding habit popular some twenty-five or thirty years back. But to the unattractive costume of that period she had created a jaunty air by donning a wide brimmed hat similar to that worn today by His Majesty's Royal Mounted Police. The eyes of the girl looking down at him had a sympathetic, searching expression. In looking at the picture one would receive an impression somehow, that they were a clear, deep blue. As one looked longer, a wistfulness seemed to cover the face like a delicate mist veiling the purity of a snow-white mountain peak in the twilight. It was a winsome, elusive look, once caught, never to be forgotten.

"Ah, but the lad has the little mother's eyes," mused the father, and

lapsed into day-dreams. His mind compressed in a few minutes, as it were, a life-like reenactment of one momentous summer of his youth. The story—with imagination supplying dimmed or missing links—unfolded in his mind without a break.

* * *

Si Morton's driving team of sleek, bay bronchos rolled the democrat along the grassy trail at a brisk pace.

It was early evening of an April day. There had been a light fall of snow that day, and night rode across the southern Alberta lands a few moments after sundown.

The fund of common, conversational topics was quite exhausted between Si Morton and young James Bonnar riding beside him. It had taken a full two hours, however, for Si to recount from Alpha to Omega, the history of every ranch lying within a radius of twenty-five miles of his own. Now silence prevailed, save for desultory remarks called forth by objects along the route.

Bonnar sitting comfortably on the wide cushioned seat of the democrat watched with pleasure the loose-limbed motion of the bronchos following the sweeping curves of the grassy-edged trail. He noted too, the sudden descent of night and the balminess of the atmosphere in spite of the blanket of snow covering the ground.

They rounded a corner. "Thar's our light," said Si. A solitary light shone (perhaps a mile or more away) steady through the dusky perfection of levelness that precedes the descent of darkness on the plain.

A little later, Bonnar picked out the form of a rambling ranch home and several low lying outbuildings, then a moment after, that of long rows of corrals running at right angles to the other buildings.

They drew up at the house with a tight rein and no slackening of speed.

A sharp "whoa" from the driver and the high mettled bronchos quivered to a standstill. Si emitted a forceful, short whistle, some sort of a ragged tune variation, its chief recommendation being that it was understood.

Instantly a couple of youths in cowboy garb appeared, letting a mat of light from the kitchen flood the ground beneath the democrat.

Si sprang from his seat to the earth, carefully transferring the reins to one of the cowboys.

"Never trust a broncho," he addressed himself to Bonnar, and led the way into the brightly lighted kitchen. At the farther end of the long room a girl in the late teens was laying the table for the evening meal. As Si paused at the entrance with the dark young stranger to remove snowy coats, all eyes were focused in their direction.

Then he began in a genial laboured fashion the introducing of Bonnar to his household.

"This is Miss Mandy Stubbins, our right hand helper goin' onto fifteen year now, Mr. Bonnar."

Mandy acknowledged the introduction with a curt nod of her broad, black head, scarcely pausing in her bustling-locomotion from pantry to range and across to cooking table in preparation of supper.

"An' that curly headed young prig a settin' the table thar's m' daughter Beth; the apple of her old Dad's eye!"

The girl blushed, letting two wistful blue eyes drop modestly to the floor. She advanced a few steps and offered Bonnar her hand. "Glad to meet you. Will you have this chair by the fire? The evening is quite cool," she added with a shy reserve, then allowed supper duties to claim her attention.

Si proceeded—

"N, this is Dusty Jones, the chiefest broncho buster in this here district, Mr. Bonnar."

With a grunt of effort, Dusty lifted his wide frame from the bench, and his face rippled in a wide-lipped smile, "Howdy, Mr. Bonnar" he ejaculated in good feeling tones, wringing the other's hand heartily, "Sure and that's a high soundin' name you have got! Hain't you no other, a first perhaps, that wouldn't be so hefty to our tongues?"

"Surely," returned the stranger laughing, "Jim. Just call me Jim everybody." He glanced good humoredly around the room.

Dusty's voice sang out again—

"Thar, that's the sort of talk we like to hear aroun' this ranch."

Two more cowboys were presented and lastly Jeddy Holmes, a cripple lad of twelve with a brain as crippled as his body. At the entrance of the stranger he slouched sullenly in the big chair by the window, riveting his eyes on the newcomer with a curious absorption that later developed into an openly defiant gaze. What thoughts were trickling through his weird, topsy

turvy brain none of them knew and with the exception of Beth would have cared less. Poor Jeddy! Had he a prescience of the days to come? Who can tell?

"Supper ready Mandy?" Si branched off, jovially rubbing his hands together and making for the range.

"Just about—Now look what yer doin'. Trackin' all up me clean floor with yer wet rubbers." Mandy challenged her questioner in a bluff Irish voice. The reminder was quite happily received by its recipient who made hastily toward the door to remove the offending overshoes.

Thus, James Bonnar slipped into a place in the life of the Morton ranch back in the early 90's.

With the approach of daylight the following morning, Bonnar was astir with a certain eagerness in his veins for a taste of cowboy "fare" in the way of work. He looked from his window in the large bedroom he shared with three other ranch hands and mused on what a far cry it was from his former life to this new life he was entering upon.

Back in one of old Ontario's smaller cities in the "fruit belt" he had been a teacher in a collegiate institute, but like hundreds of other young men a craving for life with a "kick" to it and the lure of the West had gotten into his blood. So after a few feeble attempts to stifle the call he resigned from his position and ten days later rode as a tenderfoot beside Si Morton on the road to the latter's ranch a good twenty-five miles from the nearest town.

During breakfast the morning after Bonnar's arrival, the cowboys instituted a sort of probe into his knowledge of riding and ranch life in general. On finding it decidedly scanty, a regular bout of sly, yet good humored railery with the tenderfoot as the object ran like an epidemic among them.

Bonnar rose to the occasion in a sportsmanlike fashion, enjoying it all. At length the question arose as to a saddle horse for his use.

Dusty was ready with a suggestion immediately. One that found prompt support from every cowboy present.

"Demosthenes is the best horse for you to ride not already owned by nobody," Dusty asserted.

The twinkle in his eye and the forced enthusiasm as to the rare merits of Demosthenes didn't go over Bonnar's head.

Hitherto Beth had been only an interested listener, but now she raised her voice in a spirited speech:

"No, don't accept him, Mr. Bonnar." she laughed merrily, "he's the fiercest old brute on the range! I've a mighty good pony I'll let you ride for awhile. Topsy will play no mean tricks on you," she added.

Si sang out with infectious humor: "You're a lucky one Jim! When Beth champions anyone around this ranch he comes in for an easy time."

Whereupon the maid in question warned her father to desist—

"Now, now Daddy," she pleaded. "He's an awful tease, Mr. Bonnar." She glanced in the new arrival's direction.

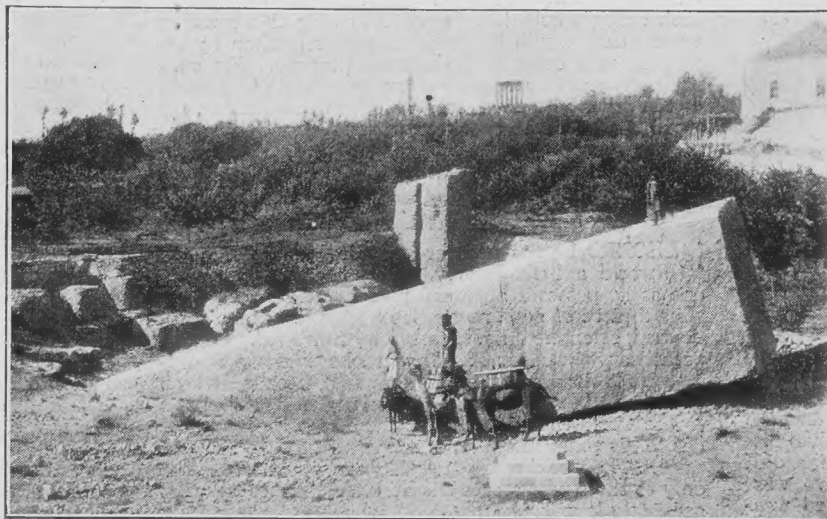
Bonnar thanked Beth for her kindly offer but protested her surrendering the use of her favorite saddle horse even for a short time. She pressed the offer so he finally accepted.

Breakfast over, Si announced the special work for the morning to be the branding of a small group of cattle that were overlooked the fall before. The animals had been corraled the night previous.

"You'll enjoy a canter over the ranch after the branding operations," said Si to Bonnar as he led him to a point of vantage by the barns to view the country. "Beth will be glad to show you the lay of our lands."

—Francis Dickie

Continued on page 9



The Quarryman's Greatest Achievement

ONE of the most interesting, proofs of the wonderful civilization of the ancients is afforded by the great slab of stone at Baalbec, not far from Damascus, in Syria. This huge monolith is 69 ft. long, 14 ft. broad and 17 ft. high. It is the largest single block of stone ever quarried, and its estimated weight is 1,500 tons. It is computed that to raise it would require the combined strength of 6,000 men.

This stone was probably intended, but never used, by the ancient builders for the Temple of the Sun near by—

now, of course, in ruins. Here, built into one of the walls which still stand, are blocks nearly as large—63 ft. long and 13 ft. high. And, more remarkable still, they are placed in position 19 ft. above the ground level. Moreover, no sign of any cementing mixture is to be found. The stones were squared and polished so evenly that the joints are difficult to trace even now, and in spite of the lapse of centuries it is impossible anywhere to thrust the blade of a knife between them.

THE DAY OF RECKONING

By H. Mortimer Batten

Part I Opening Prospects

I T was very early one morning that Mr. Fairweather Field, owner of the prosperous Cupola Ranch, sent the range boss along to tell young Hanman Berwick he was wanted in the office, and Hanman, receiving the message, wondered what on earth he had done wrong. Why should the range owner send for him, of all men—the only Englishman in the outfit, and less than a year new to the country. Anyway he would soon see, and in response to the foreman's brief order—"The boss wants you. Get a hustle on," Hanman wheeled his cayuse, and next minute was crossing the verandah of the bungalow, hat in hand.

Mr. Field sat at his desk, sleeves rolled up and smoking a black cigar despite the fact that breakfast had not been served. At his side, hatless and spruce as usual, sat his son, commonly known by the name of Teddy. He and Hanman were about an age, and they had become good friends owing to the fact that they had much in common—a love of sport, and of the great open ranges.

"Morning Berwick," said the range boss. "Sit down." He placed his finger tips together, and surveyed the young man over his huge gold-rimmed glasses. "Me and Teddy here," he resumed, with his usual disregard for correct English, "have been talking about opening up the new ranch at Sandyridge. As you know, we've got a nice little outfit knocked together up there, and I intend Teddy to go up this week and start running the place on his own. I've been asking him who he wants as a range boss, and he says yourself!"

At this juncture Hanman nearly dropped through his chair. Him a range boss! Today he was merely a junior puncher, drawing a junior puncher's pay. He had hoped some day to become a range boss ere he started out on his own, but he had imagined it would be years before his experience and knowledge ran to that. Therefore Hanman merely stared blankly and said nothing, which was perhaps just as well.

"Personally I think it's unwise," Mr. Field went on with brutal candour. "I had intended Teddy to have a much older man as foreman, but he points out that it's lonely up there, and that congenial companionship will count for a good deal. But mark my word, Berwick, no fooling about hunting and the like! You'll have to work like blazes, and make the thing pay, otherwise you'll find yourselves up a gum tree. As to your wages—you'll get your present pay guaranteed, but over and above that both of you will get a commission on your profits. Thus, if you do well, you'll make a good thing out of it, but your earnings will depend entirely upon yourselves. Now get out, both of you. Fix up everything and come and report to me before you go."

Hanman was still speechless as they stumbled out together, and as the door closed behind them Teddy asked—"Well, what do you think of it? A ranch of our own, old son, and away up in the grandest country in all this range!"

"I don't know what to think of it," Hanman answered. "I'm more indebted to you than I can say."

"O well, cut it out," Teddy advised. "Now let's go along and make out a list of what we shall require. It's going to be a long job and a ticklish one."

Mr. Field stood with his hands behind his back watching them from the office window as they crossed the compound. "Gad," he muttered. "I wish I were just starting life again, with my face towards the sunrise, as they are!"

Yet Mr. Field's start had not been such an easy one.

Part II

A month later the two were safely installed, with three punchers and a

cook, at Sandyridge, when one morning an Indian came to the door, and asked them if they were prepared to buy a pair of caribou tongues. Now there were not many caribou (wild American reindeer) in the range at that time, and caribou tongue is regarded as a great delicacy.

Both the young men recognized the Indian as one of the hunters belonging to a tribe at present encamped at their fishing grounds down in the valley. He was a fine looking fellow, though disreputably clothed and not specially clean as to person. "How much do you want for them?" queried Teddy, at which the man named an absurdly impossible price.

"Well, we shan't give you that for them, nor half of it," Teddy replied. "We'll just take them along to the cook, and see what he says."

The cook looked at the tongues, then peered out of the window at the waiting Indian. "Don't you buy anything from that swipe," he advised. "He's the most shiftless idler along the range, and drinks like a fish. They call him Kee Hassa, and his own tribe would turn him out but that they're scared stiff of him."

"As for the tongues," the cook went on. "They ain't caribou tongues at all, but calf tongues. He's trying to sell you tongues out of your own steers!"

The two young men looked at each other and laughed. "That's right," said Hanman. "Two calves were killed yesterday by a landslide up at Blue Ridge."

"Well," said the cook, "you send Kee Hassa about his business, pretty quick, and tell him that if he comes monkeying around here again, he'll get something he ain't looking for!"

Teddy marched out with the tongues, determined once and for all to show that Indian what he was up against. As he opened the door the man's squint riled him, and it is to be feared that Teddy rather forgot himself. Not a word did he speak, but taking up one of the wet and flabby slabs of meat he clubbed it, and dealt the Indian a resounding smack across the mouth with the heavy end. The man turned on his heel, entirely overcome by surprise and anger, and as he reached the gate he received the second

tongue in the nape of the neck—thrown with some force.

"There," said Teddy. "That will teach him." And the two settled down to their breakfast.

Part III Kee Hassa

When the cook described Kee Hassa as a shiftless idler, he described him well, and like so many idlers, Kee Hassa was a bully in his private life. He had no wife, or rather his last wife had run away from him and sought the protection of her grandmother. Kee Hassa did not want her, and so let her remain, but as a point of honour he made a practice of kicking her or her grandmother over the stewpots whenever he met them. He shared a teepee with his nearest relative, the boy Kee-ha-wa-ha-lee, or rather Hala—as we come to know him later—shared Kee Hassa's teepee.

When Kee Hassa was at home the boy slept under the stars or with the dogs or among the horses—anywhere, so long as he was safely out of reach of Kee Hassa. He knew that Kee Hassa meant some day to kill him, that was, unless the day intervened when Hala himself grew strong enough and big enough to put the fear of death into the man who made his life an unholy terror. Yes, assuredly, the day would come when Kee Hassa would have to pay for his sins, but today he bossed the roost.

The chief of the tribe was old, and lacked the wholehearted support of his braves, because most of them were afraid of Hassa. So Hassa cheeked the chief, violated the laws of the tribe, and in short was a thorn in the flesh of everyone who was so unfortunate as to have anything to do with him.

But the first day of reckoning came sooner than anyone expected. One evening Hanman Berwick and Teddy Field were riding across the range when they happened suddenly to top a ridge looking straight down on the Indian encampment.

As they admired the view, the vividly coloured teepees nestling in the pale sunlight, with a background of scarlet sky cut up like a jig-saw against the mountains, they heard savage cries of anger,

then they saw a small boy run from a teepee. It was Hala, flying from the savage wrath of Kee Hassa!

The boy, nimble though he was, had no time to escape, but just then a young squaw happened to be passing, and Hala ran to her for protection. He hid his face in her clothing, and she drew her garments about him, holding up one remonstrating hand to Kee Hassa, who at that moment dashed out of the teepee, a vessel of some kind in his hand.

Then the two young white men beheld a brutal and dreadful thing, which they would never have credited. The pot in Kee Hassa's hand was full of scalding syrup of some kind, and now, heedless of the woman's pleading, the human brute hurled it at the head of the boy. It spread over his scalp and neck, scalding also the woman's hands. Both of them screamed with pain, backing away. Their cries were awful, and figures appeared at every tent, yet stood motionless, looking on, such was the fear of Kee Hassa!

The young woman, forgetting her pain, mindful only of the savage injustice of it, drew a dagger from under her clothing, and faced Kee Hassa, her eyes flashing, a wolf-like snarl breaking from her clenched teeth. They heard the other women shriek out to look out for her life, but the young squaw was mad with righteous fury. She lunged at Kee Hassa, but with a laugh he caught her up-raised hand in his. Then his other hand clutched her throat, and marching her backwards he threw her away from him with a horrible thud, and she lay groaning.

"This," said Teddy, "is where I come in." He leapt from his saddle, leaving the bridle dangling, but taking his whip, "I guess I'll come along and see the show," remarked Hanman, and releasing his foot from the stirrup he hobbled after his friend with that peculiar stiffness of limb which always accompanies the steps of men who spend much time in the saddle.

Teddy Field strode into the teepee to which Kee Hassa had swaggeringly returned, and once again he said nothing. But Teddy knew how to use a stock whip, and he used it that night as he would have spurned to use it on a dumb beast. The whole camp heard the awful "lick" of it, then stroke after stroke in quick and merciless succession. They heard, too, the screams of Kee Hassa as he fled from his teepee, but Hanman was waiting at the entrance, and took up the good work as the murderous Indian escaped from the reach of Teddy's lash. In short, they chased him all round the camps while the braves and squaws cheered and laughed. They made him leap the camp fires, and when he escaped one, the other was waiting for him. Indeed they enjoyed themselves as seldom before in their lives.

Finally they tripped Kee Hassa up, and Teddy sat on his chest. "Look here, my lad," he said, shaking the loaded handle of his whip within one inch of Kee Hassa's nose, "if ever you come back to this camp, we'll kill you! Do you get me, now? You've got to clear out, and if ever you come back again you'll have me, and my outfit to deal with, and we'll do you in, sure as little apples!" Then, still sitting on Kee Hassa's chest, Teddy turned to the old chief who was standing delightedly by. "If again you see the face of Kee Hassa," he said, "let me know, we'll just about settle his hash. Do you get me?"

The old chief at any rate understood the general gist of it, and nodded approvingly, so, feeling that he had cleared the air, Teddy got up. The Indian also rose, and with murder in his eyes he glanced once at his assailants. Then he turned and strode proudly away, while the squaws laughed and pointed the finger of scorn at him, and even the little children threw things after him. At the edge of the camp the camp dogs,

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BRITISH PREMIER BEING GUARDED

Premier Lloyd George and his granddaughter Valerie snapped at a quiet moment. Armed men are now guarding the British Premier. Since the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson, fear of further murders of British leaders have led to the taking of extra precautions in guarding their lives.

CANADA'S ARCTIC GATEWAY

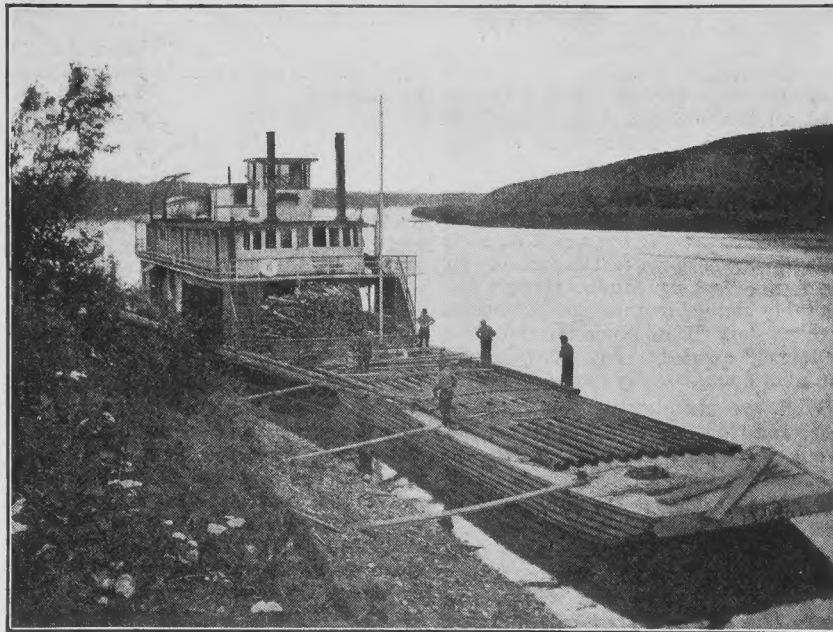
By A. de H. Smith

FORT McMurray, Alberta, is the Gateway to Canada's Arctic. Situated at the junction of the Clearwater and Athabasca rivers, the village clustering round the Hudson's Bay Company fort is what is known in the West as "the jumping-off-place" for the north country—a terrain half the size of Europe, and which as yet is almost wholly unknown and undeveloped.

To McMurray there is but one road in, the Alberta and Great Waterways railway, connecting the frontier post with Edmonton, the nearest city and 300 miles distant. Northward from McMurray there is but one road also—the river—over which in the winter nothing but dog-teams travel, while in summer its waters carry a procession of craft of all descriptions, from lordly puffing river steamers to the birch-bark canoes of the Indians.

At McMurray is unloaded from the train a strange assortment of freight: schooners for the Eskimo hunters of the Arctic, canoes for the traders of the fur companies, supplies for the plucky missionaries who minister to the Indians, in addition to the flour, beads, bacon, and other necessities for which the native barter his furs.

Northward from McMurray there is uninterrupted navigation for 280 miles, down the Athabasca river, across treacherous Athabasca lake, and so on by Fort Chipewyan to Fort Fitzgerald. Here comes the one break in the navigation of the 1800 miles between Fort McMurray and the Arctic. Rapids occur in the Slave river which no steamboat, schooner or other similar craft can negotiate, so all the varied freight on which the life blood of the north country depends must be freighted with horses across a portage of sixteen miles in length to Fort Smith. From this



Steamer "Northland Echo" loading ore piping for Fort Norman, at Fort McMurray Alta.

McMurray's one street and squat in the doorways with an air of proprietorship. Their canvas smoke-begrimed teepees still line the shore, while their hermetically sealed log houses and howling dogs still token their presence.

Cheek by jowl with the old log buildings of the mission and the ancient structures of the Hudson's Bay Company are modern wooden buildings housing all the trades of the frontier, while on the street may be found a strange admixture of men of many calibres; scarlet coated Mounted Policemen, trappers clothed in native tanned caribou-skin coats and mocassins, keen eyed traders

journey the Indian feeds him—one or two frozen fish per diem. In the summer it is a different matter; then the native does not require his services, and being too lazy almost to feed himself, he allows his dogs to forage as best they can with the result that they are always on the verge of starvation.

As a consequence, nothing is safe from these unfortunate marauders; they burrow under tents and abstract anything edible, and this phrase is meant to include anything chewable. They have been known to tear open tin cans with their teeth and devour the contents, they will eat boots and anything made of leather, while many of them are drowned in swimming out to the river nets in the endeavor to obtain the fish caught in the mesh. Once they arrive, they are so weak from starvation that if they become entangled it is impossible for them to release themselves.

All day long they dodge round the haunts of men, vainly hunting for food, and at night they render the dark hours hideous with their wolf-hows; one dog visualizing the moon will give a high pitched howl, soon to be answered from every direction, until a babel of sound results which precludes all possibility of sleep except to those inured to the north. At every post between McMurray and the Arctic it is the same, and the plight of the unfortunate huskies is the one bar sinister on the northern escutcheon. There is no reason for this condition except the want of thought on the part of the natives; the white traders keep their dogs in

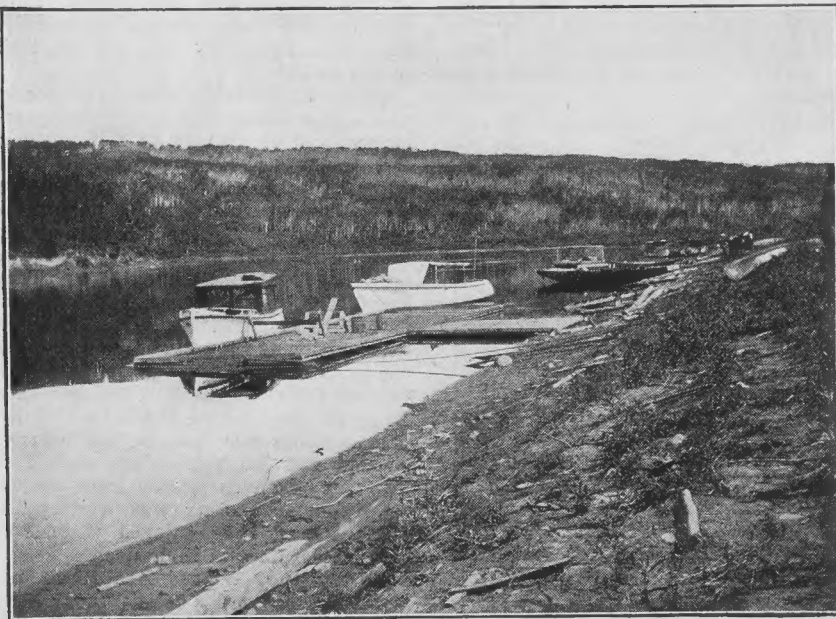
good shape by merely taking the trouble of netting some of the million fish which can be had for the dropping of a seine.

The advent of a river steamer at Fort McMurray is an event which stirs the town to sudden activity. North, East and West the river is the only means of communication; there are no telephones, telegraphs or wireless, and the arrival of the steamer means news of the "inside"—of all the happenings in the north which have been shut off from all communication for nearly a year. One long whistle blast from the river, and the message flees from mouth to the mouth "The steamer is in!" and straightway everyone flocks to the river bank. Slowly the river boat feels her way up the shallow backwater and presently berths with the lack of ceremony characteristic of the west, as the people on the bank eagerly scan the faces of the travellers, most of whom have been lost to civilization, and unheard of since the previous spring. Through the crowds the husky dogs scramble, sniffing for scents which will recall former masters and former journeys, with a keen eye on any fresh avenue of food supplies opened up by reason of the steamer's arrival.

Due to the shallowness of the northern rivers the steamers are of the flat-bottom variety, while the majority of the other vessels conform to this plan. Everything which will float carries a load in the north, from the steamers to the canoes, between which range boats and gasoline driven craft of many descriptions. The canoe is the most popular independent vehicle of transportation for the Indian and white man alike, but when he requires something of a greater capacity he builds a scow. This vessel might well be described as a peculiar marine phenomenon. It is simply a wooden box built out of one inch boards; the cracks are caulked with old rags, etc., over which is smeared the native tar from the hillsides, and in this "boat" the northman blithely embarks his wife, children and dogs, and proceeds on a voyage of perhaps 600 miles length. Though superficially these scows are the craziest appearing of craft, they possess the faculty of "getting there," in addition to which they possess another advantage, in that on arrival at his destination the settler can remove the boards and use them for material for the roof of his log cabin.

Once the ice goes out, there is a constant stream of traffic to and from the river port; Eskimo schooners lashed side by side and pushed by the steamers (consorts are never towed in the north), launches of a dozen patterns going down to the Arctic under their own power for the Mounted Police, the oil drillers and the hunters, and the scows and

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The Waterfront at Fort McMurray, Alta.

point to the Arctic ocean there is open navigation for a distance of 1500 miles.

McMurray itself is a strange blending of the old and the new. Up to a few years ago it was but a sleepy outpost of the Great Company, intent on the bartering of furs, and with little interest in the outside world. Suddenly the finding of oil in limited quantities at Fort Norman, caused a stampede which brought the town to life with a jerk, and be it said the travellers to the north paid due tribute to the enterprising merchants of the river metropolis! The development to the north, added to the advent of the railway, threw McMurray suddenly into the limelight, wooden houses flew up as if by magic and soon the teepees of the Indians were pushed back to make room for hotels, billiard rooms, restaurants and other emblems of civilization.

Though displaced by the white man the natives are tenacious of their place in the sun, and to-day they lounge along

from half a hundred fur posts and an occasional tourist bent on seeing the Eskimo in his native haunt. Through all, the husky dogs of the natives and traders pick their way, keenly watchful for cuffs and kicks, and with a weather eye always open for any food possibilities.

The husky of the North carries in his veins the blood of wolfish ancestors who, foot free, roamed the Barren Lands and the Strong Woods; he still retains the tapering snout and pointed ears of the wolf, and a good deal of his progenitor's temperament, be it said. He is not a lovable animal; kindness he has never known, he looks for none and he is a law unto himself. The dogs belonging to the whites are in the main well fed and looked after, if not petted, but the life of the Indians' huskies is one long agony. In the winter he hauls his master's cariole, in a five dog team, the winter long, and to obtain the necessary muscle for the



Unloading fur bales from steamers to scows at Fort McMurray, Alta.



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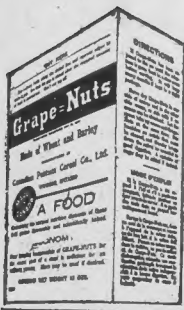
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KOKANEE TRAILS

By R. B. Forsyth

A Glimpse of Kootenay

THERE are few spots on Kootenay Lake better known to the angler than Coffee Creek. Here a widely dashing mountain torrent forces its way among giant boulders to the lake beneath, forming at its mouth a delta of quicksand. For twenty-five yards or more the force of the current is felt in the lake beyond, and it is here that the angler casts his fly or trolls patiently for the elusive but altogether delicious silvery rainbow trout or its gourmand brother, the char, which feeds on small fish, and as the season advances, braves the dangers of the upper waters in quest of spawning pools.

swelled at this season of the year to many times its original size by reason of the melting snows in the mountains beyond. Here is an old forge, some miner's makeshift for crude repairing, beyond us a single plank bridge now falling into decay, but thrown across the stream for the convenience of prospectors in bygone days, and here and there a deserted mining claim.

As you advance, crawling over fallen forest giants, the undergrowth becomes denser, the trail almost lost to sight. Here and there are evidences of huge slides which have washed down tons of earth from the crests beyond. It is here,



Below Bonnington Falls, Nelson, B.C.

On the lake shore we came upon two prospectors, twin souls who, in the language of Tennyson's Ulysses, "had toiled and wrought" together for thirty odd years and had not struck it rich in all that time. They had prospected in Idaho, the Coeur d'Alene, The Slocan, always, as one of them expressed it, "on the tail of the great mining stampedes," but they got no nearer than that. Back in 1896, they had found some "floats" of silver lead and today they are trying to discover the leads in the upper reaches of the creek. They are full of the life of bygone days, and are going to stick it out until their last claim is staked. As we left them they sat like twin sentries dosing in the heat of the late afternoon sun, one on each side of the smoldering camp fire, in the shadow of their wickiup, a ledge of rock which extended far enough beyond their heads to afford shelter from rain and sun.

Even in the icy cold of winter they manage to keep comfortably warm piling

my trapper friend informs me, that you may look for bears. They are often to be found along the course of these slides in search of berries, ants, honey, etc. Once their haunts are known the rest is comparatively easy. "Never go after b'ar. Let 'im come to you" cautions my friend.

Farther up the creek, the trail becomes less and less distinct and is harder to follow. Two thirds of the way up and you have reached the "Meadows," acres of rolling wild wood with wild flowers of the rarest varieties in gayest profusion.

The air grows steadily colder. It is the glacier's breath which you have felt hours ago at the mouth of the creek, now winding like a shimmering thread below, but this is more than breath, it is real winter chill and you begin to think of furs and other like accoutrements.

And now you are above the timber line. You have ceased to think of a possible shot at a bear or mountain lion.



The Slocan Mountain.

their pine logs high on the camp fire, and do not fare so badly at all from the piercing wind of the canyon to the left blowing from the Glacier in the rear.

It is 14 miles as the crow flies to the Kokanee Glacier, and glacier climbing is fast becoming the king of sports to the out-of-doors man. The Glacier is 8,500 feet above sea level and is equally approachable from Kaslo (where one may go by auto 14 of the intervening 20 miles) Coffee Creek, and Kokanee Creek, and parties are organized almost every week to accomplish the ascent to this desired Mecca.

From Coffee Creek on Kootenay Lake, the trail winds along a foaming torrent,

You have entered a great natural park as yet almost unknown to the dweller in cities below. The smaller animals are without sense of fear toward man and crouch a few feet from you without any show of alarm. The whistling marmot with his nice imitation of the master's voice throws the camp dog into utter and laughable confusion with his oft-repeated calls.

And at last the Glacier. You come upon it expectantly and there it lies one vast ridge of saucer like projections sloping upward with the deep sapphire glitter of the northern ice-field. Under the strong glare of the sun, there are countless

Continued on Page 22

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The Heritage of Courage

Continued from page 4

From the altitude of the knoll, Bonnar's eyes ranged over mile upon mile of great plainland. A smiling, tender green it rolled away under the bright morning sun. All night long a soft chinook had raked the plain, melting the last vestige of snow that had fallen the day before. With a thrill of pleasure he faced the westerly breeze sweeping over the undulating spaces; a fickle, caressing breeze wonderfully energizing with the tangy odor of green grasses and willows. "And cattle on a thousand hills," he murmured watching the immense corrals being emptied and the great herd string away under the direction of cowboys.

Si Morton who believed the Alberta province the garden of the world, and his particular ranch an Eden spot in that garden, had an eye for effect, so refrained from comment for a few minutes to allow the new man to drink in the beauty of the morning landscape. At length he deemed the psychological moment to speak had arrived.

"You see that white house over the creek, south," he pointed with his clay pipe, "that's me nearest neighbor, Bill Jenkins. He be five miles off and me acres reaches clean to his door. Now look this way—of course you can't see so far this north way, but you follow that big ridge of land, well m' acres reaches over a mile beyond that."

Here the speaker paused, heaving a sigh of opulent contentment and waiting pridefully for his anticipation to materialize.

"A very large tract of land, Mr. Morton. A good many sections I suppose?"

"Just seven sections and a half—but in a hull block. Why when I come here twenty year back, there wasn't no one inside o' thirty mile. N' now look at 'em! crowdin' right agin me!"

Bonnar smiled and thought he saw no indication of the "crowdin'" Si mentioned.

"A very fine country, indeed!" approved Bonnar.

"Ginger, it sure is," exclaimed the rancher with expansive enthusiasm. At this moment Beth appeared.

"And just look at our mountains looming in the sun!" she cried.

Bonnar smiled at her use of the possessive.

"Magnificent," he said, letting his eyes cling to the irregular cloud effects in the distance that implied the Rocky Mountain range.

Beth seeing she had captured his interests held him to a lengthy dissertation on the beauty of the mountains viewed from her home. In autumn what keen pleasure she derived from noting the progress of a farmer ploughing in a field that from the plain below seemed to slope up to the sky—a field that must have been at least ten or twelve miles distant as the crow flies—daily seeing the black mat widen on the yellow stubble field ever climbing up, up, up, ending abruptly against a soft tinted horizon, sometimes a sapphire, a topaz, though more often multi-colored as the day was cloud-shadowed, fair or showery.

"But wait," she flashed, "I'll go get the new field glasses Daddy got for me in Toronto last winter."

She hurried away to the house, leaving Bonnar standing alone (for Si had gone about stable duties) with a couplet from the song of Evangeline singing through his mind.

"When she had passed, it seemed Like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Suddenly a prolonged, weird cry, eerie beyond description, reverberated through the air. It seemed to come from the barn, and Bonnar turned just in time to see Jeddy's twisted face withdrawing behind the shed extension. Before the last note of the cry had stilled the cattle corralled for branding speak.

stampeded with a deafening bleat, carrying away one side of their enclosure, and passing within four or five yards of the place where Bonnar stood. Away across the prairie they raced in a compact group.

With fenzied shouts the men rushed from the barn.

A few minutes later blame for the accident was fastened on Jeddy's shoulders with many loud words and scant measure of patience.

"G'long. Away to the house, you young rascal!" vociferated Si in the midst of the storm.

At this point Beth reappeared and was fully apprised of the disaster and its cause.

Beckoning to the tearful, yet defiant Jeddy, she led him away with her arm about his slim shoulders and droppin' soothing little phrases into his ears.

When they had gone Si turned to the new man.

"That Jeddy is the queerest bein' I ever expect to see. Ain't it downright astoundin' how he ever made such a noise es that? 'Nough to stampede anything! Ef he wasn't such a weasel eyed little trickster he wouldn't be such a nuisance round the place. This is the first though, he's ever done the like of this."

"Who is he?" Bonnar enquired.

"Why he's an orphan kid we've had nigh onto ten year now. His father homesteaded not far from here and died leaving the mother with this one boy. Next year she died and we took Jeddy to live with us. Beth's mother had died the year before an' Beth was anxious for Jeddy to come. So she mothers him and puts up with his queer ways to no end. N' he just worships her. Beth's a jewel hearted girl, anyway," concluded the father proudly.

Within the precincts of the kitchen Beth questioned the boy as to how he came to stampede the cattle. But he gave no coherent answer to her queries. He crouched in the big chair by the window quite plainly absorbed in abyssmal misery and Beth's promise to allow him to saddle his pony and accompany her and Bonnar on the ride over the range did not appear to relieve his distress in the least.

After a minute of silence he burst forth in gleeful bitterness:

"Somethin' 'll git 'im yet, I betch, hee, hee!" His cackling laugh filled the kitchen with its uncanny sound.

"Why Jeddy, boy, what do you mean? Get whom?"

"That thief, Mista Bonnar."

"Jeddy, oh Jeddy, you mustn't speak like that of Mr. Bonnar. He's not a thief! Daddy you know, has hired him for the extra help we need this season. He'd feel terribly hurt if he heard you call him such a name. Why he likes you," Beth averred in a consoling manner.

The lad regarded her quizzically for a moment, then exploded more wrathfully than ever—

"Wull I ain't liken' 'im."

His wizened, pale face worked queerly and Beth realizing that he was harbouring a distorted idea of some kind deemed it best for him to get it off his mind. She loved this strange lad in a big sisterly way for his very helplessness and eccentricities. She suffered when he was troubled and made the problems in his twisted brain her own, that she might solve them for him.

As the minutes passed and Jeddy seemed engulfed in misery as deep as ever, she went to him and sat on the arm of his chair saying:

"Tell the trouble Jeddy boy, so big sister can help you."

No reply. The noise of splashing water as Mandy scrubbed vigorously at the steps leading from the kitchen upstairs sounded strikingly loud in the quiet kitchen. Several more minutes ticked away and Beth knowing Jeddy's ways well, waited patiently for him to speak.



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"Wull, he that man has come to steal you, Beth!" broke from Jeddy at last.

For a second the accusation quite deprived her of speech.

"Oh, no, no, no, he's come for no such thing! Where did you get that idea? No indeed, I couldn't leave Daddy and you for anything."

A relieved look came over the boy's face and he seemed satisfied for the time with her reply. The subject was dropped nor was it ever referred to again.

The summer passed quite uneventfully and Bonnar enjoyed the free open life immensely for all of the fact that he frequently found himself the centre of many amusing episodes due to his "rawness" to ranch routine.

Then came the day when the magic curtain of autumn drew back and September gorgeous and mild held centre stage. During the last week Albertans revelled in a spell of pure Indian Summer.

As Bonnar's horse padded over the range these rare days, he frequently found himself in imagination peopling the prairie round about with its former inhabitants. While fantasy held sway he could scarcely refrain from glancing behind anticipating the moccasined footfall of a scalp-gathering hunter.

One afternoon they were pasturing the herd on the level above the ridge. It accidentally happened that the section Bonnar was scheduled to "watch" was on the ridge side. The ridge served as a barrier to straying animals making his duties unusually light.

For some two miles the ridge was a precipitous slope with only here and there a spot accessible at all. Toward the eastern end there was a level place measuring perhaps a rod or two in diameter in the direct slope away from summit to creek bed. This could be reached from the top. A spring had oozed through the hill at this point and beside it a couple of battered poplars grew. Leading from the spring along the side of the hill was a narrow path worn deep by the passing of buffalo feet in the years when these animals were king brutes on the plain.

Bonnar with his saddle horse found it good to take up quarters here for the afternoon, occasionally climbing to the prairie level to see that none of the cattle were straying too far.

On one of these excursions, he spied Beth out for a canter on the spirited Topsy. He felt a twinge of disappointment that she merely waved him recognition and kept on her way. He had hoped she would come over for a chat, but consoled himself with the thought that she might stop on the return. When she was one with the distant objects melting into the corn-tassel-hued horizon, he sought for some sign of the cowboys or Jeddy. None of them was in sight. And the wide landscape so devoid of human life suddenly took on a lonely aspect, he thought.

Returning to the spring he stretched out on his back on the warm sand. He looked up into the sky where the sun hung a dim yellow globe toward which one might glance with no fear of blasting the sight. As he lay musing of the prairie maid whom he had come to love he felt as if the day smoked a sweet incense over everything. His eye caught on a large hawk lazily gyrating over the creek below. The day began to grow subtly dimmer. The atmosphere drowsed over his senses like a narcotic. Gazing idly on the free rhythmic sweep of the hawk's wings circling movement, he fell asleep.

He was awakened suddenly by the earth beneath him throbbing with an immense yet dim sound. It quickly grew into a gigantic, invariable rumble. For a few seconds, a weird note hummed through the soft breeze, dying away finally in the ocean of sound.

Thoroughly roused, he got to his feet. His eyes sought the sky. Nothing there to cause such a noise! Still the roar ceaselessly bore down upon him, heavier, nearer, rolling in vibrant waves from the north, he now discovered. Above the ridge-crest a dense

dust cloud mounted slowly skyward.

At this moment, he spied Beth riding madly along the summit of the ridge. In a flash she was beside him. Springing from Topsy's back to the ground, she seized his cayuse, mounted, shrieking—

"Stampede! Whole herd! Ride east!"

With Beth astride his mount, Bonnar had no alternative but to take hers. He did not question this then, for he had not grasped the import of what she had done. The exchange he attributed to her excitement. It was Beth who was alive to the relative endurance of the two horses. With his summer on the ranch, Bonnar had not yet acquired that subtle sense so frequently possessed by ranchers, whereby they measure the relative strength and reliability of their horses, even on slight acquaintance.

They were scarcely in the saddle when Beth's long riding whip curled round Bonnar's mount, then her own. With a flying start they swung onto the rutted path clinging in a sinuous line to the escarpment. It alone seemed to offer a way of escape!

Topsy followed the narrow path with a fleet sure-footedness nothing short of marvellous. Every nerve in her sensitive body seemed strained to cover the ground quickly as if she felt the danger, understood the nature of the test.

As they rode for life, Bonnar did some swift calculating. He felt there was little chance of exhaustion destroying the stampede before the ridge was encountered. He recollected also, that the herd would have measured a mile or more in length when he had seen them last and that they were some half mile or more north of it. Undoubtedly in the mad charge they would close in ranks. He figured closely, and concluded that chances for escape and destruction were an even game.

In the excitement of getting under way, it was some moments before he discovered Beth no longer rode at his horse's flank. When he glanced back, it shot through his bewildered mind what she had done. In the race for life, her horse had fallen yard by yard behind. He realized now that the exchange of mounts had not been a mistake on her part. She had taken his, so that if either of them went under it would be her! With a terrible realization it gripped him that she could have escaped easily in the opposite direction had she not chosen to save him!

The wind had risen to a gale, and when Bonnar looked back, Beth's slight form on her shambling cayuse was merely a dust-blurred silhouette far behind—braver than the bravest, fearlessly casting in the balance the thing most dear—and for him.

For a moment despair engulfed him. Everything in him rose up in revolt against her sacrifice. He swore he would not let her do this thing. He would share in whatever was dealt to her. As he turned back, the dominating lines of the fighter who will not see defeat pencilled deeper on his chinook-browed face.

When he reached her, a shrieking command pierced faintly through the roar—

"Go on!" she said.

And to give the needed impetus, she raised in the stirrups, swung forward and lashed his horse. This was beyond Topsy's endurance. She became uncontrollable, and fled like a gazelle.

When Bonnar regained control of her he raced back to Beth.

"I'll never leave you Beth," he shouted, but his words were lost in the roar. She saw his dust-veiled face and knew that he had spoken, that was all.

In the tensiety of the race they lost all consciousness of voluntary motion. The earth itself seemed to assume control of them, mercifully rocking them onward over its surface. Each second the air grew thicker and thicker with the beating thunder. The hot breath of the maddened herd palpitated over

them. Dust enveloped them in a suffocating shroud. Yet hope dies hard, so they felt in a vague way that the distant objective point of safety would be attained.

It proved a narrow margin of safety. The riders swept out beyond the line of death just as the advance line of cattle broke in a hurtling wave over the escarpment.

Unable to regain their footing at any point, the animals rolled helplessly down the sharp incline. Rank after rank following, pushed on by those behind.

Bonnar dismounted and crushed Beth in his arms.

They gazed in numb misery, hearing the indescribably pitiful noises of the dying animals. Stood helpless before a disaster in which hundreds of cattle were destroyed. A ragged mass, plunging down, down, the slope. Truly a scene almost beyond comprehension! Yet an accident that must have happened to buffalo herds as evidenced by some of the coulee beds with their hordes of bleached bones.

As Bonnar gazed on the havoc being wrought, the immensity of the risk Beth had taken for him piled like an avalanche on his brain. Power of speech was swept away on the current of realization of what she had done for him.

Beth was weeping hysterically in his arms—"Oh, I saved you,—We made—it—"

Then Bonnar found his voice though strangely unlike his own:

"Beth, Beth—I'm so unworthy of it all! I love you better than life—I"—His voice trailed away into silence.

She was speaking again: "Don't speak of it—I had to save you, that was all. I could never have lived and not done it.....That is all."

Swift as an arrow the thought of Jeddy shot through Bonnar's brain—His lips could scarce frame the sentence. "Where's Jeddy, Beth?"

An agonized pallor overspread her face, but no answer came.....Bonnar understood.

Over the scene of destruction the dust was beginning to settle, the wind to die down.

* * *

Back across the vista of years shifted the thoughts of the dreamer through a brooding restfulness as from an Indian summer's day that exerted a subtle panacea of healing. The melancholy event dropped anchor in the offing of his mind and its outcome glowed like a star in radiance around him..... Suddenly a voice drew him into the present.

"Dinner is waiting, Dad."

He lifted his eyes to Beth's son standing beside him.

"Yes, yes," he answered vaguely, "but has the maid announced it yet?"

"Sure, been to the door twice."

Instinctively the eyes of the son flashed to the picture above the mantel.

"Dreaming of little mother, Father?" he asked in a low voice.

There was silence.

The father tapped meditatively with his forefinger on the arm of the chair, and the son waited for him to speak.

"You are very like your mother, boy." There was a caressing note in the quiet voice. The son made no

reply for the declaration was not new to his ears.

He spoke a moment later: "I sometimes wonder though, just what my mother means to me for I remember her so dimly."

He rested an elbow on the mantel, eyes dropped pensively on the rug.. ..Took up the thought again—

"Foremost, I believe she lives in my heart like the inspiration from a beautiful melody."

"Quite so, I'm sure, yet more than that.....But now lest I leave it unsaid let me tell you how proud I am of you. Of the fine soul courage you possess which enabled you to sacrifice four years of your youth in a strange land for an ideal, but I'm prouder still of your splendid effort to swing back to civilian life and to make good, to play a real man's part, for here praise and appreciation no longer follow the ex-soldier like a noisy wave. Ah, the little mother builded for a son like you! She lived the meaning of service. You're her true son.....Canada..... Does it not give you a thrill to think of yourself as a unit of our national greatness? for 'Gold and cotton, banks and railways, crowded ports and populous cities,' are not the elements that constitute true greatness in a nation, your....."

The son interrupted by an impatient push of his hand into space.

"Father, please forbear," he said earnestly, "I'm wholly unworthy of all your praise. I want no credit for anything I've done. To rise to the demand of necessity is instinctive! I tell you Dad, boiled down it's a great deal like this, with me at any rate, once I get a vision of a need it creates in me a desire to meet it.....and I don't know how to turn from it..... that is all."

The father rose.

"Well, that my son defines what your mother means to you."

And the maid was at the door for the third time announcing dinner.

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Somebody knows when your heart aches,

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Somebody knows when the shadows
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Somebody knows when you're lonely,
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And know that He dearly loves you.

Somebody knows when you're tempted,
And the world grows dizzy and dim;
Somebody cares when you're weakest;

And farthest away from Him;
Somebody grieves when you're fallen,
Though you're not lost from His sight;
Somebody waits for your coming,
Taking the gloom from your night.

Somebody loves you when weary,
Somebody loves you when strong;
Always is waiting to help you,
Watches you—one of the throng.
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Needing His watch care so true.
His name? We call His name, Jesus.
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The Most Easterly Bit of Canada—Sable Island

Its Wrecks and Beaches and Wild Horses

By Bonnycastle Dale

IF you look at one of the most modern maps of Canada you will see great splotches of white from 100 to 300 miles out at sea.

We were just going over these white splotches and I asked the captain if there was any ancient rumour of these deep sand banks at one time being land. They extend, The Sable Island Bank, to about 100 miles square, and are all under deep water except the twenty-one mile long and a mile and a half to two miles wide patch of sand that is called Sable Island. It lay ahead of us in the glittering morning sun, just a patch of sand and sand dunes; with one big hill of sand some 100 feet in height. We were then just 185 miles out of Halifax, and the So'-west wind was piling the surf up on the outer beaches of Sable Island. It is a crescent in form and the inner side of its new moon shape lay towards us.

One of the officers told me that the score of wrecks is now close on the 175 of known steamers and ships, schooner and brigs, barques and barquentine, that have pounded ashore on the long shallow hidden bars which extend for some 15 miles off each end of the island. These, he told me, were the known ones, but many a

full Atlantic sweep, the south side. On all sides of us were tiny lagoons, strange contorted sand dunes, many dark bodies of semi-wild horses, and the few buildings man has reared. At either end stand "the Lights" the furthest out beacons of this Canada of ours to warn the incoming ships off those two long treacherous Sable Island bars.

"West end Light" stands 110 feet high, flashing out its white warning rays every five seconds. The "East Light" is six miles from the east end. It is a very tall tower, 123 feet high, with a 3 second flash, but high though it is, the dangerous bar goes out 17 miles beyond, a long distance for even this tall light to guard. There is no fog horn on the island, for none could sound out a warning that would reach to the outer ends of those shallow long sand reefs.

There are life boats and rockets and trained crews. Six of the stations are Relief Stations and three are Life Saving Stations. The Marconi Wireless Stations can send a message that will bring a host of rescuing steamers to a vessel in distress.

The oldest men tell of wrecks away back to the year 1800, stories carried



Canadian Marconi Company's Wireless Station, Sable Island

"wooden wall of old England" which is on the list of missing ships, before even Lloyd made a list, came to its end amid the awful surf which roars over these bars before even a fresh gale—a storm is a thing of dread. He tells me he lived on the island once, and when "The Glitter" is on in March with its treacherous icy surface, and a storm is howling along at eighty miles an hour, or a hurricane at ninety, no living thing can find footing on that exposed sandy bar—for that is all it is, as no stone of any size is ever picked up there.

The wind came up, so we had to run back to shelter. It seemed to me we ran all the way back to Nova Scotia, but we did take shelter under a foreland, and the next day, as the wind had moderated, we made Sable Island.

Everything is carried ashore in the lifeboats of the Sable Island station,—yes, and even the horses are brought out this way. There was a bit of surf on the beach, and the men ran through it with the precious mail carried high. We got a drop of water in the boat, but went ashore almost dry.

It is just one long shifting sand dune when you are near it. There is the Governor's House, the Wireless plant, the many Life Saving stations and a staff of about fifty, men, women and children. The families live in the service, and the younger ones grow into it. They are devout Catholics.

These men tell that the island is wearing away on the north or inner side and is, strange to say, building up on the outer one, exposed to the

by word of mouth from father to son. Windblown, wonderfully tanned men they are, too. They use tamed (?) Sable Island ponies in their travels from station to station. Some four dozen of these hardy beasts, which are never really tamed, are kept in the stables.

Nowhere can you get a record of the number of lives lost on this desolate isle, but it must run up into the thousands since man first sent his windjammers across the Western Sea. There is one hale, hardy old man who has been on the island for fifty years. He has been out to a score of wrecks, but like all men who know anything worth the telling—he is as silent as the grave.

Not one single pebble as big as a marble has ever been picked up; this seems to tell that the sandy dry bar island is formed by the waves and the currents of the sea; as in any other place, rocks are seen from which the sands have been formed.

There were bands of ponies feeding in and around the brackish lagoons. A stallion leads his own band of mares, and many a battle takes place when one of the growing horses of the band attempts to take the place of the big savage leader. These mares are very poor mothers as they kick away to its death the first new born colt.

The older men say these horses came ashore from the wreck of a French Frigate, L'Africane, in the year 1820 or '22. They feed on the tenderest in the lagoons, and on the tenderest of the wild grasses, but the harsh bayonet grass, with its sharp points,

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baffles even these hardy beasts. Odd that a wild plant in so wild a place should thus protect itself against the beasts of the field it was made to feed!

Berries of several kinds, strawberries especially good, grow in profusion. Cranberries make a good crop, a few coarse wild flowers bloom, but the Governor's fence-protected roses are the only things which aspire to bush formation.

There is a bit of sport in season when the wild ducks and geese and the shorebirds rest on their migrations, but some Black ducks seem to live there all the time. The big noisy Terns, called Mackerel gulls, nest there in thousands, and are decreasing before plundering hands and trampling hoofs.



Governor's Residence, Sable Island

There is only one wreck now to be seen. It is the barque named Amelia. Some twenty-five years ago she pounded ashore. There are bits of another protruding from the sands. Just off the western end the ill-fated modern fishing schooner Esperanto, the winner of the Fishing schooner race off Halifax two years ago, struck some submerged wreckage and pounded to pieces, after the Fabia tried with modern pontoon (Salinger) outfit to raise her. The cables were too weak, and the wrecking steamer left her to her fate.

Not long after this the Elsie, also a fishing schooner from the U.S., and also one of the competitors in the

Sable Island into which fishermen could sail their small vessels and lie there at anchor, comfortably while the tempests raged outside. Two of these schooners lay safely at anchor one night. When the morning broke they found that the wind had shifted the light sand in such quantities as to completely block the narrow channel, and they never did get out—the rotting timbers are in the lake yet.

There is no more beautiful picture than this lonely island black in the moon's rays set in a sea of glittering silver, with the two great lights revolving, snow white beams passing slowly over the sea—with the cries of the timid night birds passing overhead and circling down and wheeling about the great lights with harsher calls. Then the gulls around our ship

call wildly, and the terns on the island all wake up and cry madly, and "sputter, sputter" goes the wireless, and a Gloster fishing schooner asks us, "Did you see a dory with two men in it, lost three days? We are in heavy fog all week." Poor chaps! Well do we know the sorrow of it all. No doubt they had left the schooner with their trawls and just a wee jug or keg of water. Not a bite of food do these careless men take—although the law says each dory must be provisioned and watered.

For a long time as we sat in the wireless cabin those sad enquiries rang in from space. English passenger steamers answered, Camperdown Sta-



Close-up Snap of Wrecking Ship Fabia

elimination races for the cup, drifted on the bar in a fog. These hang around this sand island like great blankets, and the only way a schooner can tell where the bars are is to hit one. She never gets off as the surf sends her farther on, the sand lets her settle deeper, and the crew have to take to the dories in the awful smother on the bar. In this last case they all got off safely to land in their dories except one of the crew.

Every fall they have "a round up" of the wild horses, driving them before mounted leaders and corralling them. They are then roped, tied, laid on barrows, hoisted into the lifeboats, slung aboard the steamer and disposed of in Halifax for fifty dollars or less. Wild, crafty, untamable beasts though they are they give fair service—if they want to—if they do not, the whip or the spur are useless. It is a common thing to see among the ads. one reading "For Sale—A Sable Island pony."

There was a time when Nature formed an open lake in the midst of

tion came in. Boston called. Gloucester asked for the names of the missing men, all the air thrummed with calls and answers, but out of it all we got no ray of hope for the now starving men. If luckily they had not thrown out every single fish—for they may have had many hundred pounds weight in the dory when they started back for the then fogbound schooner—they might (I say might) drink a little of the blood of the fish, but this soon nauseates—Three days later we heard of them some two hundred and fifty miles to the Southwest. They then had heard the fog horn of Seal Island, and had rowed away in haste thinking it was a passenger steamer coming down the lane—luckily they drifted in near a fisherman and were saved—exhausted but conscious.

You good readers on those firm Western Prairies breathe a prayer for the hundreds of men who, even while you read this, are afloat in their tiny dories, wrestling a living from the wild Atlantic.

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"Au Gratin" Design

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5 of the Essential
Pyrex dishes for
every home



MR. and MRS. BARR

By W. R. Gilbert

"NO, I am not going."

"Pardon me, I think you are."

"Edwin, in the first place I am afraid of the horses; in the second, I want to finish my book; and in the third, I don't care for the flowers."

"Margaret, in the first place, you should not give way to your foolish nervousness; in the second, your brain needs a rest from all this trashy reading; and in the third, I told Thompson to expect us this afternoon for the flowers."

A one-eared interest in this dialogue had been letting the conversation of the rest of the table sink to a meaningless rumble. Finally, all were silent except the landlady—who could listen and talk with perfect ease.

"That may all be true, Edwin." There was a tone of worry and complaint in her voice. "I am not going."

Her husband gave a faint smile.

"Excuse me, you are going," he said, coldly.

Here even the landlady stopped to listen expectantly, and all eyes were fixed on the two speakers.

He raised his eyes, and at his quick glance round the table the boarders started, and took up their knives and forks.

"What were you saying, Mrs. Parsons?" he asked, smiling pleasantly at the landlady.

And, wonder of wonders! Mrs. Parsons was for a moment embarrassed. But only for a moment.

"I was saying," she answered, briskly, "that we're going to have a cold summer, and Mr. Bryce here says we're not."

Mr. Bryce and the other boarders gratefully forgave the lie.

"Well, judging by today, I agree with Mr. Bryce," said Edwin Barr, rising and glancing at his wife. She rose hurriedly and they left the room together.

"He's a brute," Mr. Bryce said, emphatically, and then the talk went on of itself.

It is a boarder's undeniable privilege to discuss with those at table those who have just left. So now, as had often been the case before, Mr. and Mrs. Barr furnished subject matter for the inmates of Mrs. Parson's select seaside boarding-house. They were both young, and she was beautiful; there was nothing remarkable in all that, but their behavior certainly was extraordinary. There was something strained and ill at ease in her manner; something nervous, almost pleading. And in him there was a coldness, a touch of stern superiority that fascinated, while it angered them all extremely. Did she keep out of their way by choice, that they might not see his cruelty to her, or had he commanded her to do it? They did not know but they knew very well that she avoided them. After each meal she would leave them, would go out on the sands, he following always, silently, relentlessly, like a threatening shadow.

At dinner that night Mrs. Barr was late, and Mr. Barr sat by her vacant place with a frown on his brow, which he took no pains to conceal. At last his wife entered, glancing apologetically at him.

"I am very sorry I am late," she said slipping into her chair with lowered eyes.

"We are very sorry, too," he answered, dryly.

Mrs. Parsons said that "it made absolutely no difference at all," and followed it up with a string of reasons and anecdotes to prove her assertion. When she had finished, Mrs. Barr looked at her gratefully.

"I am very glad," she said, "that it really makes no difference."

"I tell you," said Mr. Barr turning angrily on his wife "that it makes a great difference." No one dared contradict him, not even Mrs. Parsons, but Mr. Bryce's eyes looked threatening.

This little incident seemed to increase Mr. Barr's temper and his wife's nervous embarrassment. She passed him what he had not asked for, and he stormed at her; she blundered, and he snapped her up; altogether it was most unpleasant for everyone.

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Parsons bluntly breaking a silence with her stock sentence for the purpose, "don't you think that literature is declining very much nowadays?"

"Well, it depends on what you exactly mean by literature," said Mr. Swang. It was what he always replied to that question.

WHEN Miss Twichel struck in. "Taking literature in its generally accepted sense, as meaning what we all unanimously believe it to mean, I think it is declining. But it is not the fault of literature, it is the fault of ourselves. We are progressing; we are severer critics than were those of the past; in fact, we can all do so well if we try that it is very hard for any special writer to succeed."

She stopped, and there was a pause. Conversation would not flourish in that strained atmosphere.

"I have always thought," remarked Mrs. Barr, quietly, "that many of the writers of the past are famous chiefly because they lived in the past. That if they lived and wrote their works today they would not be considered at all remarkable."

Mr. Barr twisted impatiently in his chair. "I think you had better leave such subjects alone until you know more about them," he said.

"But, Edwin, you must admit that it was easier to make an impression then than it is now."

"It was nothing of the kind."

She looked at him, pleadingly, and, faltering, went on: "But, Edwin, take any of those old writers—"

Her husband cut her short with an ugly laugh. "Don't be a fool," he muttered.

Mr. Bryce rose from his seat, very white, and trembling with excitement.

"Stop!" he cried. "We have all sat by and listened to your dastardly sneers long enough, and it is time you understood that you must stop them, now and for ever."

Mr. Barr looked at him coldly.

"Who is to make me, I should like to know?"

"I am!"

All but Mr. Barr arose excitedly, some frightened into silence, some protesting, all prepared for violence.

"You are?"

"Yes, I am!" Mr. Bryce's voice rang loud and steady. "I will not stand by any longer and see a defenceless woman treated as you treat your wife! I will defend her against you, against all of you, against all the world!"

Mrs. Barr looked at him in terror, and moved nearer to her husband.

"Come," said the latter, "you had better not listen to these ravings," and he led her to the door.

Mr. Bryce started forward as if to stop them, but was held back, and they went out.

Poor Mr. Bryce! He knew he had a passion within him, which would some day awaken, and now it had awakened, violent and hopeless. The fondest dream of many a weak person is to protect, and this beautiful woman who needed protection had roused every power and emotion in him. And when he had offered his help she had moved nearer to her husband.

Upstairs, with his hand on the door-knob of their room Mr. Barr turned to his wife and said softly:

"I think we had better go to-morrow."

And his wife answered, "Yes."

As the train the next morning steamed slowly out of the station, bearing Mr. and Mrs. Barr, the latter heaved a long sigh of relief. She looked into her husband's eyes, which were twinkling merrily; her own danced, and they both burst into a hearty laugh.

"I never knew before that you were an actress, Meg," he said, his voice choked with mirth. "You were simply superb, and I a most ferocious villain."

Mrs. Barr laughed again.

"But weren't we playing with fire, dear Edwin?" she said, gravely. "I was really frightened last night. Our 'tangled web' seemed to have caught ourselves in it."

"We will forget all the sad part," he murmured, bending over her. "Poor fellow!" Then taking her hand tenderly in his, he said in an ecstasy of happiness, "We are probably the first two persons, darling, who have not been found out on their honeymoon."

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Fighting a Jerusalem Locust Plague

Modern Invasion Proves Wonderful Accuracy of Descriptions of Ancient Bible Prophets

LOCUSTS are mentioned many times in the Bible, and the old prophets have given us vivid descriptions of the devastation wrought by these pests. How wonderfully accurate these are is shown by the experience of some American citizens in Jerusalem, who were called upon recently to battle with an invasion of these insects.

Toward the close of February, the clouds of these pests were first seen coming toward Jerusalem in so great numbers as to obscure the sun. Fortunately they did not settle in the city, but passed on to nearer and greener spots.

At Jaffa, however, millions were thrown into the sea, by sudden showers. When they washed ashore they were used as fuel in the Turkish baths and ovens. All over the country tons of the pests were destroyed by the peasants in order to save their crops, and to gain the small reward offered by the Government.

Students of Joel, who assert the first two chapters up to the 28th verse picture an actual invasion of locusts and not Juda's human enemies—as the Assyrians and Chaldeans—find a difficulty in the verse, "And the northerner will I remove far from you," since locusts were reported to invade Palestine from the south. But in this instance, at least, the locusts came from the north-east, thus establishing the accuracy of Joel's account. Indeed, one marvels how this ancient prophet, writing some seven or

on the highest mountains, in the valleys, in the beautiful olive groves about Bethlehem, in the orange orchards of Jaffa, and on the seacoast at Tyre, Sidon and Gaza; in fact, they were found in all parts of the country from Dan to Beersheba.

Once the alarming extent to which these eggs had been laid was realized, the authorities were greatly perturbed. Each female lays about a hundred eggs, and it is computed that in a square yard of earth as many as 75,000 are often deposited. Allowing for a loss of 30 per cent in hatching, that means some 60,000 destroyers can emerge from a space 36 in. square. A proclamation was therefore made requiring each male person from 16 years to 60 to gather 11 pounds weight of the eggs. Thus many tons of eggs were uprooted and destroyed.

Scarcely had Jerusalem got over the excitement of the search for eggs than news was received that the country was teeming with the young larvae. When first hatched they were quite black and resembled large ants, having no signs of wings; but as they developed they passed through various stages of which three were plainly distinguishable—the larva, or wingless stage, the pupa, with small wings, and the full-fledged flying locust.

Once hatched the little fellows seemed to hold together for a few days till a little developed and in sufficient numbers, when they started their forward march



Clouds of Locusts Flying Over Jerusalem

eight hundred years B.C., could have given so graphic and true a description of a devastation caused by locusts in so condensed a form.

The destruction wrought by these pests was enormous, but far worse was to follow. Before they departed the locusts laid their eggs, literally by the billions, all over the land. They were found on the banks of the River Jordan, in the salt marshes of the Dead Sea,

of from 400 to 600 ft. per day, clearing the ground of all vegetation. Only those who saw them can imagine their countless multitudes. No wonder the writer of Judges likens the hordes of Midianites, who had for years devastated Israel land, to locusts, and "as the sand which is upon the seashore for multitudes." The roads became so slippery from the masses of little greasy bodies crushed beneath the horses' hoofs, that the latter



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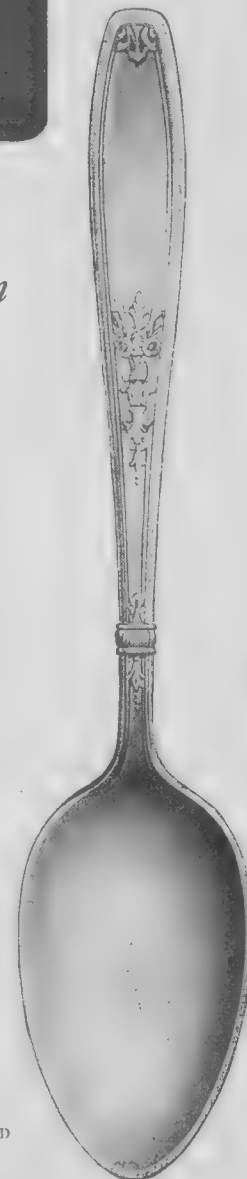
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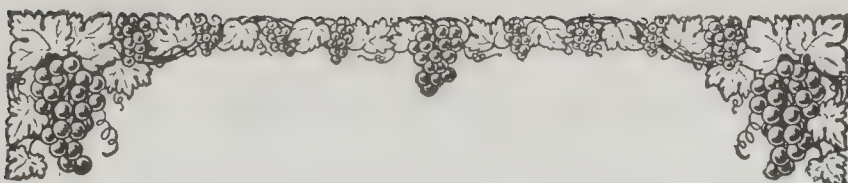
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A Stamped Tray Cloth
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could scarcely keep a footing, while trains throughout the country were held up for hours at a time.

These creeping locusts, for, of course, they could not yet fly, poured into the suburbs of the Holy City, utterly destroying the private gardens despite herculean efforts to save them. It was toward the end of May when the larvae, already transforming itself into the pupa stage, reached the quiet of Gethsemane, now in its full Summer bloom; but scarcely had a day passed before every tender thing was consumed, and even the leaves of the woody cypress and the olive trees, the latter about 1,000 years old, were threatened.

While in the pupa stage, that is, with their wings only partially developed and unable to fly, it is comparatively easy to trap locusts, and many millions were destroyed by the American residents by what is known as the cypriot method. In the path of the locusts would be sunk a bottomless box with the inside lined with shining tin, up which the insects cannot crawl, while on each side a wing is provided, similarly prepared with a smooth metal face, with the object of directing them into the box. The trappers now make two long lines on each side of the box and by means of large dark flags with which to cast a shadow on the ground the locusts are driven into the trap. After two weeks' steady and relentless work, during which tons of the pests were destroyed, further efforts were abandoned on account, principally, of the necessity of protecting the private gardens and homes.

Hardly had the fighters returned from the fields, however, when it was noticed that the tree tops were alive with young flying locusts. They had been transformed from the small creeping insects to the fully developed ones with wings. Up to this time the olive orchards had suffered comparatively little, but now that food was scarce, the heretofore despised olive was attacked. Between the creepers, who crawled up the trunks layers deep, and the flyers, they stripped every leaf, berry and even the tender bark, leaving only, where such existed, the green tufts of the poisonous mistletoe.

The destruction of the olive groves meant that olives and olive oil were unobtainable. From time immemorial olive oil has been used in this land as fuel for lighting sacred lamps. It is so employed by Mohammedans, Christians and Hebrews. Because of the locusts, lamps never before dim, hanging in Christian Churches, in front of altars and icons, were extinguished, just as the sacrifices of Judah's Temple were unwillingly suspended after the locust devastation described by Joel: "Gird yourselves, and lament, ye priests; howl ye ministers of the altar; for the meat-offering and the drink-offering is withholden from the house of your God."

The devastation was complete. Vegetables and fruit had entirely disappeared, as if by magic, and were obtainable at prohibitive prices.

Were it not for the arrival of a ship load of flour and other food commodities from America, the plight of the population would have been serious. These provisions were distributed by the American residents of the country, and it is only

fair to add that the military authorities did not interfere with their work in any way, nor did they benefit at all by the coming of these stores.

Canada's Arctic Gateway

Continued from page 6

canoes of the men who are "hitting out" on their own account. All the vessels are loaded down with provisions; there is no food in the north with the exception of the stocks held in the trading posts, and those who know always carry their own.

Everything which the mind of man can conceive goes out, but nothing comes back but fur—bale after bale of it—worth a king's ransom, and destined for the markets of London and New York, where later it will be transformed into coats and muffs for Milady. So far nothing has been produced but fur, but other resources are commencing to be noticed. A large and modern fish cannery has been established on lake Athabasca, which is the furthest north inland fishery on the continent, and where trout weighing sixty pounds have been caught. Iron has been found on the shores of the same lake in enormous quantities, and there is a wealth of minerals which as yet have not been touched. Not the least of these are the deposits of asphaltum in the McMurray area, and which conservative government geologists estimate are enough to supply the world for centuries. These deposits extend over an area of many square miles and are to be met with everywhere. The black oil from the asphaltum may be seen dripping out of the cliffs, the water is covered with an oil scum from the drippings, and anywhere on digging down the asphaltum may be discovered.

Beds of the mineral exist for mile after mile, 200 feet thick and more; in some places there is an overburden of clay of varying thicknesses, while in other localities it is almost on the surface and the action of the sun causes it to melt and seep through the ground in a slowly moving sticky mass. It appears on hillside, and cliff, on river bank and hill-top; everywhere the black ooze is visible, and even to the casual observer it is patent that once some system of successful commercial reduction is arrived at that the name of the McMurray asphaltum region will become more famous than that of Trinidad.

During the past year a number of different experimental processes have been given a try out in the McMurray region, but the success of these methods is as yet unknown. A large area of the asphaltum lands have been sold to an American syndicate from Kansas, and it is understood that this company purposes establishing a refinery at McMurray, and that they will go into the matter on a large scale. As an oil producing region, McMurray is being largely exploited by American capital, and it is a source of regret to British people to see this great potential oil field passing into alien hands.



Driving young locusts (they are unable to fly) into sunken trap, by waving flags. The shadows cast by the flags direct the locusts to the trap, where they are destroyed. In this way millions of locusts are destroyed as soon as hatched, before they take flight.



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The flavor of the raisins permeates the loaf. And there's the incomparable zest of fruit.

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Cover Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary as Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins contain 75 per cent natural fruit sugar.



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Whipped Cream Cocoanut Cake

4 oz. butter; rind of one-half orange (grated), 3 eggs; 1 small cup milk; 1 large cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornstarch; 3 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder, flavorings (vanilla and rose); $\frac{3}{4}$ pint cream; 1 small fresh cocoanut (grated), 1 cup sugar

Cream butter, adding grated rind of orange, then the sugar, working well in, then the well beaten yolks of eggs, and milk. Sift together the flour, baking powder and cornstarch and stir in gradually, then the well beaten whites of eggs, and lastly one teaspoon each of vanilla and rose flavorings. Bake in well buttered jelly tins in quick oven. When baked turn out and allow to cool.

Whip cream stiff, adding three tablespoons confectioner's sugar and one-half teaspoon each vanilla and rose flavoring.

Cover top and side of each layer with the whipped cream and sprinkle over the grated cocoanut. If unable to obtain fresh cocoanut use Baker's canned cocoanut.

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MONTREAL



THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

By Anne C. Naude.

AFTER the Saturday's cleaning was over, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman were sitting in the kitchen, when suddenly Mrs. Sherman arose and went into the bedroom and brought out a bundle of clothes.

"Christopher, I want you to take a good look at these things," said Amy Sherman, mildly.

"What are they?" said he.

She spread them out on the big table.

"That's my best dress," she said.

"Those are my best shoes, that's the only hat I have in the world, and that my best wrap."

he spoke quietly and waited.

"Well?" said Christopher, still smoking.

"Well?" she answered.

He said nothing. She gathered up the garments with a look of disdain, and piled them on a chair.

"You're a rich man," she said. "Rich for a farmer. You are sixty and I am fifty years old. Our children are married. I have not had any money to spend for two years. I am a sight to behold. My clothes are all worn out, and I want one hundred dollars to get me some new ones to feel decent and comfortable in. Even my shoe heels are crooked. I'll not go to church another Sunday looking the way I do. I want to be decent and live a bit comfortably while I can. There now!"

She had spoken her mind, and Christopher Sherman felt that a climax had arrived. He had "laid by" quite a neat sum. He was growing old and had no need to be stingy, but the awful demand for a hundred dollars all at once was too much for him.

He had been used to Amy's quiet way of mending her clothes and asking for no money, and it never occurred to him that she would come down upon him like this at some time.

He stared silently and puffed across the stove the smoke of the coarse tobacco he smoked. Conscience told him that he ought to take one hundred dollars from his vest pocket and hand it to his wife. He had just sold a lot of hay that morning, but all he said, after a long silence, was: "Well, Amy, I'll think it over."

To some women there is no agony like asking a husband for money. Many would rather go in rags than beg. They want money given them without having to ask for it and Amy Sherman had nerved herself at last in the misery of her shabbiness to make the above speech. She little guessed that she had frightened Christopher almost out of his senses.

"A hundred dollars," he said to himself. "I'll give her fifty, but not a hundred." To think that his meek, humble wife had spoken thusly. "This comes from those club meetings she has been attending. Well, no woman is going to ride over me—never!"

He arose and went in the front room. Then he drew from his vest pocket his wallet and stuffed it between two loose bricks at the back of the grate in the middle of the room. All was safe.

The next day after church some relatives came in for dinner and Mrs. Sherman took them into the front room and said: "I'll light a fire, it won't take a minute. It's the first of the season, or I'd have the grate fixed."

As she struck a match, she gave a little cry, and repressed it instantly. The flames blazed up merrily and roared behind the blower.

When Christopher Sherman came in, the fire was a mass of red coals.

He looked at his wife, but her face betrayed no emotion.

"She does not know what she has done," he thought to himself. That ghost of the hundred dollars stared at him from the embers. He could not talk, he could not compose himself. The relatives concluded he was not well. They left

early and told him to take better care of himself.

That night Mrs. Sherman heard a noise in the front room. She called to her husband, but no answer, and when she went to look for him and found him poking in the ashes of the dead fire with the tongs, he looked up with a very red face.

"I don't think these coals can be very good," he said confusedly.

"Did you get up in the night to look at them?" asked his wife.

He made no answer, and returned to bed.

The next morning his wife again attacked him.

"Have you thought the matter over?" she asked.

Indeed, he had, and it had occurred to him that Providence had prepared special judgment for him in destroying that money. He felt his wife had spoken the truth. She had a right to some new clothes. She who had worked so faithfully all these years.

"I've thought it over, Amy," he said, as he arose and went to his old-fashioned desk. When he returned, he brought with him a blank check.

"Get what you like, my dear," he said. "You fill in the check for the amount you want."

She smiled up at him very gently; tears were near her eyes.

However, she used the check and bought herself a complete new outfit. It was the first time in many years that she had indulged in the luxury of shopping freely.

At night he met her at the station, loaded with parcels, tired but smiling. He had not seen her so bright for many a day.

After supper that night they sat together by the fire as before, and she looked at him in a peculiar way.

"You don't seem to feel cheerful, Christopher. What is the trouble?"

"I don't want to tell you," he answered.

"But I'll tell you," she said. "You thought I burned the pocket-book you hid in the grate. I didn't."

She put her hand into her work basket and drew it out intact, with the money in it.

"I was just in time," she said. "But I understood at once when I saw it sticking between the bricks. If you had not given me the check, I should have spent the money. There's a confession for you, Christopher."

He looked at her, half angry, half astonished. She rose and came to him, and put her hands on his shoulders.

"But I should never have enjoyed wearing clothes bought with that money. These that I bought today, with your free gift, I shall love while there is a stitch left."

The man looked at her with a feeling that a strange revelation of feminine human nature had been made to him, but all he said was:

"Why, Amy, I want to know."

In Your Garden

in your garden, does it seem the hours

Fly past, as if on wings?

As you till the soil, and wonder

At God's most beautiful things.

Each seed you plant with careful hand,

And tenderly cover with soil,

Then you watch for the first green shoot to appear,

As you wonder and wait and toil.

Do you find a joy in your garden

As your plants begin to grow?

When it seems the blossoms are speaking

In a language a gardener must know.

Do you find the hours are shorter,

That your heart is happy and gay?

While working in your garden

Where the sun shines all the day.

—Harriet L. Nye.



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The Day of Reckoning

Continued from page 5

attuned themselves to the general spirit, snapped and yapped mockingly at his heels, but Kee Hassa never once looked back, nor once did his upright and rigid pride waver, as he walked away.

Part IV

The Boy Hala

They took Hala back with them in order that the scalds on his neck and scalp might be properly treated, one wisely chosen member of their outfit being Doc—an old man, but a good horse-man. Rumour had it that Doc had once possessed rooms in Harley Street, and was world famous as a specialist of some kind, but, be that as it may, here was Doc, with his gentlemanly accent, at the back of beyond, hiding in mortal terror of himself from his lifelong enemy—brandy! And Doc had spent many years in the West.

"That so?" said Teddy coldly. "Anyway, you go ahead, Doc, and get the boy patched up. As for the other chap—rest assured Hanman and I are quite capable of looking after him."

Things went on quietly and prosperously enough at Sandyridge after that day. Often the Indians brought them presents, or lent ready and useful help with straying cattle. The boy Hala healed up in surprisingly short time. But the heart of the boy was sound, and anxious to pay his way at the camp he took it upon himself, as his special task, to wait upon Teddy and Hanman.

"Well," said Doc, as he dressed Hala's wounds, "I reckon you've made a good friend of this little fellow, but from my knowledge of the Indians, you've made a pretty bad enemy of Kee Hassa. Without wishing to interfere, Mr. Teddy, I think you would be far wiser to leave people of this type to their own affairs." He was ever ready to help them in any way he could. He learnt to clean their gear and their brass buckles—even the cartridges in their belts shone like mirrors. He repaired their boots and their clothing—in fact, loving the work and anxious only to repay he became a priceless possession.

But, like every good Indian, Hala feared to outstay his welcome, and one morning he came with his few belongings to the two young white men, and held out his hand after the white man's custom.

"Kee-ha-wa-ha-lee go," he muttered thickly, tears in his eyes, and when they stared at him blankly he went on—"See, summer is far spent, and ere long the wild geese will be journeying south. Kee-ha-wa-ha-lee must join his grandmother ere the berry harvest ripens, or there will be no food for him with the dawning of the winter."

Again Teddy said nothing, but he caught the boy by the scruff of the neck and marched him gently back into the cookhouse. "Give this boy something to do," he said, "and if ever again he speaks of quitting this camp I'll—well, I'll—What is there for breakfast cook?"

So Hala, with a grin wider than he had ever before worn in his life, settled down to peeling potatoes, thankful above all things that he had not to leave this home of comfort and shelter, nor the great white gods he had come to love.

Part V

Dark Days

For a time Kee Hassa, sullen and angry, with the laughter of the squaws and the mockery of the children ringing in his ears merely drifted. He became one of the vast tribe of Ishmael Indians who have no tribe. He drifted from one Indian camp to another, but his story had fled before him, and at each he was met with cold and sullen silence. They fed him, he went his way.

So he drifted to the city of the whites, where he drank heavily, tried to knife a member of the vigilance committee, and was sent to prison. Moreover the police warned him that he was a marked man, and that if ever again he sinned, no

mercy would be shown him. So Kee Hassa drifted back to the land of his people. His day of reckoning had come. Often cold and hungry, he hunted for a living, but when, in the distance he saw two young white men riding together, his eyes would brighten, and sliding from his saddle he would creep from cover to cover, watching them like a lynx. For Kee Hassa had drunk deeply of the cup of hatred, and now he watched and waited for but one thing, his vengeance upon those who had brought about his downfall.

One night a young squaw, whose hands bore the scars of a deadly scald, called at Sandyridge ranch, and asked for the boy Hala, and when Hala went out they conversed earnestly for a little while.

Presently the boy returned, his eyes bright, his teeth set.

"What did the squaw say to you?" asked Hanman quietly.

"She said," the boy answered, "that Kee Hassa is back in the valley, and that he is ever watching—hoping some day to slay one of us."

Teddy Field threw back his head and laughed. "Are you afraid, Hala?" he asked, with sudden gravity.

The boy's eyes blazed. "No!" said he. "Only very angry!" And he went his way like a prince.

Part VI

The Hour of Vengeance

Once or twice Mr. Field visited the boys, and every time he slapped them on the shoulders and expressed his joy at the success of their enterprise. "I suppose you will feel entitled to a good fortnight's hunting this fall?" said he, at which they looked at one another and shook their heads.

"No, not this fall," they answered. "We'd rather stick to the ranch till everything is settled. Next fall perhaps."

And so he left them, happy in the thought that they were making good.

It had been a dry summer, and it turned out an exceptionally dry autumn. The ranges surrounding Sandyridge were in patches thickly timbered, with areas of coarse dry grass, dotted with jack pine, lying between. It was a bad country for forest fires, and ere very long it became evident that the fire fiend was raging away to the north and west, and that it only required a wind to bring the fires in their direction.

Thus Hanman, Teddy, and their men had a very busy two days of it, transferring their stock to the lower valley, where timber was less plentiful and water more abundant, and by the time this precaution had been taken the air was veritably thick with smoke, through which the sun cast a sickly light.

"Well, I reckon we've done all we can do in this line," observed Teddy to Hanman. "We'd best hike along back now and see about saving the property."

That was early in the morning of the third day of smoke, and at about eight o'clock the two young men with five of their hands arrived at the ranch, leaving the rest of the boys to do what little could be done in the way of preventing the great herds of cattle from stampeding.

"Don't unsaddle," Hanman advised. "We'll just leave our ponies in the corral. We may want them quickly."

The corral consisted of a small enclosure surrounded by a sturdy six foot fence, having a massive gate held by a bar. They rode into it, slipped from their saddles, and Hanman himself closed and fixed the gate.

The signs were ominous. It had come on to blow from the northwest, and the wind was becoming stronger and stronger. Also the smoke was becoming thicker, and they knew well enough what was taking place. The fires were moving, and uniting forces they were responsible for the gale—as though Nature were gathering her forces to scourge the country by fire.

"Strikes me we're in for a veritable son of a gun of a blaze up," remarked

the cook. "No good taking chances, Mr. Hanman. We'd best get out for all we're worth soon as we hear the fire."

"I don't hear anything yet," replied Hanman, turning his "deaf" ear towards the roar of the gale.

"We'll hear her all right," said the cook, "and I for one ain't taking no chances."

Under Teddy's directions the men worked like terriers. They cut down the timber on the north-west side of the property, and burnt the grass up wind to make a clearing. By this time it was so dark that they collided with one another, their eyes began to smart, their throats burnt, and there was a danger of losing their bearings.

"Do you hear that, Hanman?" It was Teddy's voice shouting in his ear. One had to shout in order to make one's self heard.

Hanman listened, and a dull, rumbling roar fell upon his ears. It was like underground thunder, terrifying in its irresistible strength.

"Yes," Hanman answered. "That's the fire."

Teddy nodded. "Some fire, my lad," said he. "Probably she's still eight or nine miles away. Pretty bad luck, eh?"

"Sounds bad enough," Hanman agreed. "But I reckon we've done what we can to save the property."

"Yes, but we can't save it. Nothing on earth could save it from such a fire. It will take us all our time to save ourselves."

Teddy Field put his fingers in his mouth and whistled shrilly, whereupon the men came staggering up from all quarters, most of them with their handkerchiefs tied over their faces.

"Now to the bungalow," said Teddy. "The pit's all ready to dump everything into it. Come on, boys."

They raided the house like a gang of thieves, and sweating and coughing, hurled everything of value into the pit—a huge hole previously prepared by the verandah. Finally, a sheet was thrown on to the belongings and earth shovelled on top to keep off the flames.

While this was going on no one saw the dark figure ride through the swinging clouds of smoke up to the corral gate. It was Kee Hassa!

Without dismounting the Indian withdrew the bar, and in an instant the terrified animals within broke from their prison and galloped away down wind with a thunder of hoofs, the Indian galloping after them.

One of the animals, however, stopped, as though it had remembered something, and swinging out of the herd dashed back, unseen by Kee Hassa. Thus the men were just covering the pit when suddenly Hanman's pony appeared, trotting up to them, and clearly looking for her master.

"Halloa!" cried Hanman. "What on earth does this mean?" Taking the bridle he went over to the corral. It was empty.

"The horses are broken out and gone," he told the others. "Which of you boys is married?"

Someone said that the cook was married, and had several children.

"Here you are, cook," called Hanman. "Take this pony, and good luck to you."

The cook obeyed in silent gratitude, and they saw him ride off, leaving them to face the inferno.

"Now boys," said Teddy. "We've just got to keep our heads and stick it through. Anyone been through a bad forest fire before? We want a leader."

Only the boy Hala stepped forward. He had been through several fires, he said, and knew how to act. What do you say, boys?" Teddy asked. "Should we appoint him leader?"

"Yes," they answered. "He's got an Indian's instincts, anyway."

Hala gave his orders, and Teddy passed them on. They dug an earth trench, its parapet towards the fire, clearing away anything that could burn for yards around. They got blankets from the house and saturated them, carrying the hose into the trench to play on each other and so slake their smouldering clothing. Some of the men wanted to bolt for the river, but Hala said it would be madness.

By now the roar of the fire seemed to be on every side of them; the very earth was shaking, and the air seemed to quiver with that visible motion one sees sometimes in a nightmare. Burning twigs and wisps of bark, fleeing on the wings of the hurricane, settled on their clothing and burnt through to their skin, while all realised that the chief danger lay in being suffocated by the fumes.

Then, with a roar, the main fire bore down upon them, and the living nightmare began. Looking back on it none of them could recall clearly what had happened. In the twinkling of an eye there was a white hot wall of fire on every side, while the heat sent them cowering and shuddering, their faces in the earth. They saw the long tongues of fire lick hungrily across the open space ahead, to strike the parapet and curl upwards, spinning and writhing. Teddy had the hose, playing its welcome blast upon his men, forgetful of himself, till the awful heat told him that his very clothing was alight. Squirrels and prairie hares bounded out from among the flames, and huddled among them, while once an old black bear ambled past, her fur singeing, looked at them a moment, but evidently deciding that their retreat was too insecure, blundered on.

"Heavens!" gasped Teddy in Hanman's ear. "The boys won't stick this much longer."

As he spoke one of them went mad or something. He leaped up with an awful yell, and staggering, falling, staggering, set off across the fire-scoured clearing.

In an instant Hanman was after him, overtaking him and leaping on his shoulders. They fell to the ground together, and there, in the quivering heat, they fought for a moment like madmen, then Hanman came back, dragging the other with him. As he regained the trench he drew his revolver. "If any man breaks cover I'll shoot him dead!" he rasped out, chokingly.

The others understood. It was the only way to prevent a stampede, which would be fatal.

"One can't live out there," Hanman coughed out to his chum. "Our only chance lies where we are. Can we stick it out Hala?"

The boy nodded. "Worst over now," he said. "All live if we stay here. All die if we move."

It was true, yet to each of them it seemed that nothing could be worse than what they were now enduring.



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STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

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When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

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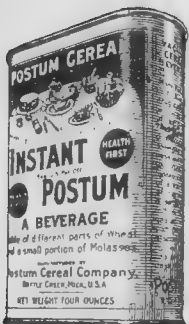
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Instant Postum FOR HEALTH

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They could see nothing, but they knew that the bungalow away on their right was burning savagely, and responsible for a good deal of heat; but they thanked their lucky stars that the water supply held out, for that alone made life possible.

It must have been at about this time that one of the boys, in charge of the cattle, saw an Indian riding wildly through the middle of them, trying to break up the herds and stampede them into the fire belt. The cowboy watched amazed, then he drew his carbine, took steady aim at the fleeing horseman, and fired. The Indian swung in his saddle, drew rein, and looked about for his assailant, but the smoke clouds fell between them, and when it cleared the Indian was gone. So much for Kee Hassa.

Three hours later the fire finally burnt itself out, and the little group of men dragged themselves from the trench. Their clothing was all in holes, and dropping to bits. Their faces were black, from which their red eyes peered painfully. None of them could speak above a whisper, yet, now that they were out of the wood, it was not long ere they were chaffing and joking. They got the medicine chest from the pit and proceeded forthwith to anoint themselves with oil.

"I'm one gigantic blister!" murmured Teddy. "There isn't a square inch of me still uncooked."

"What about the kid?" queried someone. "I reckon we owe him something for his idea, don't we? If we'd tried to get out, instead of making the trench, there wouldn't be a man-jack of us alive now!"

They had not the voices to cheer the kid, but they shook hands with him and clapped him on the shoulders, at which Hala stared blankly from one to the other, wondering what kind of new game it was.

Later one of the boys—it was Doc—rode up from the lower valley, and announced that he did not think they had lost a single steer.

"Good," said Teddy. "We haven't come off so badly, then. No men lost, not even any cattle. All we have lost is the bungalow, and we can build another in a week. But I would like to know who opened the corral gate."

"Probably the man I winged for trying to stampede the cattle," said the puncher from the lower valley. "I reckon, though I'm not quite sure, that it was your old friend Kee Hassa, Master Teddy."

Just then the man who had "gone mad," and tried to break cover, stumbled up, a mass of bandages, and offered his hand to Hanman, with thanks for saving his life. It took Hanman some time to find out what the unrecognizable individual was driving at, then he said—"O go to blazes!"

"Thanks sir," said the man. "I've already been there once today."

On the day following an exhausted and blistered mustang, on whose back sat a fire-blind and almost naked Indian, shot through the shoulder, was attracted to the site of the ranch by the neighing of the horses. Thither it stumbled, feebly answering the call, while the blind Indian rigidly sat his saddle, prepared for whatsoever the fates meted out to him.

"Yes," said Teddy to his range boss that night. "Kee Hassa has made a clean breast of everything. He's humbled himself to the dust. Of course we could relieve ourselves of responsibility by handing him over to the police for a few months in jug, but all the fight has gone out of him, and he no longer hates us. Also—he's blinded, and wounded."

There was a pause, then Hanman, his hands behind him, momentarily turned his back on his friend. "Personally I prefer the white man's course," he said. "To take him in and nurse him. Once we won his hatred. Now is a chance to win his everlasting fidelity and gratitude. Men who can hate can also—love and serve. We've learnt something today, Teddy. We've seen the hare lie down beside the bear, each to go its way unharmed. We've seen the Great Truce,

when all quarrels are forgotten, all old wrongs forgiven. Surely it is something in life to have seen that, and since we ourselves are alive. I don't feel like knocking out a fellow man who, also, has lived through Hell!"

So today at the prosperous ranch of Sandyridge, you may see an old Indian, whose duty seems to consist of carrying water for the horses, tottering his short-sighted way about his simple duties. He wears gold-rimmed glasses, and on Sundays he wears an old top hat, which is minus a brim, but of which he is very proud. So the boys call him Top Hat Kee.

There is one other Indian at the ranch—Hala, whose duty it is to supervise the miles and miles of wire fence which lie between the good lands and the bad. The two are entirely happy and perfectly good friends, save that on Sundays Hala can never resist the temptation of slinging one potatoe at Kee's top hat. So far he has never hit it. One is doubtful whether he really tries. But if ever he does hit it—then, I fancy, there will be words!

An Epicure in Condiment

It was in the dining-room of a country hotel, the Chicago Record-Herald says, and the brisk waitress held a glass pitcher above some steaming buckwheat cakes she had placed before the guest from town.

"Sir?" she asked.

"If you please."

"Will you have it raound and raound, or in a puddle?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Raound and raound, or in a puddle?"

"I—I—in a puddle, I think."

The golden stream began its sticky descent on the centre of the cakes, and as she poured, the waitress included the guest and her work in one friendly contemplative glance.

"Some prefers it raound and raound, but I like it best in a puddle myself," she said, graciously, as she shut off the stream of syrup with a dexterous turn of her wrist.

KOKANEE TRAILS

Continued from page 8

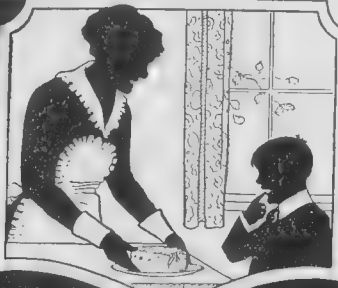
pockets that lurk for the footfall of the unwearied, and the alpenstock and axe may save the uncautious traveller a broken bone or bruised limb.

But it is all here before you. Like Cortez upon the peak of Darien, you look away upon the world beneath—Slocan, Nelson, Kaslo unfolding in turn before you as if seen through the lens of a swift moving panoramic camera. You are tired, very tired, after all these miles of tramping and quite ready to quit the blue green glitter of icefields for a night's rest in the camp beyond. But it has all been worth while. You have conquered. There is a nice sense of having accomplished something worth while, and you begin the trip back to camp, tired but triumphant.



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and Better Pastry too.



98 lbs.

THE DAVID THOMPSON CELEBRATION AT WINDERMERE, B.C.

By Charlotte Gordon

THE DAVID THOMPSON Memorial celebration held at Windermere, recently, was a development of Canadian consciousness and patriotic achievement that was international in interest. Canada established a wise precedent in the commemoration of Thompson's discovery of the source of the Columbia river and of his work as a pioneer astronomer and surveyor. It was a fitting spot for the erection of a memorial, near the site of Kootenai House, built about 1807, for the North

history; that we are learning to estimate the work of our pathfinders.

In a lovely setting of placid lake, waving pines, green hills and misty mountains, Invermere Point was a mass of color, richness and dignity woven into a picture that seemed to meet every artistic requirement. There was the setting of a real Indian pow-wow, with teepees in circular arrangement outlining the crest of the hill; 500 Indians of the Shuswap and Kootenay tribes, with their squaws and papooses and stoicism, added to the general carnival effect. That the Indian is artistic at heart is shown in his love of color and the tribal costumes with their intricate beading, the fur tails, the chamois suits, the feathers, the gaily caparisoned horses made a gorgeous display throughout the festivities.

James Lorenzo Mackay, the old-time rancher and trapper, dressed in the garb of the period, impersonated David Thompson who rounded Invermere Point with a flotilla of six canoes in which were voyageurs singing French songs. Amid the firing of guns the party were given a picturesque reception by the tribes, Thompson using the universal sign language of the Indians. The colorful procession proceeded up the high banks of the lake to the Indian encampment where they were welcomed by Father De Smet, impersonated by Rev. Father Evans, missionary to the Kootenay Indians at St. Eugene mission. He belonged in the historical picture as passing through the country by way of Fort Kootenais in 1840 to visit the war tribes of the plains. The interest was augmented by the presence of Baptiste Morigeau, a French-Canadian pioneer, 81 years old who was baptized by Father De Smet in 1840, yet the aged pioneer looks not more than half his age and was one of the energetic participants in the old-time dance at the Fort.

The memorial, in the form of an old time trading post is typical of its surroundings and in appearance, with its high stockade and corner bastions, almost a declaration of its object. The building of logs in its rich coloring of the natural wood, is spacious and attractive and will be maintained as a museum, making it a perpetual monument to David Thompson.

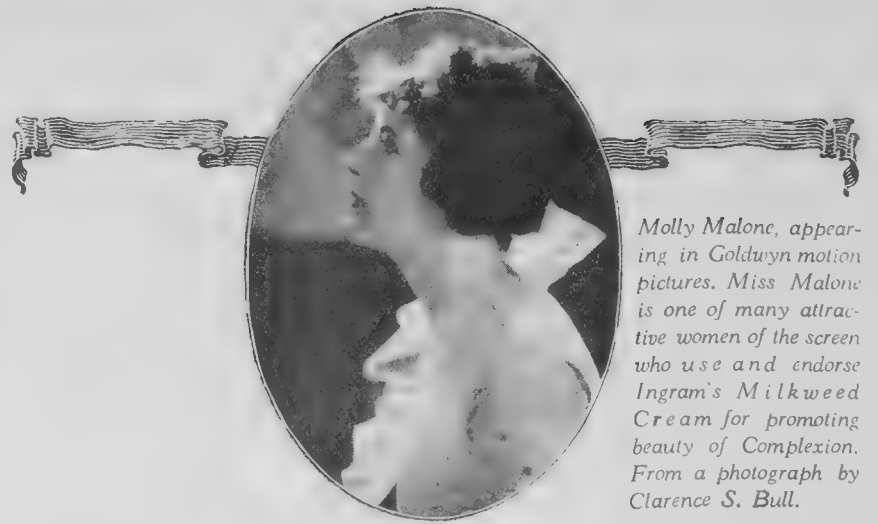
David Thompson was educated at the Blue Coat School in London, and thoroughly trained in mathematics and the use of astronomical instruments. He was first in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company and started on his exploration trips as early as 1795. His equipment consisted of a sextant of ten inch radius with quicksilver and parallel glasses, an excellent achromatic telescope, drawing instruments and a thermometer. His work was of national character and scope in that he surveyed practically every waterway, river and lake from Lake Superior to the mouth of the



Rev. Father Evans of St. Eugene Mission to the Kootenay Indians, who took the part of Father De Smet in the Windermere Celebration.

West Company, and in the lovely valley of the "Windermere" which links with the Columbia river in making the history of the country.

In the Windermere pageant a romantic and stirring scene in Canadian history was set forth. The arrival of David Thompson and his party in canoes, the meeting of the Indians, the firing of guns, the songs of the voyageurs, the entrance on the scene of Father De Smet, all brought the realization that we are obtaining a ripened perspective of our



Molly Malone, appearing in Goldwyn motion pictures. Miss Malone is one of many attractive women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of Complexion. From a photograph by Clarence S. Bull.

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WINNIPEG



To Those Who Pay Taxes

WE HAVE in Canada over 5,000 public bodies with power to tax the people, including the federal and provincial governments, city, town and village councils, rural municipal councils and school trustees. No one knows how much these hundreds of taxing bodies collect, no one knows exactly what they tax or how they tax. As a nation we are wandering through a maze of taxation trusting to luck to find our way out. More people are paying more taxes than ever before; more governments are levying and devising more new taxes than ever before; but no more people than ever before, neither tax-payers nor tax-levyers, understand either the practice or the theory of taxation.

An illuminating example of this is provided by Victoria, B. C., where according to Dr. Adam Shortt, land has been taxed to death. Dr. Shortt avers that our taxation troubles can be traced to the attitude of mind which has prevailed, particularly in the West, which encourages a general disregard of the oft-repeated civic and other experiences in older settlements, and which seems to justify a lack of knowledge and appreciation of well established principles of taxation and civic finances.

The prevailing method of imposing land taxation illustrates how the land-owner is harassed. In good years he can pay—in bad years he can not pay. In the bad year the land-owner is up against difficulties in all directions, but the municipality says to him, "If you do not pay your taxes we will take your land away." That means that they will take his land—confiscate is a more accurate term—because he cannot pay his taxes for the time being. Of course he has a certain time allowed during which he can redeem his land, but during that time unnecessary tax sale expenses are being piled upon him. Some day we shall see the folly of pushing a man when he is financially down and out.

Should The Farmer Hold His Wheat?

THE farmer has a big problem to decide this fall. Does it pay to hold wheat for better prices? Nine men out of ten may say "Yes," but the wish may be father to the thought. This question was put to Dr. Magill, secretary of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, when he appeared before a special committee of the House of Commons at Ottawa some months ago. Dr. Magill's answer was "No," and he supported his statement by producing statistics and charts showing the trend of wheat prices since 1908. His evidence showed that in the 1908-9 season it would have paid to hold wheat—but this year was the exception that proved the rule. It was an unusual season, being marked by a wheat shortage in the United States and it was also the year during which the famous "Patten Corner" occurred. The figures presented showed that the man who held wheat during the 1909-10 period lost money. In November, 1909, the cash price was 100½¢ and in May, 1910, it was 100¼¢. The 1910-11 period was even worse. In September, 1910, the price was 106¼¢, it dropped to 91½¢ in December, rose to 95¼¢ in February, 1911, and in May sold at 96¼¢. It was not quite so bad in the 1911-12 period, the prices being as follows: September 103½¢, December 96¼¢, March 99¼¢, May 105—but it was still a losing proposition to hold wheat. The prices for the 1912-13 period were much the same. In the 1913-14 period the farmer would have had to hold his wheat until August, 1914, to make a profit, but if all the farmers had held then, the price would not have risen so abruptly.

The foregoing facts were sworn to by Dr. Magill and if they can be taken as an index to the future—then it would seem that as a general rule it does not pay to hold wheat.

Paper Stocks Have a Good Record

THE growth of the Canadian pulp and paper industry is not as generally understood as it should be. Perhaps the best illustration of the rapid strides the industry is making can be secured by examining the increase in prices of paper company shares on the stock exchanges. In the current issue of Greenshields Review the following statement is published.

	Price July 1922	Price Aug. 24 1922	Advance
*Abitibi.....	25	65	40
Asbestos preferred	73	82	9
*Brompton.....	23	36	13
Can. Steamship preferred.....	45	53	8
Can. Car prefer'd	48	58	10
C.P.R.....	120	145	25
Dominion Bridge	65	82	17
Dominion Textile	125	178	53
*Laurentide.....	76	98	22
Montreal Power..	80	98	18
National Breweries	47	54	7
*Price Bros.....	30	46	16
*Spanish River preferred.....	58	105	47
Shawinigan.....	103	114	11

* Denotes Paper Stock

The advance in the prices of paper stocks as compared with the others is remarkable.

The Value of a Good Crop

FAVOURABLE crop news from Western Canada has a pronounced effect on Canadian conditions generally. As soon as it was reasonably certain that the West would harvest a good crop there was a marked improvement in general conditions, the Canadian dollar was negotiated at par in New York and the American dollar sold at a discount in Canada. This was the first time the Canadian dollar had been quoted at par in New York since January 1918.

C. P. R. Goes Up

THE stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway is considered to be a reliable indicator of general conditions in Canada from time to time and the recent rise in this stock is therefore most "grateful and comforting" as a celebrated cocoa manufacturer used to say of his product. Back in 1912 when Canada was booming, C.P.R. common sold at 282½. During 1913 its highest mark was 271½ recorded in January, but in December of the same year the high mark was 229½. During 1914, 1915, 1916 and 1917 it went steadily down selling at 127½ in December, 1917. In 1918 the price improved and that improvement was maintained in 1919; 1920 saw another drop, the low point being reached in May when the stock sold at 125. In 1921 it went still lower, hovering around 100. At the beginning of this year it began to rise and during the past month has made good advances and is now selling at around 150. This is the story of C.P.R. common stock, and it is evident that the fluctuations recorded have been identical with the fluctuations in Canada's financial situation.

Deepening the St. Lawrence

ANYTHING which will decrease the cost of marketing Canada's surplus wheat is of financial interest to us all. A movement is on foot to persuade the governments of the United States and Canada to construct a waterway with a minimum depth of 25 feet from the head of the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean. The major portion of this project will be the deepening of the St. Lawrence River. It is an established fact that water transportation is much cheaper than rail, and this project would eliminate a considerable portion of the rail haulage which is now necessary to get Western wheat to the sea-ports. The majority of our wheat is now taken by rail to Fort William, from there across the Lakes by boats and through the canals in canal boats or barges to the ocean ports. This

involves four transfers of a shipment, four sets of transfer charges and the loss which must occur each time a shipment is handled. Expert elevator superintendents state that in every thousand bushels of grain transferred from a boat to an elevator, or from an elevator to a car, the loss is thirty pounds on the average. With an estimated exportable crop this year of 200,000,000 bushels, this means a loss of 6,000,000 pounds for each transfer. Under present conditions the actual saving in freight alone would be 6½ cents per bushel if the grain could be carried direct from Fort William to the Atlantic by water.

The big obstacle to the commencement of the scheme is finance. The project has been passed upon by the International Joint Waterways Commission and expert engineer's estimate the construction cost at \$252,000,000. The annual interest charges would be \$10,080,000 and the annual cost of operation \$2,562,000, making a total annual charge of \$12,642,000. Included in the costs mentioned is the construction of hydro-electro development stations which would earn \$15,000,000 per annum, more than the total carrying and operating charges.

This project is creating considerable interest and will be given much more attention in the near future. Before it can be commenced the Governments of the United States and Canada must approve of it and agree to shoulder the original capital expenditure.

The proposal has met with a mixed reception in Western Canada, mainly due to a desire for the completion of the Hudson's Bay Railway before any new project is started. The magnitude of the Deeper St. Lawrence scheme ensures it being very carefully debated before it is definitely accepted or declined. With very recent experiences in our expansion of railroad facilities and the heavy losses entailed thereby we may well obey the Safety First rule and "Stop, Look and Listen," before going ahead.

David Simpson Memorial

Continued from page 23

Columbia; in essence the province of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, a goodly part of British Columbia and much of the contiguous country in the United States. These surveys were very accurately made and all the time he was gathering data for the great map that revealed for the first time in history the topography and geography of the great west. In 1812 he retired from the North West Company's service and settled at Terrebonne, Quebec, where he devoted two years of his life to completing his map, now in possession of the Province of Ontario. He died over sixty years ago and is buried in Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal.

Bancroft, in his North American history, writes: "David Thompson was an entirely different order of man from the orthodox fur trader. Tall and fine looking, of a sandy complexion, with large features, deep set eyes, high forehead and broad shoulders, the intellectual was well set upon the physical."

Father Peter John De Smet was sent over in 1840 to carry the cross to the Flathead nation and was so fortunate as to convert six hundred in two months, an average of ten a day. It is said that there appeared to be as hot a rivalry in soul saving as in fur trading. There were Wesleyan Missions, Jesuit Missions, Presbyterian Missions throughout the country. One historian wrote that "De Smet prays for strength in the midst of adversaries, meaning not devils but Presbyterians." Another time the historian relates "De Smet thanked God that the meeting places were almost abandoned."

The opening ceremony was of international character with guests present from England, France, United States and all parts of Canada. The good old pioneers and most modern guests mingled with "the pioneers of the pale-face" in a happy camaraderie, while the residents of Windermere showed gracious hospitality so that one soon caught the spirit of the valley. Mr. Randolph Bruce, called "The Laird of Windermere," President of the Board of Trade, was a leading spirit throughout the celebration, Dr. King, federal minister of public works, Hon. Mr. Bostock, speaker of the Senate, J. Murray Gibbon, President of the Canadian Authors Association, Colonel Dennis of Montreal, James Thompson, pioneer of the Hudson's Bay Company, were among the prominent speakers who paid tribute to David Thompson and to the effort of achieving a memorial hall as a definite contribution to Canadian progress. Bliss Carman, Canada's poet laureate, gave a dedicatory poem that had in it the mingled charm of the past and present.

"Togy Creek Lodge," the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Gibbon, was the scene of a luncheon and camp fire when they entertained the members of the Canadian Authors Association and literary guests who were at Windermere. The "Lodge" with its spacious verandas gave a sweep down the valley that unfolded a rare natural picture while the rich association of writers from all parts of the world made the event an epochal one.

The Indians in all the glory of their brilliant costumes, provided an evening's entertainment in the fort, when the tableau of the Ojibway courtship and wedding ceremony was given. Mrs. Madge MacBeth of Ottawa took the part of the lovely Indian maiden whose hand was sought by four Indian braves and the unique ceremony was only eclipsed in interest by the charm of the bride.

Lady Margaret Boscawen, sister of His Excellency Lord Byng, Governor-General of Canada, was an interested visitor throughout the festivities. The party, with Hon. Dr. and Mrs. King, were the guests of Mr. Randolph Bruce at his attractive home, "Pinelogs," on the lake shore.

The soft waves caress Invermere Point, the sun sends its gentle rays over the uplands, as they did over a century ago when Thompson spent his winters at Kootenai House. Now the storied past is recreated in the new Fort with its old-time atmosphere, a memorial of which Canadians are proud.

TESTED SEEDS

Henry Hawkins wanted to have a lawn in front of his house;

for his wife's enjoyment and his children's pleasure.

He wanted grass seeds that would grow quickly, look thick and green to the eye, not be easily worn out by the quick feet of tennis players, would repay cultivation and be of lasting use and pleasure.

Henry was none of your haphazard growers, so he took pains to learn something about the correct seed. He read up about it. He investigated the success and failure of his neighbours. He got government information about tested seeds and chose what he considered a first-class buy.

Then he got a surprise!

All authorities said: "It isn't enough to buy tested seeds. Let an expert analyse your soil first, to see which of the good seeds are best suited to it."

Henry did so with surprisingly satisfactory results. The expert proved to be his best friend.

Henry was 28. He talked over the matter with the London Life agent, who after mature consideration of Henry's case, advised a sixteen-payment, twenty-year endowment policy for \$5,000.

There were 16 premiums of \$255—\$4,080 in all.

If Henry died at any time within the twenty years, the full \$5,000 would be paid to his wife and children, in a single sum or by instalments, whichever he chose, together with the profits on the policy at the date of his death.

If Henry lived he could, at the the end of twenty years, take the \$5,000 in a lump sum (with profits added) or have it paid to him in instalments. He might purchase with the full sum, a paid-up life insurance policy for \$10,000 or an annuity for himself that would bring him \$27.18 a month for the remainder of his life. If he had wanted a loan he could, after having paid three premiums, have used this policy as security, and borrowed on it. The agent explained the policy so Henry could not fail to understand what he was getting.

Henry Hawkins wanted to insure his life;

for his wife's benefit, and his children's protection.

He wanted insurance that would not cost too much or be too long and continuous a tax upon his pocket; that would give immediate safety and a lasting income; and that in case of his death, would be administered as a sacred trust.

Henry was none of your haphazard investors. He read up about life insurance and investigated the policies held by his neighbors. He got government ratings of Canadian and foreign companies and chose what seemed to him a first-class buy.

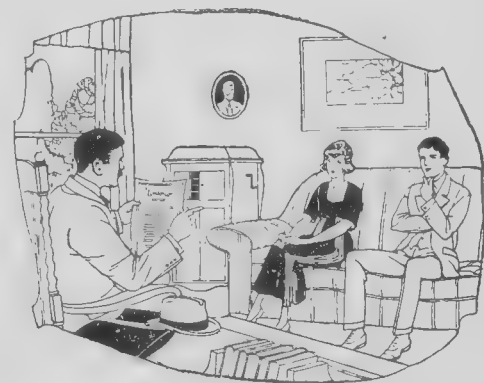
Then he got a surprise!

The authorities said "It isn't enough to buy gilt edged policies. Let an expert analyze your need first to see which of the good plans is best suited to your circumstances."

Henry did so with surprisingly satisfactory results. The expert proved to be his best friend.

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The WILL of ALLAH

By Maurice Inskipp

TALL, thin, bony, with a face like the hawk-headed Horus, dressed in a spotless turban and a blue cloth galabeah, and with his sockless feet thrust into very pointed scarlet shoes; this was Ali, the dragoman.

One morning, Ali stood idling in the Tent-makers' Bazaar. The sun beat down on Cairo in a shimmering haze of heat, and Ali cared not whether he secured a tourist or not. He was growing old, and his thoughts turned to a tiny village, many miles up the Nile, where he had laid the bones of all that had been most precious to him in life. He sighed, for life was very empty and lonely now, and the time would soon come when the voice from the minaret would call him to his last prayer. He yearned to return to the hut of sun-baked mud bricks that stood beneath the palm trees, where he could gather the dates and fry his lentils until such time as he should be placed in the black soil with his face towards Mecca. But this would require money, and Ali pondered deeply. Giving up all idea of business that day, he strolled slowly towards the Turkish Bazaar.

In the Turkish Bazaar there is a store, no bigger than a moderately large cupboard, tenanted by one, Hoseyn, who has sat for many years in the interior, in a state of extreme somnolency and with an amber cigarette always drooping from his fingers. As Ali strolled past, gazing about him with an air of peculiar boredom, his eyes lit upon a lustrous object displayed in a case. Upon a closer scrutiny it proved to be a black pearl of unusual size.

"May peace be with thee, Ali," said Hoseyn.

"And with thee," replied Ali in a casual manner, for Hoseyn never paid commissions. Ali had long ceased to introduce to him the wealthy, untrained buyers of antiques, but handed them over to chuckling, Oriental spiders who sold them stereotyped curiosities at fabulous prices, and who gave him good baksheesh for the service.

Ali was about to turn away, when Hoseyn spoke again.

"The sun is growing hot, and tourists are becoming scarce. If you will enter my humble store, we will drink coffee together."

"Ill would it become me," replied the astonished Ali, "to refuse such an honor."

A boy was sent for the coffee, and Hoseyn proffered Ali one of the amber cigarettes. They smoked for a moment or two in silence. Ali wondered what ulterior motive lay behind this unlooked-for hospitality.

"Ali," began Hoseyn, "I pray that many years may elapse before your face is turned to Mecca in the last long sleep."

Ali made a fitting and complimentary reply.

"Yet," continued Hoseyn, "your shoulders are becoming bowed, and Allah may more quickly, lift the burden of life."

Ali bowed with a look of submission.

"I remember," went on Hoseyn, "that you once told me you desired to return from whence you came. Is that still so?"

"I still have that desire," replied Ali. "It is my wish that my bones be placed between those of my father, Mahmoud, and those of my wife, Saidah."

"For that," said Hoseyn, "you would require money."

Ali felt a growing interest. The offer of coffee had evidently been a prologue to a business proposition that might bring profit to himself, an event that would have no precedent in his dealings with Hoseyn. But he veiled his eagerness in Oriental phlegm, and waited in silence for Hoseyn to come to the point.

"You were examining," said Hoseyn, "the pearl that I am exhibiting in the case yonder."

Ali nodded. "I had hoped," went on Hoseyn, "to sell it to a wealthy tourist. But, although the rugs that I purchased from Birmingham, and the necklets and bracelets from the tombs of the kings, that Abdul the gold-beater made for me last summer, are all sold for good prices, the pearl remains."

Ali's hawk-like face assumed a look of commiseration.

"Although," continued Hoseyn, "the Americans, whom Allah sends us for our profit, are nearly all departed, yet some remain to whom I think I might sell the pearl."

Ali began to see light.

"So," he remarked, "you wish me to bring an American?"

"Precisely," replied Hoseyn.

"And, the terms?" queried Ali, a glitter in his eye.

Hoseyn slowly drained the last drops from the small enamel coffee cup before replying.

"You will be so much nearer the place for which your heart yearns."

"That place," remarked Ali, "is many miles up the Nile. It will require much money. I am old, and tourists like young guides. The season has been unprofitable, for I can no longer climb the pyramids or slide down the nose of the Sphinx, which brings much baksheesh. Besides, it is unseemly that the grey hairs of a true follower of the Prophet should be ridiculous in the eyes of infidels."

Hoseyn acknowledged the justice of this with a slight inclination of the head.

"So I understand that you will give me good commission?" Ali shut his eyes and folded his hands over his stomach. The bargaining had commenced, and it would no doubt be a lengthy matter.

A faint smile played around Hoseyn's lips. "There is no doubt that your bones will be laid beside those of your wife Saidah," he remarked in the impressive manner of a fortune teller.

Ali's eyes opened. "Then the commission will be a large one. Did not the Lord Mahomet say that Allah loves the generous, but despises the niggardly and mean? May Allah bless thee, Hoseyn, for the promise of commission sufficient to supply money for my purpose. May thy days be as the sands of the desert, and, when thy time also comes, may Allah make the walls of thy grave wide, and send thee at once from the darkness to His paradise. May thy wives bear thee many sons, and . . ."

Hoseyn stopped this benediction with uplifted hand.

"Bring the American, for preference one who stops at the hotel Shephard. We will speak no more of commission until we see the profit made."

Ali hurried off. Hoseyn peered after him with a sardonic leer on his face.

The following morning two unsuspecting victims examined the pearl that was placed before them with many commendations by Hoseyn.

"Oh, Jack! What a beauty! Wouldn't it look dandy in the centre of the rope you bought me just before we left home?"

Hoseyn smiled blandly. This was fortunate. The American gentleman was middle-aged, stout and affluent looking, whilst his wife was young and very beautiful. Ali could not have chosen better.

"But, my dear," the American gentleman replied, "what a price to give for a bauble."

"Jack!" the girl pouted, "You wouldn't have said that not so very long ago."

The American gentleman was obviously weakening. Hoseyn's smile grew blander still, for he understood exactly the psychology of the matter. Ali was standing deferentially to one side.

"Is that the lowest you will take for it?" the American asked.

Hoseyn sighed and rolled his eyes to the dirty roof.

"I could not take less—even from your lordship"—Hoseyn always conferred this title upon English and American tourists. "Two thousand piastres is a small sum for such a priceless and unique gem."

"Make it a thousand."

"Impossible!—impossible!" and he spread his hands out in a manner of abject supplication. "The gem is unique, and, even at two thousand piastres, the profit will be very leetle—very leetle." He uttered the brazen lie without the flicker of an eyelid.

THE FACT THAT AN ARTICLE IS ADVERTISED IN THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY MEANS THAT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.

"Jack, I would simply adore it."

Enfiladed on both sides, it was evident the American gentleman could not hold out much longer. And now there came an attack from the rear that bade fair to finally settle the matter.

"The lady would no doubt be able to procure another in America," suggested Ali in guttural tones, "and would the pair not make ear-drops suitable for a sultana?"

The girl clasped her hands in glee. The American's face fell, and he fumbled for his cheque book. The day was won. Thrusting the pearl into his vest pocket, the American turned away.

Ali immediately approached Hoseyn, his face aglow with the thought of the large commission that should now be his. Hoseyn was once more the somnolent figure with the amber cigarette drooping from his fingers.

"The profit was good," said Ali, "and no doubt the handsome commission will be larger than I expected from one even of your great generosity."

Hoseyn flicked the ash from the tip of the cigarette. With a deep sigh, he opened a small till and extracted a note. This he handed to Ali, who took it with a beaming face. Glancing at the note, the expression of Ali's face changed in a manner that would have done credit to a two-thousand-dollar-a-week movie-star.

"But—but," he stuttered, "this is only one hundred piastres!"

Hoseyn blew a dense cloud of scented smoke. "Just so," he drawled.

"But—but," Ali stuttered again, "the money necessary for my journey is two hundred and fifty piastres."

Hoseyn's shrug was eloquent of indifference.

"You are nearer to it, as I promised." A look of deep sorrow came into Ali's face.

"It seems as though my bones will yet be laid in some strange place."

"Kismet," said Hoseyn. "It is perhaps the will of Allah."

The look of sorrow in Ali's face turned to one of hatred.

"May it be the will of Allah," he shrieked, "that your own bones bleach where prowl the desert dogs! May your days be cut off as corn before the sickle! May you beget nothing but the wind! May . . . but, too full for further words, he turned and hurried after the American.

That evening, Ali sat in a native cafe, nursing his grievance and sucking a nargileh pipe. His hatred grew for the tricky Hoseyn, who swindled the faithful as well as unbelievers. A desire for revenge possessed him. He yearned to pay Hoseyn back in his own coin, and with good interest. But how was it to be done? Many schemes were formulated and discarded, and the water in the glass jar of the pipe bubbled as though it boiled, before the idea occurred to him. A grin spread over his hawk face, and, paying three piastres to the cafe proprietor for the use of the pipe, he hurried home.

The following morning Ali hung around the entrance of Shephard's, waiting for the American and his wife. In a few minutes he observed them emerge from the French windows and seat themselves in wicker chairs upon the verandah. When the American had lit a cigar, Ali stole, soft-footed, behind his chair.

"Effendi," he said in a well modulated voice.

The American turned. "Here's that scoundrel of a guide, Rosa," he remarked.

Into Ali's face had crept a look of sorrow blended with humility. His eyes were fixed upon the verandah boards.

"Effendi, I come to confess. My mind is heavy with the trick that was played yesterday."

"What trick?"

"The price of the pearl was too great."

"Don't I know it!" The American turned to his wife. "Say, Rose, here's that conniving robber of a guide actually come to confess that yesterday's deal was nothing more or less than a hold-up."

The girl pouted, but made no reply.

"Well?" queried the American, turning again to Ali.

"Give me the pearl, and I will get the money back."

"Oh, well, I won't go so far as that. I'm willing to pay a fair price for what I purchase. Besides, my little girl wants it."

"Oh, give it him back," his wife broke in with a querulous voice. "I'm sick

of the sight of the thing. You talked of nothing else all night. I wouldn't wear the stupid old pearl, anyhow."

Ali wondered at the perversity of women.

"Well, Rosa, if I give it him back I'll buy you a dandy pair when we get home, for half the money."

Ali's eyes lit up, and he repeated his request for the pearl. The American turned to him with a look of scorn.

"What sort of a sucker do you think I am? You fetch the cash right here first."

"No sucker!" said Ali emphatically.

He felt that the expression was derogatory, although it was new to him. "Far be it from me to call a gentleman of your eminence a sucker."

"I guess you'd better not!" replied the tourist with a loud guffaw.

Ali hurried off, reappearing in a few minutes with the hotel manager.

"This man tells me, sir, that you require some proof of his integrity."

"I sure do."

"He is well known as a guide. I have myself known him for ten years. But what is it you require of him, sir?"

The American felt that a full explanation of the matter would not tend to elevate him in the eyes of the frock-coated, obsequious Frenchman.

"I have an article of value that I wish him to return to a dealer in the Musky, and I want security."

The manager shrugged. "A native can hardly give security, sir," he replied.

"But I am sure you are quite safe. The police could find him almost immediately. The registration of native guides insures that. But who is the dealer?"

Ali explained.

"I also know the dealer. These men never thieve—no," and the little Frenchman shrugged eloquently, "not in a way that places them within reach of the law. Their businesses are too valuable. I am sure you are quite safe, sir. I will type a receipt for him to sign."

In a few minutes Ali hurried off, in possession of the pearl and chuckling at the success of his manoeuvre. He strode swiftly through the teeming Musky, and in twenty minutes was again seated in the musk-scented atmosphere of Hoseyn's dim little store.

"My mind is heavily burdened with the iniquity of the words I spoke yesterday, Hoseyn."

Hoseyn waved his hand in a magnanimous manner.

"There is still more business to be done with the American," Ali went on.

Hoseyn's eyes glittered. So this was the reason of Ali's change of front. He was, no doubt, working for another commission.

"He now desires to purchase," explained Ali, "another pearl exactly similar, that his wife may have the ear-drops for which her heart craves."

"And the price?" queried Hoseyn, flicking the ash from his cigarette.

"The American is willing to pay anything to satisfy the whims of the wife he adores. But the pearl must be procured by to-morrow, as they set out on their journey home the day after."

Hoseyn's face fell. "It is not easy to obtain a large black pearl at such short notice."

"I will scour the city," said Ali eagerly. "If such a pearl is to be obtained I will discover it. And remember, money matters not to the American."

Hoseyn's jaw set firmly. "I will surely remember."

Ali sped away. In the Market of the Afternoon he talked earnestly with one, Suleim, a dealer in brass, jade, and antique jewellery. The sun was setting redly behind the pyramids, when he handed over the pearl and strode home with a look of exultation on his face.

The following morning, Ali pawed over a wad of notes that Suleim delivered to him. Then he hastened immediately to Shephard's hotel, where he again found the American and his wife on the verandah. He handed over two thousand piastres with a beaming face.

"Hoseyn asks if you will favor him with another visit."

"Sure!" said the American. "We'll trot along and see him, since he's done the square thing over this deal. We might come to terms over the pearl after all."

Ali gave a covert grin. Was he not about to taste the sweetness of revenge?

Hoseyn greeted them with a radiant face and many salaams.



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"We are indeed fortunate," he said. "Late last night, I was able to procure another pearl that is as the twin brother of the unique gem your lordship honored me by purchasing the other day."

"Really!" said the American in a surprised voice.

"But," said Hoseyn, dry-washing his fat hands and rolling his eyes to the roof, "the price is eemense—eemense."

"Really!" again said the American.

"But, to your lordship, of course, that is a matter as small as the dropping of an unripe fig from a tree. The pearl is as your lordship ordered, and seems made for the adorning of the ears of your beautiful wife."

Ali broke in with a loud guffaw. "Ha-ha! Did I not say that the gentleman desired another pearl exactly similar. Show the pearl, and you will find it is the same that you sold to him two days back, when you gave me the niggardly commission."

The American saw in a flash what had occurred, and grinned broadly. Hoseyn turned red, then white, and extracted the pearl from a box with trembling fingers.

"Son of a pig!" he shrieked, gazing with protruding eyes at the black object in the palm of his hand. "Son of a pig!—you speak lies. It is not the same—it is another."

"Son of a dog!—it is the same."

"Your lordship," wailed Hoseyn, with

anguish in every line of his face, "tell this son of a pig he is a liar."

The American took the pearl, laughing heartily. "It appears to me to be the same," he remarked.

"But," screamed Hoseyn, "did not your lordship order another pearl?"

"Certainly," said the American, deciding to fall in with the joke, "but this is not another pearl—it is the same."

Hoseyn sank limply into a seat, his face twitching convulsively.

"I am ruined," he choked—"ruined."

"And I," said Ali in an exultant voice, "am about to return to the place for which my soul has yearned many years, that my bones may rest in peace. My heart bleeds for thee, Hoseyn, but it is no doubt the will of Allah."

Not Many Chauffeurs Would

A negro chauffeur of Washington was haled into court for running down a man.

"Yo' Honah," said the negro, "I did de bes' I could to warn de gennulman; I tried to blow de horn, but it would-n't work."

"Then," said the judge, "why didn't you slow up rather than run over him?"

A light seemed to dawn on the prisoner, who finally said, "Why, jedge, dat's one on me, ain't it? I neber thought ob dat."

Minaki—Land of Memories

WHEN at length the holiday season is over and summer, her garments frayed, trudges forth again on her annual pilgrimage, we can at any rate during the more prosaic autumnal and winter days, console ourselves with memories of our holidays.

It is a fact, as many of us know, that though our summer has been a joyous one and though we may have been lucky enough to participate in many elaborate journeys, a few days spent at Minaki will often linger in one's memory long after more pretentious vacations have been relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness. There is a subtle fascination about Minaki and it invariably happens that a visit to this pine-girt domain is but the first of many more. Most people prefer to go away and live on the banks of its cool waters during the blazing days of July and August, but there are others—a very goodly few—who postpone their visit until September even though the days then be a little shorter. For in the late summer and early fall, just as the leaves are beginning to turn, the gorgeousness of the scenery baffles description and a quietness which can almost be felt comes as welcome relief after the noise and turmoil of the city.

Yes, it is hard indeed to tear oneself

away from Minaki but always the consolation that summer will come again and then we can resume acquaintance with her crystal lakes; that we can again canoe and fish in the limpid waters and smoke our evening pipe of peace as the golden sun slowly sinks to rest behind the pines

A Clever Strategist

WHEN I first began to watch and study the inhabitants of the wilderness, writes a reader, I had frequent opportunities to observe many of them, but of the fox I saw little or nothing. His track was about the only evidence I had that he resided in the country at all.

One dark, foggy morning in autumn I was hunting in a country recently burned over; it was barren as well as rough and rocky. Going slowly up the wind in the hope of surprising some game, I saw a large red fox come down a low hill. He did not see me, and when he was about fifty feet away I fired. To my disgust I apparently missed him, and I immediately let go the other barrel. Down he went, and after a few wild kicks and struggles lay very still. I was about to reload when I noticed that one of the cartridges was very light. Instantly I remembered. I had loaded five blue shells with a new brand of powder, but having no more shot, I had put them aside. In some way they had been mixed in with the others. To my surprise both the empty shells that I drew from the gun were also blue.

I looked at the shells and then at the fox, and my amazement grew. I could see why my first shot had missed, but not why the second had proved effective, for I was positive that both cartridges contained only powder. I went over to the fox and turned him over with the end of the gun. He seemed as limp as a rag. What nerve he must have to lie there so quietly while I rolled him about. It seemed impossible that he could be pretending.

I took a circuit to the left and hid behind a stump where I could watch him. Five minutes I waited, but there was no sign of life; then five more minutes, and I decided that he was really dead; but as I was rising to my feet I noticed that the head was slowly moving, turning in the direction that I had taken. The next minute the clever animal was on his feet. He saw me as I raised my gun, and sprang behind a log. From the log he reached the shelter of some rocks, and I saw him no more, which pleased me more than it disappointed me.—Youth's Companion.

Hope

When Hope has died, I'll give up all my best,
For who would live, and Hope not by their side.
To comfort and to cheer,—tho' worlds deride,
When toiling, climbing to the mountains' crest,
Hope keeps the living fever in my breast;
And oft my weariness she fain would chide;
Still begs me cling, and in my fount confide,
The Summit reached, then thou art truly bless'd.

Tho' reaching mountain's crest by toilsome ways,
I'll ne'er forget 'twas Hope that urged me on—
And Hope will stand beside me at the dawn—
And beam upon my head her strikale rays.
Nor will I e'er forget those changeful days.
When Hope and Fear in battle raged so long;
And Hope once more upon my forehead shone—
And Hope, because I need her, ever stays.

So Hope shall dwell and tread those paths of care
To keep my feet from straying by the way.
When deepest Gloom, comes surging o'er my head,
Hope flashes thro' the gloom, her silv'ry ray,
And whispers, softly whispers, shun Despair,
For none can conquer, till all fear has fled
—Margaret E. V. Rody.



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Spider Web	Bridge Edging
Sunflower	Florette Edging
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Ring	Rosara
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The Presto	The Pumme Lace
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The Olivia Nightdress Yoke	Goose Girl Lace and Corner
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The Malvern Yoke	Clover Lace and Corner
The Fedora Camisole Yoke	The Everest Border and Corner
The Floral Pattern Chemise Yoke	The Grapevine Corner and Border
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THE TEST

By Lilian D. Milner

DOCTOR STRONG stood in the doorway of his one-roomed shack, looking over the ominously smooth river to the hills, beyond where black clouds were being driven by the rising wind across an angry-looking sky.

"It's a good thing I didn't go to Long Portage for the mail," he mused, as he closed the door and put a big stick of maple into the box-stove.

"I don't think being caught in a heavy rain would hurt these lungs of mine much, but I'd better not run any unnecessary risks when Dr. Stewart may be up any day now to examine them and tell me if I can get back to work."

His forehead contracted in a worried frown. There was more than merely a desire to know if he was well enough to resume his practice behind Eric Strong's eagerness to see the specialist who had sent him up into the northern woods in order that he might overcome a pulmonary weakness.

The young man had been engaged to Dr. Stewart's daughter Helen. He was still engaged to her in fact, for, though he had insisted upon releasing the girl from her promise to marry him, Helen Stewart had refused to be freed.

"We'll wait and see," she said, smiling bravely up at him, though her voice was a little unsteady. "If you get better—when you get better," she corrected herself hastily, "you'll need someone to take care of you, to watch that you don't overdo." She raised her eyes, filled with a love that was for the moment mostly maternal, to his as she added; "I'm going to be that someone."

She had pleaded to be allowed to marry Eric before he went away, so that she might go to Long Portage with him, but Dr. Stewart would not consent to this. She had then declared, lifting her dimpled chin stubbornly, glorying in her shamelessness because of the greatness of her love, that she would marry him as soon as he was well enough to return.

Her father had patted her shoulder comfortingly and repeated the phrase, "We'll wait and see." He had promised to come up to the shack for a week's hunting in the fall, and Eric had received a letter from him in the last mail saying that he might be able to get away any day now.

The young doctor was thinking of the letter, and the coming examination, as he sat half dozing in front of the stove. He was rejoicing that the approaching storm was not causing him any discomfort in breathing, for when he had first come to Long Portage his weak lungs had been very sensitive to changes in the atmosphere.

The sound of hurrying footsteps interrupted his musings, and before he could open the door a sandy-haired boy, about thirteen years old, burst into the room.

"Why, Donald!" the doctor exclaimed, recognizing him as the son of a trapper named Martin who lived on the opposite side of the river. "What's the matter, laddie? Wolverines after you?"

Donald shook his head. "We found a man!" he gasped breathlessly, "and his arm's shot nearly off! He was sort o' doubled up in a canoe, drifting along close to where Elk Creek empties into the Grande." He mopped his damp, freckled face with a dirty handkerchief. "I thought he was dead at first, but Dad said he wasn't—just unconscious. He's pretty near dead, though! He's bled an awful lot! Yer'll come, doctor? Maybe Dad'll get blamed fer it if yer don't!"

He clasped and unclasped his thin brown hands nervously. "Dad said likely he'd shot himself. How'd a man shot himself in his right arm, though?"

"That's easy!" the doctor said. "He might have been reaching back for his gun to get a shot at something," he explained. "If it were cocked, you know, and he struck the hammer against anything the gun would explode in his hand."

"Yer think that's what happened?" Donald asked eagerly. He looked relieved as the doctor nodded, then said again; "Yer'll come with me? Maybe he'll die if yer don't!"

Eric Strong hesitated. He had been listening to the thunder which was getting nearer, and he was standing at the door now, watching the ribbon lightning as it pierced the black clouds. Presently those clouds would empty themselves in a drenching rain. The storm was almost sure to break before they reached the other side of the river, and he would have to paddle against the current for about two miles in the face of a stiffening wind.

He was afraid of the possible ill effects of a thorough wetting, but he feared still more the probable set-back which would follow the strain of paddling. He was remembering what Dr. Stewart had said in his last letter about the dangers of over exertion. "I cannot impress upon you too strongly the need for carefully hoarding your strength," the specialist had said. "Overstepping the border line between beneficial exercise and over fatigue is sure to be followed by grave consequences." Should he take the risk?

"Won't yer come with me?" The boy was puzzled and hurt by the doctor's seeming reluctance.

Eric Strong shuddered, but not from cold. His decision to go might cost him dearly. It might mean death. It would probably mean losing Helen. If Dr. Stewart had to report unfavourably on the condition of his lungs as a result of the setback, it was hardly to be expected that even her faithfulness would stand the additional strain on her love and patience. The man might be dead by now, anyway. He would perhaps be risking how own life in a futile effort to save a man who was already past help.

"Ain't yer coming, doctor?" Again the boy's voice broke in on his musings, and he nodded his head quickly. He was surprised to feel a glow of happiness in his heart as he followed Donald down to the shingle beach. He was learning that the agony of renunciation is not unmixed with joy.

The first great drops of rain were falling as they got into the canoe, and a few minutes later the storm broke in all its fury. The rain came down in torrents, and in a few minutes they were both soaked to the skin. The wind was against them, beating them back with terrific fury. They could not tell if they were making headway, but they kept paddling steadily on.

The doctor was crying out silently; "God! God! God!" It was a prayer that his sacrifice might not be in vain, that they would make a safe landing in time for him to give aid to the injured man. His own fear was lost temporarily in the other man's need.

It seemed as though they had been paddling hours when a great flash of sheet lightning showed them that they were about twenty yards from Martin's wharf and they turned towards the shore. A few minutes later they were scrambling up the shingle beach to where a dim ray of light beamed forth from the open door of the trapper's shack.

John Martin, hearing them coming, came out to meet them with a lantern in his hand. He was a tall, gaunt man, with a deeply-graven, tanned face and grizzled sandy hair. His eyes brightened as he gripped the doctor's hand. "I knew yer'd come, doctor," he said, a note of relief in his deep voice. "He's still living, but that's about all," he added, as he carried the lantern over to the shelf where the injured man was lying.

Eric Strong changed colour and he caught his breath as he looked at the unconscious man's livid face. "It's Doctor Stewart!" he exclaimed. "He's a friend of mine and was on his way to visit me."

His eyes lighted up with approval as he saw that John Martin, who was evidently acquainted with the rudiments of first aid, had used part of a suspender as a tourniquet, tying it above the elbow joint; but his face was very grave and he shook his head as he finished his examination of the shattered, mutilated arm.

"It's what we doctors call a compound comminuted fracture," he explained, as he tied two pieces of thin, flat wood together to form an angular splint. "Both



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bones of the forearm are broken into several pieces." He was padding the splint with bandages as he talked. "We must take him to the nearest hospital as soon as he can be moved."

He dressed the wounds with an antiseptic lotion and, the trapper flexing the injured limb under his direction, applied the splint to the inner side of the arm and secured it with narrow bandages.

All this time the injured man had shown no sign of returning consciousness. Eric was grateful for this, as he had been able to do his work without needless suffering to his patient. He was dreading the moment when Dr. Stewart would realize what had happened. His heart ached as he thought of what the loss of his right arm must mean to the specialist, for Dr. Stewart had saved many lives and limbs by operating on those who were afflicted with other forms than the pulmonary one of tuberculosis.

He changed into some of the trapper's clothes, which were much too big for him, and hung his own soaking garments near the stove to dry. John and Donald Martin sought their bunks, but he sat up with his friend, occasionally dozing for a moment because of his weariness and the closeness of the atmosphere.

Waking with a start after a short sleep, he fancied that the colour was gradually returning to Dr. Stewart's face, and, after a few moments of deep sighing, the specialist opened his eyes and tried to sit up. The movement drew his attention to his bandaged arm, and Eric could tell by the change of expression in his eyes that he was remembering what had happened.

"How did I get here, Strong?" he asked in a weak voice, as the young doctor leaned over him. "I remember reaching back my hand for the gun—I wanted to get a shot at some ducks—and then it went off. I guess I must have fainted. Who found me?"

"John Martin, the trapper who owns this shack, and his son," Eric answered. "The boy came over for me," he added, forestalling a query as to how he had reached the shack. "You'd better not talk any more now, doctor. You lost a lot of blood, you know. I'm going to make you some beef tea from extract, and then I want you to try and go to sleep. You'll feel better after a good night's rest."

It was not until the next morning that Dr. Stewart learned from Donald just what kind of a trip they had made the night before, and for a long time after his talk with the boy he lay silent, thinking.

The young doctor guessed what was in the elder one's mind when, upon taking the thermometer from Dr. Stewart's mouth in the afternoon, the specialist said; "I want you to take your own temperature, Strong. I want you to keep taking it at intervals during the next twenty-four hours and let me have a record." He said no more but Eric guessed rightly that Dr. Stewart was fearing what he himself feared—the symptoms of new mischief in the lungs.

There was no rise in his temperature, however, and after a good night's rest he awakened the following morning, feeling none the worse for his adventure. Dr. Stewart had passed a fairly good night, and Eric knew that the moment was drawing near when he must tell the specialist of the condition of his arm and make arrangements for his early removal to the hospital for the amputation.

He was wondering how he should broach the subject when Dr. Stewart

did so himself. Congratulating Eric on his normal temperature, he said; "I suppose you want to get back to the city as soon as you can. It's too bad I'm keeping you here." He looked down at his bandaged arm. The fact that Eric had not touched it, even to change the dressing, told him something of its condition. "It's bad, Strong, isn't it?" he asked in a low, tense voice.

His eyes sought the young man's face eagerly, begging that his suspicions might not be confirmed.

"It's pretty bad," he admitted awkwardly, "but perhaps"—he looked away—"perhaps they'll be able to—"

He broke off again, and Dr. Stewart nodded his head understandingly. "Don't try to raise false hopes, Eric," he said gently. "I know! It's a compound comminuted fracture, isn't it? Both bones? I thought so," he added, as the young man nodded. "It isn't going to make much difference really." His voice broke, despite his effort at self control, but he went on bravely. "They are making wonderful false arms now that can do almost anything except"—his face convulsed—"except operate!"

"I'd have given—" Eric could not go on.

"Your own arm," Dr. Stewart finished the sentence for him. "I know that, lad. It's a big price to pay for a moment's carelessness. That's what it amounts to."

His tone changed and a note of hopefulness crept into his voice as he continued; "There's one thing you can do to make it easier for me. Take up your practice again gradually, as we had already planned you should do when you were fit, but make surgical tuberculosis your life's work. I have some new theories I wanted to try out, but I'll pass them on to you instead and watch the results. Later on you can go to Europe in my stead, and see what they are doing over there. Can't you see what I'm asking you?" he asked brokenly as the young man would have raised a protest. "I want you to let me live the rest of my life through you. I want you to be my right hand!"

"Don't you think"—Eric's dry lips could hardly ask the question—"do you think it's safe?"

"Safe?" Dr. Stewart did not catch his meaning for a moment. "Oh, you mean your own fight. I think we can take it for granted that is over, lad. Any incipient tubercular case who can paddle two miles upstream in the face of such a storm as you came through the other night without a rise in temperature or any other unfavourable symptom afterwards need not fear a relapse if he takes reasonable care of himself. I wouldn't have made the suggestion if I hadn't felt it was safe, Strong!"

"And Helen?"

Dr. Stewart smiled. "I'm going to get you to write a letter to her for me as soon as it is convenient." He smiled again as Eric went off to the cupboard and returned at once with a writing pad. "I want you to tell her from me that you stood the test. She'll think that means my stethoscope told a satisfactory story. I'll explain properly when I see her."

His free hand sought the young man's fingers and gripped them tightly, and Eric knew that behind the silent grip was gratitude, not less deep because unspoken, that he had responded to the call for help at the risk of his own life. That—he drew a deep breath of thankfulness at the thought—had been the real test!

BARCLAY'S BABY By Hew MacLaine

IT IS quite the latest thing in the crescent and the item most spoken of at the moment.

Mrs. Barclay with an added interest in life, moves about in an exquisite floral voile and an ethereal smile. Her mother and the nurse have gone, and she is at home alone with Baby. Her husband, by the way, invariably comes home at four these afternoons, although until the Baby's birth he came about nine, certainly never earlier than eight, unless on the rink nights when he always managed about seven.

Mr. Barclay has only been twice on the bowling green this season. He has not gone off on holiday yet, and to those who enquire when and where he intends going he replies evasively—"Really don't know. Nothing really settled yet"—and to those

with whom he is more intimate, with almost boyish shyness he ventures—"Of course it's different when there is a family to consider."

He has resumed his morning wave of hand and raising of hat to the front window, and yesterday Mrs. Barclay held aloft the five weeks old infant, as if the tiny mite could join in or understand the matin signalling.

Lunch time finds Mr. Barclay coming home about eleven-thirty; on three days last week he returned to town at two o'clock but on one afternoon he didn't go back to town at all, and he was seen in the scullery with an apron about him. It is almost impossible for him to empty the garbage those bright mornings and evenings without some of the neighbours seeing, but even if the neighbours were

silent concerning his dustman's exploits, they cannot conceal their amusement when they know how Mr. and Mrs. Barclay jointly conspire to "bring up a child in the way it should go."

Barclay's situation in the book trade has furnished him with unlimited literature concerning "Babies, Their Teething," "Infants and how to care for them," "The care of Children," "Babies' Aches and Pains." The last-named is meantime the favourite volume, although each has enjoyed a brief authoritative popularity in the household.

"Don't you think Baby will be hungry now?" Barclay asked the other evening.

"No, George, she can't possibly be—why it's only two hours and ten minutes since she had her last."

"There now, I knew it was more than two hours! Didn't that chapter we read last night—here it is, page 48—say never exceed two hours, and now it is ten minutes more."

"But she's sleeping, George!"

"I don't think so, Jessie—it's weakness for want of food. The child must be hungry if the book is right."

"Well, the book we read last week said never to waken an infant for food—Yes, that one with the paper cover, the page is marked, there what did I tell you?"

"That's all right according to this book, but she was fretting about half an hour ago, and I'm sure she looked round for you."

"Nonsense, George! a five weeks old child cannot have so much sense—why this same book says that even the smartest children do not begin to notice before the sixth week."

"But you said yourself, Jessie, and the doctor and nurse said so too, that a heavier, healthier, more intelligent child never was born! I thought you said the child tried to say 'Ma, Ma,' on Wednesday."

"Well, that's how it sounded, but auntie says it couldn't possibly be that."

"She's awake Jessie, look! Isn't she sweet? I'll take her."

"I'll take her, George, and there, you might fetch the bottle. Did you shake it?"

"What, the Baby?"

"No, the bottle; please remember I never call Baby it, although you do."

"What, you're surely not going to give honey anything just the minute she wakens! There now, there now, don't cry sweet one. Don't cry I say. Give over! Oh, be quiet—shut up!"

"George! George! I wish you'd control your temper! You know this never happened before; there must be something seriously the matter with the darling. I'm afraid she was too good and too pretty. George! George! what are we to do? Boo! Boo!"

"Is it not just hunger that's the matter with it—her?"

"No, it can't be when she has just wakened out of such a sound sleep. Oh! my wee jewel. Wheesht! Wheesht! George, don't stand there looking so sheepish and doing nothing, can't you do something? What does the little book say, the one on the dressing table?"

"It says—wait—here it is—page 69

"When Baby cries, it is in pain."

"George! George! I knew it. Oh! whatever are we to do for the wee lamb? See what the book says about pain, quick now."

"Pain, pain, page 87, I've got it Jessie; 'Pain invariably provokes the child to cry: continuous crying means continuous pain.'"

"George, George, it must be terrible, terrible. See the tears in her eyes and on her cheeks! If only mother or auntie would come, or the doctor! Yes, 'phone for the doctor, George. Quick, I say, don't stand there dreaming."

"What, what will I say to him?"

"What will you say? Why, of course, tell him to come at once Baby's in pain and crying."

"Hullo, doctor" George spoke over the phone "this is Barclay's we'd like you to come along at once, Baby's in pain and crying."

"Dying?" the doctor asked.

"No, no; I hope not—crying—crying—making a noise you know boo-hoo-hoo."

"Crying—oh that's all right, don't alarm yourselves, crying's a healthy sign. So long as the child keeps on crying there's no fear of it dying."

And George and Jessie had thus the doctor's renewed assurance that the Baby was really a healthy one.



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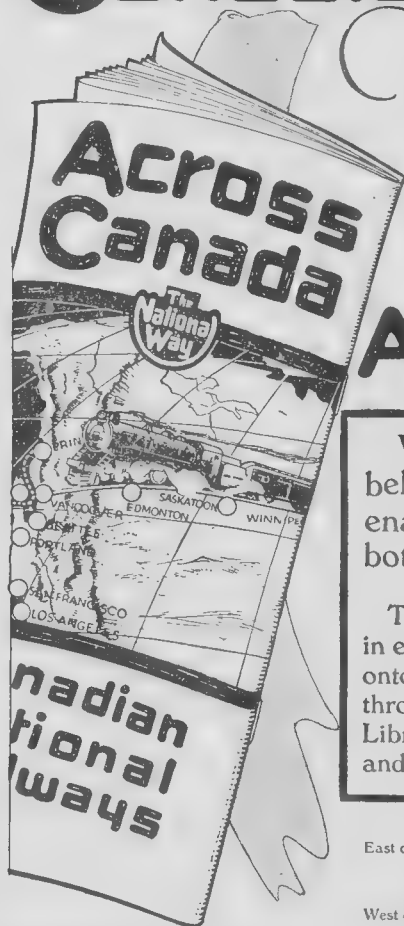
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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Questions Answered

BELOW are the answers to the questions submitted in the September number:

1. The Appian Way was the road from Rome to Capua; the oldest Roman Road.

2. The expression Argus-eyed means crafty or watchful. Argus, according to mythology, had one hundred eyes.

3. Barmecide's Feast means a mockery, a delusion and a sham. Barmecide asked a starving beggar to dinner, and seated him at a table of empty dishes.

4. Damocles, having commented upon the happiness which the tyrant Dionysius must enjoy, was invited by him to a feast where, whilst discussing the good things, he looked up and discovered a sword hanging by a single hair immediately over his head; hence the expression, The Sword of Damocles.

5. Eureka (I have found it) was the exclamation of Archimedes when he discovered the method of proving that the sum of the squares of the sides of a right-angled triangle equalled the square of the hypotenuse.

6. By the Fabian Policy is meant delaying or dilatory; from Quintus Fabius Maximus, the Roman general who successfully opposed Hannibal, the Carthaginian, by avoiding a battle and continually harassing him.

7. The Leaning Tower is a celebrated structure of Pisa, Italy, which leans thirteen feet out of the perpendicular; 178 feet high.

8. A Roland for an Oliver signifies tit for tat. Roland and Oliver were two peers of Charlemagne. So many romances were related of these knights that, whenever one told an improbable story to match one that had been told before, it was called giving a Roland for an Oliver.

9. The Round Table was that at which King Arthur's knights sat so that any distinction of rank was avoided.

10. The Darwinian theory is an explanation of the origin of species in animals, that they come from one or a few original forms, the present differences resulting from development and natural selection.

How to Study

WHILE the ambitious Canadian never loses an opportunity to add to his stock of knowledge, the months ranging between September and March are, especially in Western Canada, those in which thousands of young men engage in more or less systematic attempts at studying.

In September thousands enter the doors of our high schools, colleges and universities; many others enter the private business schools of the country; still others pore over the catalogues of correspondence schools in an endeavor to find courses suited to their needs; and a great number, unable to take advantage of the opportunities mentioned, secure books for themselves on various subjects and try to register an intellectual advance during the winter.

All of this effort is praiseworthy indeed and is to be encouraged. Unfortunately, many people, for lack of guidance, engage in studies not suited to their environment, and many others, while choosing appropriate courses, fail to achieve as fully as they might because they have not learned how to study systematically and efficiently.

I have before me a little book of pocket size, headed encouragingly "How to Study and What to Study" by R. L. Sandwick, published by D. C. Heath Company of Boston, which is one of the few books that discusses in plain language the factors that go to make the study of a subject successful. On reflection, it is strange that more attention has not been paid to the subject of better studying. Time and again, the subjects that make up our principal courses have been worked over and rearranged, but the art of studying itself has been somewhat neglected.

In Mr. Sandwick's little book, which is itself a short course of study, will be found suggestions and instructions of the first importance concerning such vital matters as confidence in studying, fixed hours for study, learning to read rapidly, conservation of physical and mental energy, and the best ways of studying English, Grammar, Spelling, Composition, Latin, Mathematics, the Sciences, Stenography, Bookkeeping, Manual Training, and technical subjects.

Because the time is suitable, therefore, the remainder of this page is devoted largely to phases of proper studying, and for much of the information supplied, indebtedness to Mr. Sandwick is acknowledged. Readers who wish for guidance in study will do well to invest in his book.

Your Work is Worth Doing

NO GREAT and enduring work, writes Mr. Sandwick, will ever be done when the heart is not in it. The harder the work the more clearly true is the statement. It is true of study; and study for young minds is hard work. There must be interest of some sort in study, as in everything else, or it cannot be continued by rational human beings.

The will cannot focus attention upon any subject that lacks interest, for more than a few seconds at a time; and forced attention requires too great an expenditure of energy. School work must of necessity be hard for the normal young mind. Every subject of instruction is to him a new field of thought. Later in life, when knowledge has been acquired along many different lines, the acquired knowledge develops centres of interest that attract and hold the attention; but the youth, seeing no such relations, knows little or nothing about the subject matter to which he begins to devote his time and hence launches himself into the new work with great effort.

In order to make a hearty effort you must think of all the good reasons for study that you can find, and must control all inclination toward idleness or pleasure. A great deal depends upon your emotional tone. The right emotional tone is a happy, earnest feeling toward your work. You will attain this in proportion as you respect and value your studies.

Fortunately, it requires only a little serious thought to make the average young man or woman realize the importance of study. So apparent is the advantage of education that even the uneducated can realize it; and often the cry goes up from those who come to their senses too late, "Oh, why did I not devote more time to study at an age when I had the leisure for it!"

All the wealth devoted to study and all the army of students who have passed the years of compulsory education are very significant facts; they can have but one meaning;—the enormous value put upon the work of schools and colleges—in other words, upon Study. In the last analysis, there is no such thing as education without study and effort on the part of the one who is being educated.

Study versus Pleasure

IT HAS been proved many times that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but, as Mr. Sandwick points out, when you decide to enter upon a course of study, you must control all inclination toward idleness or pleasure. Some years ago, I remember a young man registering for an evening course in stenography. He was working in a railway office and had been assured of promotion provided that he improved his education and acquired a practical knowledge of shorthand.

For the first two weeks of the course, there was little to criticize in his attitude. Then he asked if he might leave at nine once a week instead of at nine-thirty. His request was granted, although he was warned that he was putting his course in danger. A little later, he asked to be excused at eight-thirty, but his request this time was disallowed. A few days later, he wanted to drop one of the subjects of his course on the ground that he had fallen too far behind in it to make headway that winter. In the hope of additional encouragement, he was allowed to do this, but failed to respond to his privileges because within a week or two he began to stay away one night out of three.

An investigation brought to light the fact that he was one of the club officers in a suburban dancing assembly and was taking off one night out of three in order to attend the dances. He was urged to give up his dancing during his winter of study but in the end he dropped out of the course altogether, being utterly unable to hold his own with the other students, many of whom were of foreign birth.

Some months later I learned accidentally that he had been bitterly disappointed because another young man in the same office, who had made good use of his winter evenings, had received the promotion which he himself desired but had not sufficient backbone to work for.

What Others Have Done

POWER, position, reputation and honor, continues our author, are all within the grasp of the diligent student. This is as true today as it was when Solomon wrote, a thousand years before Christ, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. . . . Length of days is in her right hand, in her left hand riches and honor."

In order to get the right attitude toward study, you should have by you a book or two of short biographical sketches that show how success has been won. Smile's "Self Help" and the Proverbs have stimulated many a man of an earlier time to stick to his books. Students have found Orison Swett Marden's inspirational books valuable, especially his "Pushing to the Front". These books are full of examples of men who, under trying circumstances, often without school or teacher, in a narrow margin of leisure time have acquired rich stores of knowledge by the use of which they have risen to distinction.

Read Elihu Burritt's diary and know what effort is: Monday, June 18, headache, 40 pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, 64 pages French, 11 hours forging.

Tuesday, June 19, 60 lines Hebrew, 30 lines Danish, 10 lines Bohemian, 9 lines Polish, 15 names of stars, 10 hours forging. . . .

Is it strange that Elihu Burritt became distinguished as an eminent lecturer and philanthropist?

Responsibility to Others

IF THERE are any, we read further, who are unwilling to work for their own selfish advancement, they should consider the increased power for service to others which such self-advancement gives.

Those students whose pride is not self-centred must still rejoice to see how grade-marks, symbolizing their scholastic success in competition with other young people, gladden the hearts of those at home. Mother's and father's eyes brighten, and brothers and sisters are glad because the student of the family has won distinction.

Young and old instinctively know that industry and intelligence are indications of good stock in which they, too, have a share; and all are in consequence heartened and cheered. "There will be a strong man in the family," parents say, "when years of weak old age come upon us."

The most unselfish can see in study an opportunity to serve their country. We delight to honor courage, but it is questionable whether the most distinguished services of our country's generals are to be compared with the services of her scholars. History is very clear on this—that the nations that have attained pre-eminence in many lines of industry have done so as the result of scholarship.

The Use of Spare Time

I HAVE scored thus far," says A. P. Terhune, "only a limited success, but the secret of such scant triumphs as I have won has been condensed into one word, Work."

"When I say work, I don't refer to the work by which one earns his daily living. Self-respect forces a man to give his best possible work to such a position—self-respect and self-interest as well. I mean the toil that can be found in addition to one's duties."

"Deskmates of mine laughed at me for spending my spare time in labor. Most of them are still earning about the same salary they were earning then. Some are earning less."

"Yes, the keynote of all worthless success is Work. The supreme secret keynote is Double Work."

Hard Work

IN THE following characteristic paragraphs, which are reproduced partly for the sake of old associations, Rev. J. L. Gordon, former editor of this page, writes forcefully of the necessity for hard work, of which he set a good example.

"I have just heard of the University of Hard Knocks. And I like the name. The City of Hard Labor produces sturdy citizens. A cold climate produces strong men. Young men who have an easy time of it in the beginning are not so sure to be on the best terms with themselves near the end of their career. Pray that you may not be blessed with easy circumstances until you are old enough to appreciate the blessing."

"A young man, very unwisely, informed the superintendent of a railway division that he would like to secure a position on the road 'where the hours were short, the work light, the occupation clean and the compensation good.'"

"The official replied, 'There is only one position of that sort on this road. I've got it and I don't propose to resign.'"

"Railway officials are not looking for men who are looking for easy places. Men who love hard work and can conquer difficulties are never long out of a position."

Have Confidence

IN CONCLUDING this series of suggestions for winter study, I refer once more to the author of How to Study, who, in a summary of one of his chapters, says:

Have confidence!

Lack of money, ill health, slowness of intellect have been no barriers to great achievement in the case of others.

Think of what you have already won; open your mind to the rich world of thought still before you and have confidence that you can conquer it.

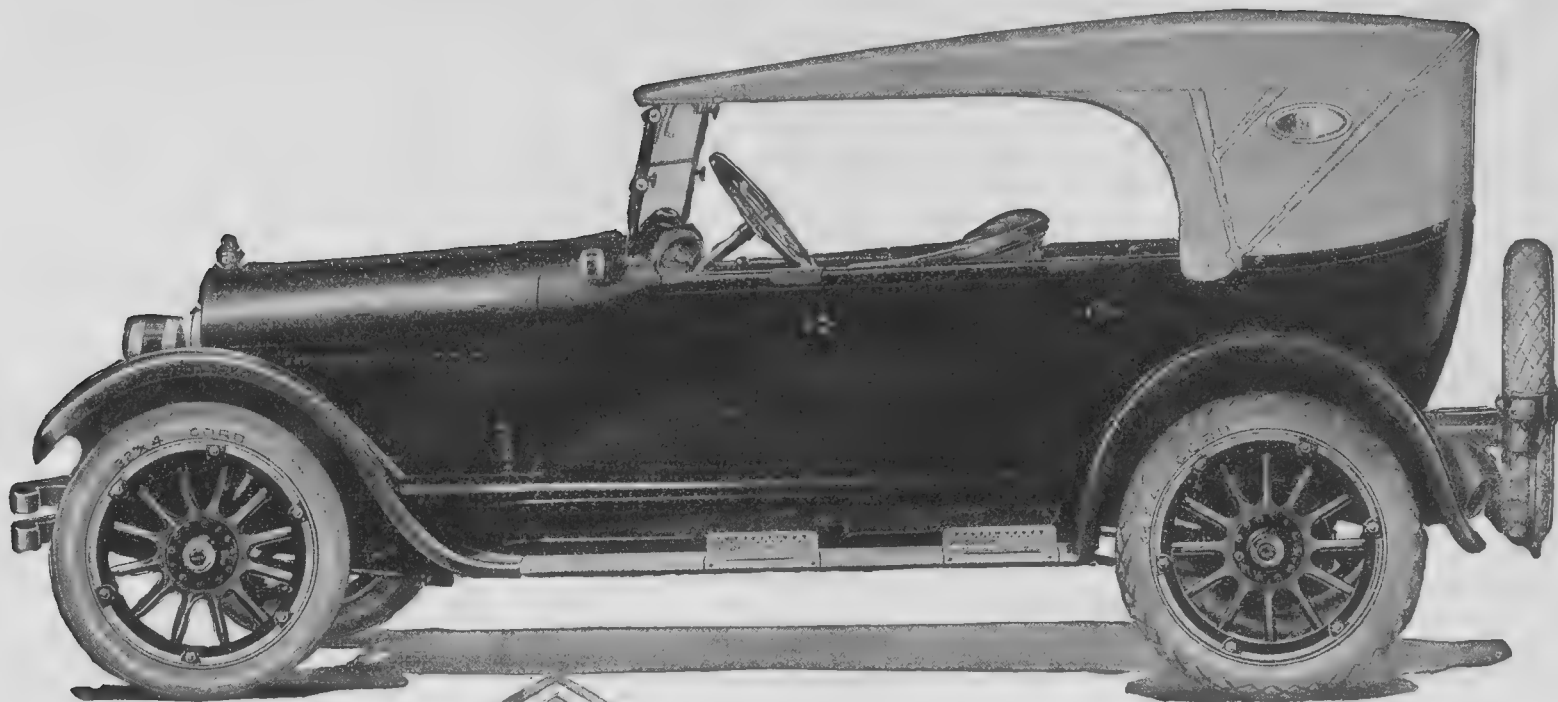
Undertake no impossible task.

Try to do what is reasonable; and with happy, earnest confidence, go forward and do it.

Zeal without knowledge is the sister of folly -- Newton.

The Voters Are the Ones Responsible.

However just are the complaints against the results of the election system, the responsibility for those results lies with the people who neglect their citizen's duties. We never can know how good or bad popular government can be made until the people take a proper interest in elections.—Victoria Colonist.



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The new McLaughlin-Buick is the finest car that has ever borne this famous name. The new six-cylinder five-passenger touring car, like its predecessors, brings new features of superiority consistent with McLaughlin-Buick progress.

First glance reveals its new beauty—the low, graceful lines of body and top of English Burbank, with natural wood bows and nickel plated slot irons, the heavy one-piece crowned fenders, the drum headlamps and parking lamps, the nickeled beading where cowl meets hood.

The front compartment with its low tilted seat adjustable for drivers requiring long or short leg room offers greater comfort and driving convenience. The steering wheel is placed at the proper angle for effortless steering, the control levers are longer, the handsomely equipped instrument board is within easy reach.

In the rear compartment, as in the front, the low luxurious seat invites relaxation and the passenger finds himself surrounded with every provision for his comfort.

More important still, the new McLaughlin-Buick is superior in performance. It is perhaps the easiest-riding car of the day, due to a distinctive development in spring construction. In speed, power and flexibility, it reflects important changes and far-reaching improvements in motor, clutch, body and frame construction.

The 1923 six cylinder five passenger McLaughlin-Buick 45 Special has all the traditional McLaughlin-Buick merit with the added excellencies of another year's progress. It is a greater model of a famous car.

Master Fours:

5 Pass. Regular Touring	\$1235
2 Pass. Special Roadster	1275
5 Pass. Special Touring	1295
3 Pass. Coupe	1645
5 Pass. Sedan	1950
5 Pass. Touring Sedan	1855

Other items of equipment are the transmission lock, cowl ventilator, windshield wiper, nickeled scuff plates curtain compartment in back of rear seat, nickeled foot rest brackets, beveled plate glass in rear curtain, new walnut instrument board and walnut trim on upper edge of doors, tool equipment in fitted case which fits in locked compartment in right fore-door, combination stop and tail light, rear vision mirror, nickeled dumb-bell radiator filler cap, engine primer, etc.

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5 Pass. Special Touring	1725
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7 Pass. Sedan	3095
3 Pass. Sport Roadster	2295
4 Pass. Sport Touring	2375

M 219

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

A HOLIDAY TRIP TO NOVA SCOTIA

By Alberta P. Craig

THE heat on the boat train was insufferable, and not even when we had left the Union Station and Winnipeg far behind did we feel a single breath of cool, refreshing air. We had more than the usual complement of sleeping car horrors, for the man in the berth just ahead snored outrageously, the child across the aisle cried lustily, and from the confetti-strewn section behind came the monotonous drone of a deep masculine voice punctuated by a woman's shrill giggle. We two girls had dreamed of this trip through long dreary months, but as we lay in our berth that

sweltering July night we wondered if after all anticipation is better than realization. By two o'clock the next afternoon we were safely on board the "Noronic," and in the invigorating Superior air we found our peace of mind was soon restored. One of the interesting things in our Lake trip was the two hours at Sault Ste. Marie. All was activity along the water front, the creaking and groaning of the huge derricks mingling with the shouts of the sailors and the chatter of the crowds along the dock. From the bow of the steamer we gazed over the stone gates of the Locks at the water far below, over

which we knew we were destined to travel, and wondered how the great boat was to make the necessary "high dive." But when the last trunk had been thrown out of the hold, and the gangways lifted, very slowly the gates behind us began to close and those in front to open. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the water in the dock receded, and before we had fully realized what was happening came the Captain's call "All clear" and we were quietly sailing across Lake Huron, on the last lap of our journey to Sarnia.

Toronto and Montreal each claimed us for a few hours but we were much too

keen for a sight of the Province by the Sea to linger long on the way. The Canadian Government Railway follows the course of the St. Lawrence River through Quebec, past farms divided in true French fashion into long strips, that each of the farmer's numerous sons may have his share of river frontage. Each village has its huge stone church, surmounted by a gleaming cross of gold, and frequently we caught sight of the parish priest moving among his people, their prophet, priest and king. During the night we crossed the border into New Brunswick and very early next morning we were awakened to see the sunrise in the Metepedia Valley. No words can describe that glorious picture, one of the masterpieces of the Great Artist. From Campbellton to Bathurst we skirted the shores of Chaleur Bay, past picturesque villages, and ever in the distance across the water loomed the majestic mountains on Gaspé Peninsula. That night at five o'clock we crossed the Tantramar River into Nova Scotia, the land of our dreams. Six hours later came the porter's welcome call "Halifax Next."

Halifax has been greatly blessed by Nature, for with its harbor—surpassed by only one other in the world—there is the wonderful Bedford Basin. Here, of course, we visited Bedford and Rockingham, not forgetting Prince's Lodge, where the Duke of Kent spent gay if none too sober days. Behind the city is the beautiful North West Arm. On one side are clubhouses, summer hotels, boat houses and the palatial residences of the city's wealthiest citizens. On the opposite shore, peeping out from the dense foliage are the myriad cabins, summer cottages and bungalows of happy holiday seekers. Saturday afternoon at the Arm is a treat no visitor can afford to miss. The water literally swarms with craft of all kinds, row boats, punts, bright red canoes, graceful yachts and trim little motor boats chugging merrily along. The band at "Waegwatie" float plays gaily and all is laughter and sunshine. Just across the harbor from Halifax is Dartmouth with its chain of lovely lakes and the Locks, once destined for commerce but at the present time a crumbling ruin, a favorite picnic ground. Ordinarily the streets leading to the Dartmouth Ferry present the usual appearance of fairly busy thoroughfares, the traffic moving to and fro in orderly, respectable fashion. But three minutes before each quarter hour pandemonium reigns. People race madly down the hills (and they are steep) jostling fellow pedestrians in the rudest manner. Motor cars exceed the speed limit and delivery carts rattle along bumpy-bump over the cobbled street. Promptly at the minute the Captain tingles his bell, the watchman closes the gate, grazing the wheels of the last lucky cart and mayhap separating friends in the wild scramble.

HALIFAX is more truly British than any other city in Canada for it has long been a naval and military station of importance. Of course we visited the Citadel, Dry Dock and the Dockyard; we saw the Public Gardens and Point Pleasant Park; we had a day at Cow Bay Beach and one glorious evening at a "clam bake" at Herring Cove. On Sunday morning we attended Divine Service. I use the words advisedly, for one does not merely go to Church at old St. Paul's. It is the Mother of Protestant Churches in Canada, and during the service our minds played truant constantly, for the walls were lined with memorial tablets. They were interesting people, those worshippers of long ago, many of them officers of the Imperial army and navy. For us the pulpit could hold only one figure, the Rev. Charles Inglis, at one time rector of Trinity Church, New York. He was an ardent Royalist, and in the years of the American Revolution, in spite of frequent warnings from Washington, he continued to pray for the King and that God would confound his enemies. Forced at length to resign he found his way to Halifax where he became rector of St. Paul's, and later Bishop, the first Colonial Bishop of any British possession in either hemisphere.

Mahone! There is a fascination about the very name that accords well with the charm and romance of the places, Continued on Page 36

60,000 YOUNG AMERICANS DIE

Each Year—From Old Age Diseases
—Due Largely to Faulty Food

PROFESSOR McCOLLUM, of Johns Hopkins University, says these old age deaths, from diseases of the heart, blood vessels, kidneys, brain, digestive organs etc., have doubled in thirty years, and that younger persons are every year being attacked. McCollum also says 10% of all deaths are due to tuberculosis, and "this condition is largely due to faulty food."

Conditions are identical in Canada and all civilized countries where the same foolish food habits prevail.

The food mistakes of civilization and therefore of us Canadians—of me and mine—of you and yours—are too much "denatured," "deficiency," "excess acid," white flour, refined cereals, meats, and sweets; too little whole grain cereals, milk, eggs, leafy vegetables and fruits, the immemorial natural food of the human race.

McCollum has demonstrated that a combination of whole grains is even superior to one whole grain—because bet-

ter balanced. Roman Meal is the only combination of whole grains cereal known. It supplies the deficiencies of white flour, other cereals, meats and sweets. It was designed by a food scientist for that purpose. For this reason it nourishes better than meat, relieves most forms of indigestion and positively relieves all forms of constipation.

Because of its Flaxin, Roman Meal contains more bone making salts and protein than even milk, thus it is the best possible food for your child and for the nursing mother.

Buy Roman Meal at Grocers and try this Delightful Recipe to-day

ROMAN MEAL BROSE-O

Icy-Cold! Steaming Hot
Stir 1 rounded cup Roman Meal into 4 cups boiling, salted water. Boil slowly for 10 minutes. Set in a cool place to jelly, or in ice chest. Serve cold with milk or cream and sugar, honey, preserves or jelly or bananas or berries, etc. (If hot foods are preferred, reheat in double boiler after it has jellied by standing over night.)

Add ROMAN MEAL to Your Daily Diet.



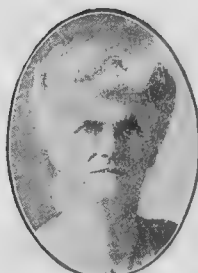
ROMAN MEAL is the only balanced combination of whole grains—wheat, rye, Flaxin, and comminuted bran. It is a delicious family food, to be used as porridge, or baked into anything half and half with flour. By using Roman Meal in some way every day, with plenty of milk and some leafy vegetables (preferably uncooked) you provide your body—and the bodies of your children—with every element necessary to sturdy health and long life, and correct the "deficiencies" of modern "excess acid" and "deficiency" foods. Roman Meal aids digestion, positively relieves constipation.

With one exception the most economical cereal sold.

ROMAN MEAL COMPANY, TORONTO.

Wouldn't You be Glad to Make Even Half the Money These People Do?

Right at Home—In Spare Time



Mrs. James Hamilton

Farmer's Wife Earns \$40 a Month in Spare Time

Mrs. Jas. Hamilton, an Ontario woman, who has taken up Auto Knitting as a means of making her money in her spare time, has written us enthusiastically about her experience. A bit of her letter follows:

"I am a farmer's wife with three children. I do most of our own sewing, all our baking, washing and ironing besides the farm work, and up to date I have made \$235, having my Auto Knitter exactly one year. In four winter months, clear of all expenses, I made \$160 or an average of \$40 per month. The machine does all it is represented to do and when you are not working for customers the Company always takes your work and pays promptly for it."

Made \$325 in Five months

Mr. Arlington Frazer, who lives in Ontario, had long been trying to find some paying work to do in spare time. Finally he solved the problem by Auto Knitting. Part of his letter follows:

"I have had my machine only five months and made \$325 with it in my spare time. It is the most wonderful little thing I ever saw. It has helped me out fine. This spring I got the new rug for the parlor and the house painted, and now I intend to put in the best garden I ever had, and the Auto Knitter is paying for it all. To anybody in the same circumstances that I was in I would recommend the Auto Knitter to help them out. There is nothing better for home use."



Mr. Arlington Frazer

Busy Housewife Clears \$237

Here is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. H. O. Stevens, a Quebec Auto Knitter worker:

"During the eight months I have had my Auto Knitter, I have been able to clear, myself, \$237, after paying for my machine, and to buy the many things which were needed in our new home. The beauty of working on the Auto Knitter is that I am never afraid of having any socks left on my hands or not being able to make money as the Company guarantees to take every pair of standard socks at a fixed and generous wage, also replacing the yarn which has been used in the socks sent them."



Mrs. H. O. Stevens

Spare Hours Bring Her \$10 a Week

Mrs. F. J. Walther, another worker in Ontario, writes in part:

"I have my husband and three children, the eldest only four years, to work for and I always do my own sewing, but as a rule I make about \$10 a week just knitting for the lumbermen and the neighbors. Before I purchased the Auto Knitter I never had a fit dress or nice boots to go out with and neither had my children. Now I can dress with the best of them and so can my children and I can also get anything I wish with which to fix up my home. I also have a bank account for myself. I think to buy an Auto Knitter is the wisest investment that anybody can make."



Mrs. F. J. Walther

Earned \$305 the First Year

"The first six months after I got my machine," writes Mrs. N. J. Turner of Ontario, "I made clear (after paying for my machine) \$135. I have had it now 13 months and have cleared \$305. I sell privately and make my socks in all sizes. I have bought several articles for the house and all our clothing for the winter. Both my husband and myself join in our praise for the Auto Knitter and will gladly tell anyone who wishes to make money at home to buy an Auto Knitter."



Mrs. N. J. Turner

Farm Worker Now Makes Money At Home, All Winter

Mrs. Fred Harris of Nova Scotia has plenty of work on farms during the summer, but in winter work is scarce so he never could get ahead of expenses until he took up Auto Knitting. Here is part of his letter:

"I have no more dread of the long cold winters now as my wife and I can earn from \$2 to \$3 per day and sit in a nice warm room to do it. I only wish I had known of the machine 4 or 5 year ago, I would have been much better off today."

"I am going out to work as usual this summer, but with a different feeling to what I started with last summer, as I feel now (thanks to the Auto Knitter), that life is worth living. By next fall our house will be paid for, when I plan to get another machine and make socks next winter, and between us we can earn from \$80 to \$100 a month. This is no dream as I have proved it can be done."



Mr. Fred Harris

HERE are six people who tell you from their own experience how to turn your spare hours into dollars; how to make money at home in spare moments; how to get a steady, profitable occupation that fits right in with your regular work and yet does not interfere with it

You may have more spare time than these folks—or you may have less. But whether you have three hours a week or three hours a day, the stories of success set down here will interest you, because they show you how to make the best use of that time, be it little or much.

These people have tried the work, they know what THEY can do and have done with the Auto Knitter. Why not let their experience guide you into a money-making occupation for spare time?

You want more money, do you not? You want the things more money can buy. New furniture for the home, perhaps; clothing, pretty dishes—many of the things so dear to a woman's heart. Why not have them then—why not follow the example of others?

Auto Knitting is a spare time occupation—knitting fine all-wool socks on a machine known as the Auto Knitter. These socks, made on the machine many times faster than they could ever be made by hand, are fine, soft, comfortable and classy, and find ready sale among the stores—both big and little.

Guaranteed Market—Standard Rate of Pay

We will enter into a contract with you, at the time you purchase your Auto Knitter, to accept from you all the standard socks which you send in, paying you for them in cash at a standard fixed rate; also agreeing at the same time to replace pound for pound and without cost, the yarn contained in the socks sent to us.

There is no limit to the number of pairs you can send in to us under this Work Contract. You can work as much as you wish or as little as you wish—and you can send the product of your spare time to us and be paid for it at a fixed rate.

150,000 Pairs a Year

This year, Auto Knitter workers from all parts of the country are sending in more than 150,000 pairs of Olde Tyme Wool Socks for payment under the contract. To these folks we are now paying in cash at the rate of more than \$18,000 per year, and shipping out yarn to the value of more than \$92,000 per year. And these figures do not include the large number of workers who make socks for friends, neighbors and local trade.

A High Average Perfection

Out of this large number of socks, sent in by workers all over the country, from new and old, from careful and careless, from novices as well as the experienced, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned to workers as not being up to the standard set for the Olde Tyme All-Wool Sock. This shows the high degree of efficiency which the machine develops in the hands of the average worker.

Sold by over 1000 Merchants

These Olde Tyme Wool Socks sent in by workers are sorted and graded, packed and shipped to more than 1000 dealers in all parts of the country, who find that the fine quality of these socks made on the Auto Knitter causes them to have a ready sale.

Write Today for Liberal Offer!

You have read here the stories of these folks who have found Auto Knitting a profitable spare time occupation. Now find out what Auto Knitting will do for you. Get full details. See how it may solve your money problem, help you to have many little comforts and luxuries that you could not otherwise get.

Send the coupon below for full particulars. Remember that the people whose successes you read of here owe that success to the fact that they acted! When they read our advertisement, they decided to find out at once just what we had to offer. They didn't postpone or make excuses. They wanted to turn spare time into money—just as you do today. They filled in and mailed the coupon—and found it the first step to more money.

You owe it to yourself to get the facts—at once. Just write your name and address in the space below—and mail today.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.

Dept. 7310, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ont.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.
Dept. 7310, 1870 Davenport Rd., W. Toronto, Ont.

Send me full particulars about making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City Province

for it is a veritable treasure house of history and legend. The town itself is perched on the hills at the head of the short harbor which opens into Mahone Bay. We were told that there were over three hundred islands in the Bay, and far be it from us to dispute the statement. In the old days this was a rendezvous for pirates, and many a ship flying the black ensign found a shelter among these coves and islands. The shores were also a favorite tenting ground for the Micmac Indians who roamed the province. From these hills the great beacon fires fre-

quently flashed out their warning to terrified settlers that the Indians once more followed the war path. The memory of these days still lives, for in the Indian burying ground at Indian Point sleeps many a Micmac brave. At Covey's Island, on a large rock, we saw the red mark of a human hand. Lewis Payzant had wandered far from his native village in Normandy, and after many years of patient labor he had built up for his family a comfortable home in this corner of the New World. But his happiness was short-lived. One night there was the stealthy approach of the enemy, his house was razed to the ground, and he himself met death at the hands of the savage Red Man. But all Mahone is not saddened by such weird tales of tragedy.

DAY after day we spent cruising in and out among the islands finding ever new delights. About twenty miles along the shore is Chester, one of the most fashionable summer resorts in the province. It boasts two short harbors, and just in front, boldly standing guard, is Quaker Island with its light-house. Several years ago some Americans discovered the

tiny fishing village and with characteristic enthusiasm returned to tell their countrymen that they had found a land of glorious beauty. Since then many lovely summer homes have been built, and with hotels and inns a-plenty the village is transformed for five months into a bustling town, the haunt of hundreds of care-free, pleasure-loving tourists. For one happy day we were children again, reveling in tales of pirate ships and buried treasure. Tradition says that the famous Captain Kidd sailed along this Nova Scotia coast, and sixty miles from Halifax, in this very Bay, he left large sums of silver and gold. Certainly the bold buccaneer had an eye for the unique, for the island is remarkable for its great oak trees of peculiar shape. They are very tall and in their formation resemble palm trees far more than any oaks that ever grew. Wealth the island has undoubtedly had, for many a company of speculators has squandered thousands of dollars in a vain search for the fabulous coin. We spent some hours wandering to and fro, and saw many of the excavations that had been made. In one untouched field we found a four-leaved clover, and we

were tempted then and there to go in search of picks and shovels.

Sixteen miles straight out to sea we came to the rock-bound Green Island. The great revolving light, the nests of the Mother Carey's Chickens that everywhere honey-combed the ground, the great boulders hurled ashore in winter gales; all these were sights strange and awe-inspiring to our prairie trained eyes. But in all our wanderings we found nothing more beautiful than Deep Cove, nestling at the foot of Mount Aspotogan. With difficulty we made the narrow entrance, but once within, the largest ocean liner might sail in safety. Along the shore we passed an old mill, whose mill-wheel forever is still, for the silence of the cove is broken only by the gay carolling of the birds and the sighing of the wind among the trees. We lunched in a spot of matchless beauty beside a silver brook that from the mountain side

"pours a white cascade
And, babbling low amid the tangled
woods,
Slips down through moss grown stones
with endless laughter."

We climbed Mount Aspotogan, and there out over the hills lay the great Atlantic, with here and there a sail gleaming in the sunlight. Truly Nature has lavished here "her purest wave and softest sky."

LIVERPOOL is undoubtedly one of the most charming towns in the province. The people are descendants of the sturdy Pilgrim Fathers who emigrated to America on the "Mayflower," and later found their way to Nova Scotia. Their homes are filled with priceless old furniture, linens and china... and the most delightful hospitality. Our drive to Mouton, which boasts the finest sand beaches on the Atlantic coast, and home again by way of White Point was a never-to-be-forgotten treat. But, perhaps, the greatest pleasure of all was the quiet evening we spent beside the lighthouse on Fort Point. Across the water we saw gay pleasure yachts, tiny fisherman's dories, far out at sea a steamer leaving its trail of smoke along the horizon, and near at hand a barque laden with molasses homeward bound from Jamaica. As the light flashed out through the gathering darkness we dreamed of "old unhappy far-off times, and battles long ago"—the battle between Glooscap and the great sorceress of the Atlantic, the struggle between Rosignol and his fellow Frenchmen for right to the fur trade, the homecoming of the pirate "Saucy Nancy," after a three weeks voyage, with \$16,000 worth of ill-gotten wealth.

A motor ride, part of the way beside the Mersey River, brought us to Caledonia, in the heart of the Lake District of Nova Scotia. Here, indeed, is Tennyson's land of the "Lotus Eaters"—a "land of streams" that break "through wavering lights and shadows;" "cool mosses deep" and "in the water long-leaved flowers;" hills "sunset-flush'd;" "shadowy pine dew'd with showery drops" and through clefts in the hills "many a winding vale and meadow." That, with lakes and more lakes, is North Queens. Caledonia fits into the picture perfectly, a quaint old-world village rambling along three streets. We gathered lilies on Lake Mary; visited the gold mines at Molega, bringing away two nuggets of real Nova Scotia gold. We drove to South Brookfield, & "Sleepy Hollow" at the headwaters of the Medway, and thence by a "worn old road that threads the wood" to Cameron's Lake where we had our basket tea. We camped at Lake Nancy. Oh, the joy of taking our canoe at the golden sunset hour and watching the great August moon rise behind the hills to send its silver light across the sparkling waters. Oh, the peace of sleeping in the pine-gloom to waken at the song of the birds and see the glory of the dawning day. A happy lazy week we spent at Minard's Camp—those charming log cabins on the shore of Kedgemakooke. The lake, with its tributary streams, lies in the very heart of a forest still untouched by the hand of man. This is the fisherman's paradise, for hither when the robins and bluebirds have returned comes the angler, lured by the irresistible longing to go a-fishing. Hither, too, when the tang of Autumn is in the air comes the hunter, for this is the habitat of the moose, caribou and deer, and along the shores of the many islands the wild fowl have their home.

Continued in November issue

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

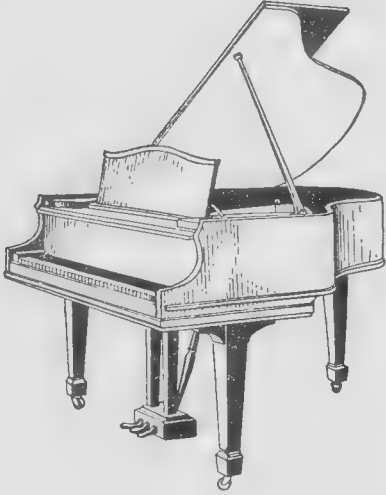
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THE MIST CHILD

By Muriel Barff

THE house I had rented for the summer was thoroughly modern and built on the site of an old farmhouse. It had been beautifully planned and well carried out, and fell in keeping with the old walled gardens, sloping lawn and fine trees.

From the first I was thoroughly happy there. The seclusion and country were perfect. The village was a considerable distance away and a half mile walk along a little lane brought one to the river curling like a huge lazy snake through the fields. The nearest house was the old Manor, a mile off by the foot-path.

I was dozing one afternoon in my favorite spot in the garden, protected from the wind by a mellowed red wall, and screened from all eyes on the other side by a gorgeous border of the bluest delphiniums; never before had the peaceful atmosphere of the place so enwrapped me. I lay back in my chair drinking it in.

It must have been about three o'clock roughly when the little green weather-beaten door in the wall opened and a child came through, shutting the door carefully behind him. He paused for a moment, and then catching sight of me, came straight towards me.

"Hullo," he said as he arrived at my seat. His tone was distinctly friendly.

"Hullo," I answered, to gain time. His arrival was rather a surprise. I guessed his age to be between 7 and 8 as he stood there, his hands deep in the pockets of his blue linen knickerbockers, his white shirt open at the neck and his ruddy hair burnished by the sun.

"How are the gold-fish?" he asked, digging his heel into the gravel of the path. "Fine," I said, "shall we go and see them?"

"Let's," he answered readily, and slipping his hand into mine, we set off together towards the Dutch garden.

Rarely have I spent a more joyous afternoon. For a considerable time Antony (he told me very soon that his name was Antony) and I lay flat on our fronts on the paving of the Dutch garden watching the goldfish. Under Antony's supervision I learnt to take more interest in a goldfish than I had deemed possible.

Tiring of the fish, Antony sat up and facing me began to talk. I can't begin to repeat all the interesting things Antony told me, but I learnt about the birds' nests in the five acre field, about the brook one could paddle in, and about his second

best hiding place (his best he would not disclose). He then asked me many questions concerning my age, name and habits, and inquired affectionately after the cook and gardener I had taken on with the house. Obviously he was no stranger in these parts, and I said,

"What's your other name, Antony?"

"Channer," he replied.

"Oh!" I said, "then you live up at the old Manor?" His face clouded for a moment and he nodded—

"I came by the footpath across the fields," he said slowly.

We then visited the fruit gardens. Antony refused firmly to eat any of the ripe cherries we picked, but crammed them into his pockets.

"I must be going," he said suddenly, stopping and raising his face, as if smelling the air.

"Oh, no!" I said, loath to have him go. I had realized with a pang that I should be bored and lonely without him. I thought quickly of my skiff laying idle in the little green boathouse.

"Don't go yet. Let's collect some cakes from Sara and go down to the river. I have a bran' new skiff"—I stopped abruptly. The child had actually gone white.

"No! No!" he almost shouted, and recovering himself he said in a quieter tone—

"Simply couldn't, thanks awfully for asking me though! I must be getting back and the mist will soon be rising from the river."

I saw him out by the same green door he had come by and watched him take the path towards the stile. I leant down to remove a creepy insect that was scaling my shoe and when I looked up he had disappeared 'round the hedge. Pretty quick work that for a youngster, I thought to myself. He's probably in for a row if he's late for tea.

I went back to my seat. Antony had promised to try and come again and I was wondering how I could get to know his nurse or people and so make his visits permissible and consequently longer and more frequent.

I must have sat there longer than I realized, because as Antony had predicted the mist started to come up from the river and the air began to grow quite damp and chilly. Gathering up my belongings I went indoors.

I found Sara shutting the front windows.

"Can't abide this mist," she exclaimed, shivering slightly. "To my mind it's unhealthy, and I don't like it to get into the house."

While she lit me a small fire in the hall, I said to her:

"That's a jolly little fellow from the old Manor house, Antony Channer. He kept me well entertained this afternoon."

Sara dropped the log of wood she was holding with a bang on the fender, and looked at me searchingly—

"So little Master Antony has been here again! And you saw him, sir?"

"Why, yes," I said, puzzled by her manner—"does he often come?"

"No, not often, but I sometimes see him," she said, and I could see that her eyes were filled with tears. "I lived up at the Manor and I was Master Antony's nurse."

She spoke hurriedly, and gathering up the remains of the firewood in her apron, made for the door.

"'Tis five years ago today that he was drowned in the river below. The mist always rises this day; I've noticed it."

She was gone, and I could hear her sobs as she fled down the passage.

I drew my chair nearer the fire; notwithstanding Sara's precautions the mist seemed to have got into the house.

Distrusted at Home

Mr. John A. Hennessy, who has had some experience in looking into official corruption in New York, tells the Washington Star this story of a certain politician whose reputation was no better than his deserts:

"He used to farm, you know. Well, I met a farmer neighbor of his last month. 'Si,' I said, 'would you call him an honest man?'"

"Si scratched his whiskers, and smiled, but he made no answer."

"Well, Si," I went on, 'would you call him a liar, then?'"

"Si scratched his whiskers again, and then he said:

"Now, Mr. Hennessy, I dunno's I'd go so far as to call him a liar, but them as knew him hereabouts do say that when he wanted his pigs to come for their feed, he had to git somebody else to call em.'"

Concise

"Give your version of the explosion," a marine, laid up in the hospital, was asked. "Well," he said, "I was standing beside the gun; there was an awful racket, and the doctor said, 'Sit up and take this.'"

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Old Hallowe'en Customs of Scotland and Wales

By Evelyn Lewes

In Scotland and Wales many festivals which in past and more leisurely times were thought vastly important now pass almost unnoticed, yet if bonfires are no longer kindled on Cambrian mountains and goblins encouraged to walk in Scotch glens on the 31st of October, even the younger generation have heard their grandparents talk of "nos two fale"—apple snatching night, and some of the elder folk themselves have burnt nuts in Highland fires, and taken part in the merry game of Snapdragon. But the Hallowe'en Celtic customs of former days were by no means limited to these diversions, for many a romantic maiden whose mind was anxiously exercised as to her matrimonial prospects looked eagerly forward to that special night of the year as a serious occasion for discovering something of what the future might hold in store for her. Indeed, in very much the same spirit in which the fashionable crystal-gazer and palmist is now consulted she would perform a love-charm in order to conjure up a vision of a possible husband. The more timorous girls were generally content to peep an apple as they sat with their backs to a looking-glass and to take a furtive peep over the left shoulder in the hope of seeing the desired partner reflected in the mirror when the clock struck the hour of midnight; but those of a more valiant disposition would actually walk nine times round a churchyard, to look nine times through the key-hole of the church, with of course the same object in view. This custom of the key-hole was formerly much practised in Wales where All Hallow E'en is known as "Nos Calan Gauaf" (first night of winter) and one of the "Teir Ysprydno" (three nights for spirits). In Pembrokeshire, sometimes called "Little England Beyond Wales" young people who had not sufficient nerve to visit a churchyard or sit before a looking-glass would test their fortune by the choosing, when blindfold, of saucers. The saucers were placed in a row, each containing a different coloured ribbon or piece of material to indicate the profession of a possible husband, black for a clergyman, red for a soldier, blue for a sailor; whilst the saucer which contained a thimble represented the choice of an old maid. In Scotland a very similar practice prevailed when three dishes of water were used for the purpose, and an empty dish indicated the fate of bachelor or spinster. In his poem entitled "Hallow E'en" we find Robert Burns very quaintly alluding to this diversion:

In order, on the clean hearth-stane
The luggies three are ranged
And every time great care is taken
To see them duly changed;
Auld Uncle John, who wedlock's joy
Sin Mar's year did desire;
Because he gat the toom-dish thrice
He heaved them in the fire
In wrath that night.

Another charm, much favored by Welsh girls, was the placing of a leg of mutton under the pillow to dream on, nine holes having been previously bored in the blade bone. The anxious damsel would then arrange her own shoes at the foot of the bed in the form of the letter T and having said an incantation over them would retire to rest in the hope of seeing a vision of her future husband. Equally popular amongst Cambrian maidens was the "Omen of the Wool Thread." This involved the taking of a ball of yarn to the bedroom at night, where with one end of the wool the inquirer would construct a thread-ladder. This she would throw out of her bedroom window and still holding the ball in her hand she would begin to wind the yarn back repeating meantime a Welsh sentence which meant "I am winding, who is holding?" the object of this being to induce a phantom of the wished-for husband to mount her frail ladder and look in at the window. The Scotch lass also made use of a ball of yarn on Hallow E'en. She would go alone to a kiln-house and throw the ball into the kiln-pot and wind the other end into a fresh ball until something was felt to be holding the thread. "Wha hands?"—Who holds? was the question she then asked, and in reply she would expect to hear the name of the man she was to marry.

The burning of nuts was formerly a popular custom throughout all parts of the United Kingdom. Two nuts were laid on the fire and were given the names of a youth and a maiden. If they burnt peacefully together the course of true love would run smoothly between them, but if not, the reverse would be expected. Robert Burns also mentions this custom in his "Hallow E'en":

Amang the bonnie winding banks
Where Don rins, wimplin' clear,
Where Bruce ance ruled the martial ranks
And shook the Carrick spear,
Some merry friendly country folk
Together did convene
To burn their nits and pou their stocks
And haud their Hallow E'en.
The expression "and pou their stocks" refers to another practice which

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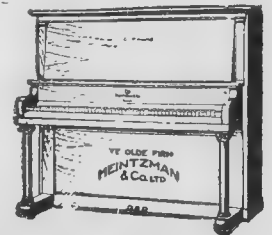
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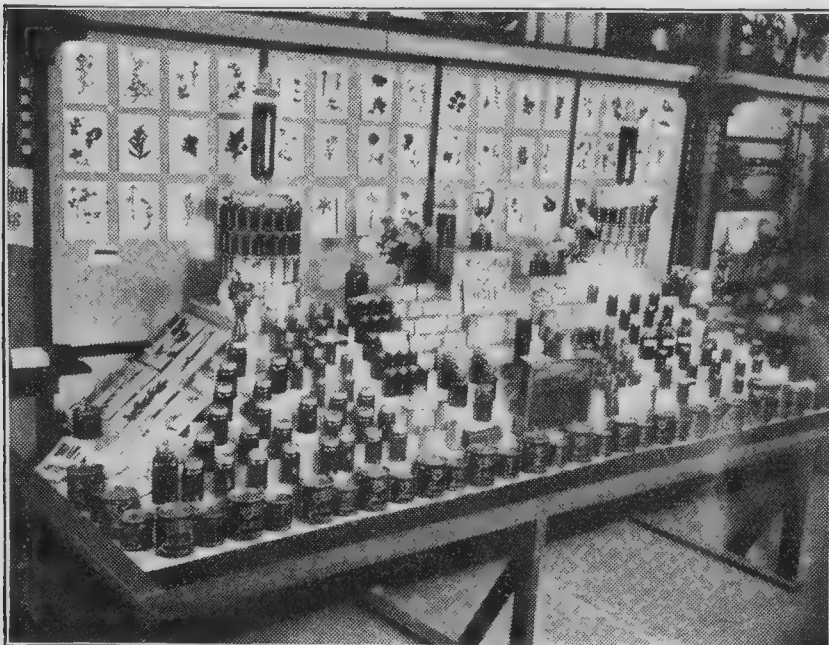
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THE NAME IS YOUR GUARANTEE



Manitoba Honey Display, at the Winnipeg Garden Show, 1922. Above are mounted samples of plants from which the honey is obtained



in Scotland was considered the first ceremony of importance on this particular night. The stocks were plants of kale or curly-leaved cabbage, and the assembled company had to walk out hand in hand and blindfold to pull the first they could find in the garden and according to the appearance of the plant they secured would be the appearance of the future husband or wife: tall or small, straight or crooked, and it was considered a most fortunate omen for the earth to cling to the root. The heart of the plant was also examined and its condition was said to suggest the character of the person it represented. In Wales, ivy-leaves were used in something the same manner as kale in Scotland. The leaves were gathered and then sorted to represent couples, the pointed-shaped leaves being regarded as the males and the round shaped leaves the females. They were then placed in the fire and according as they turned towards each other or not, love or hatred were they supposed to display. Divination by candle and pin was also a favourite Celtic custom in olden times, when at midnight girls would stick a long row of pins in a candle and then sit and watch the candle burning and the pins falling out one by one and when the last pin fell the destined matrimonial partner was supposed to appear.

In certain English-speaking border counties of Wales it was formerly the custom for little children to go from house to house singing rhymes on the thirty-first of October, of which the following are specimens and probably of very ancient origin:

Sol cakes, sol cakes
Pray you good missus a sol cake
One for Peter, and two for Paul,
And three for the good man that made
us all.

"The roads are very dirty
My shoes are very thin,
I've got a little pocket,
To put a penny in.
Up with the kettle and down with the
pan,
Give us an answer and we'll be gan."

"There, Little Girl, Don't Cry"
You have my sympathy, little girl,
The men don't like your clothes,
Nor your hair combed over your pretty
ears,
Poke fun at your powdered nose;
They say you should dress more modestly
Now that you're all grown up
But you're just as sweet as your grandma
was
When she covered her wishbone up.
They get all sobby and full of tears
As they talk of the good old days
When your grandma swayed the hearts of
men
With her winning and winsome ways;
How she built her dresses up to her chin
And down below her knees,
But you're all right, girlie, I vote for you
strong,
Just dress as you ding dang please.
I remember your grandma wore a train
And she swept the sidewalk clean,
And the men stood back and they grouched
and growled
As they always have, I wean,
But she kept right on in her own sweet way
Just as you do, my dear,
As she mopped up measles and typhoid
germs
And scattered them everywhere.
When she put on bustles and big hoop
skirts
The menfolks jeered and mocked;
And when she banged her beautiful hair
Strong, virile men were shocked,
But they kept on falling in love with her
As with you, my dear, to-day.
They may grouch and grumble, and jeer
and mock,
But they fall for you, anyway.
So you're just as sweet as your grandma
was,
And she was winsome and true.
You would look like sin if you dressed like
her,
And she wouldn't have dressed like you.
But her heart was clean and her soul was
white
And her fair name stands undimmed.
It is not the cut of your gown, my dear,
But the way that your soul is trimmed.
Dick Posey.

There's a hint of WINTER in the crisp October Air! Are you ready to withstand the Cold?



SUMMER heat has left your blood thin. It always does.

But winter is coming! You must fortify your body against cold weather and winter ailments, by eating substantial food that will enrich your blood and help you resist the cold.

First to be considered is breakfast—the most important meal of the day. And first for everybody's breakfast should come oatmeal.

Oats are a simple, basic food, easily digested. They give more nourishment than any other cereal, supplying vital energy for grown-ups and brawn and bone-building elements for children.

Because Oatmeal is the most wholesome breakfast, it should be made so appetizing that everyone will desire it. The flavour depends on the quality of the oats. Use Quaker Oats and you get the best in the world,—best quality, best flavour, best food value.

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SASKATOON AND PETERBOROUGH
Also makers of Quaker Flour, Puffed Rice
and Puffed Wheat, Tillson's Aluminum Oats, etc.

W105

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You Needn't Have Gray Hair At Any Age

The smart hat you choose won't make you seem any younger if your hair is gray, which it needn't be. Science has perfected a safe, sure and easy way to stop graying hair and bring back and keep the natural color. This you can learn for yourself by accepting our free offer. You take no risk, for the test is made on a single lock and results tell their own story. When you see how even and beautiful is the restored color and how easily accomplished, you will start at once to restore and beautify all your hair.

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No danger of the streaking or discoloration, which is worse than gray hair. There is nothing to wash or rub off—no interference with shampooing.

Beware of experiments

If you try to restore your hair with some unknown product and it doesn't turn out well there is nothing to do. The streaked, discolored hair which is so mortifying will have to grow out again and this is a slow process.

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Address.....

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Dr. Chase's
Ointment

Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE

Advance Hints for Christmas Gifts

October is now here, and in order to avoid the nerve racking last minute rush, the woman with foresight is now planning her Christmas gifts.

Every woman loves dainty lingerie and it is really just as much fun to make pretty things as to receive them. Lingerie worn to-day is so simple that it is very easily made, and there is a great saving in cost of things you make yourself. Of course gifts made by yourself are much more appreciated, too.

Combinations, commonly known as "Teddies", are steadily becoming more and more popular, as they are so practical and comfortable. Crocheted yokes are always pretty and serviceable for

with hemstitched hems. The top of such garments would of course have to be straight if the work is hand done, and the ribbon is run through the hem with two little button-holed slits for the ends of the ribbon to come through.

Small Pointed Yoke

No. 50 crochet-cotton, No. 13 steel crochet hook.

Begin at the first row of diagram .. Ch. 18, skip 8 sts. next the hook, 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o., 2 ch., skip 2 sts. 1 d. c. into next st. to form another o., 2 more o., 5 ch., turn.

Second row—4 o., 5 ch., turn.



either combinations or camisoles. The two yokes illustrated on this page make up well for either garment, the narrow one being perhaps more suitable for a combination. Pretty teddies are made with inserted medallions of crochet or real lace, and finished top and bottom with a fine narrow crocheted or lace edging. When putting hand work on lingerie, it always pays to use the very best material for making up. If inferior goods is used, the lace will outwear the material, and the whole garment may be discarded.

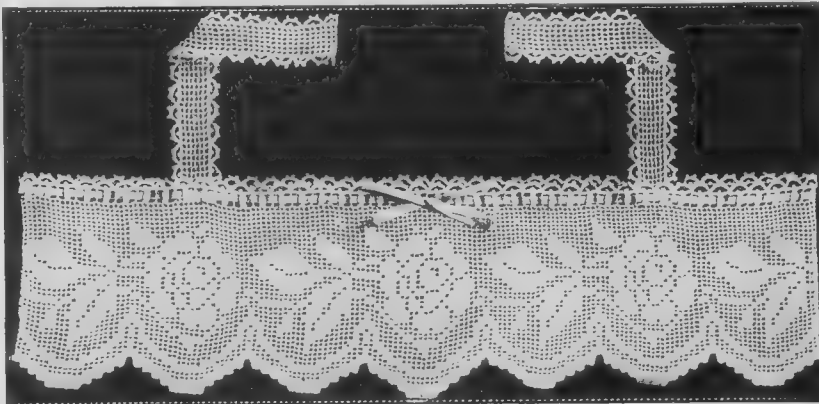
Silk "undies" are lovely. Wash satin and crepe de chine are the best silks for

Third row—1 o., 5 ch., skip 2 o., 1 d. c. into next st., 1 o., 5 ch., turn. This will form an eyelet for ribbon.

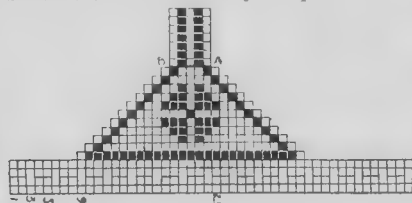
Fourth row—4 o., 5 ch., turn. Follow diagram to the ninth row, making 1 o., for every square, and 1 eyelet for every eyelet indicated on diagram.

Ninth row—1 o., 1 eyelet, 1 o., add 1 o. at end of row as follows: 2 ch., 1 d. tr. c., thread 3 times around the hook into base of last d. c., 8 ch., turn. This ch. is to add 1 o. at the beginning of next row.

Tenth row—Work 1 d. c. into first stitch of chain to add 1 o., 1 s., (4 d. c.



this use, as they will wash and wear wonderfully with reasonable care. If you wish to use cottons, a fine quality of nainsook or mardopolam are best. Trusonain is lovely, as fine and soft as silk, and it wears like iron. In finishing the lower edge of combinations, always roll the edge and whip on the lace. This makes a much daintier finish than a hem. Hemstitching is very popular just now for underwear, both hand and machine stitched. Of course the hand work is much daintier, and is very easily done. There is usually no other trimming on such garments, save perhaps an embroidered initial such as those illustrated last month. Straps for the shoulders should be just plain bands

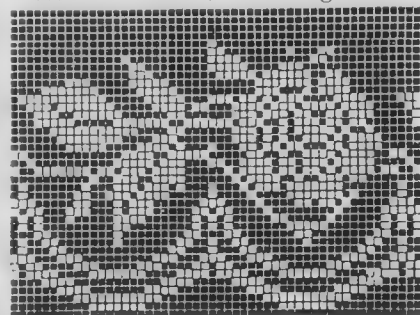


worked close side by side form 1 solid square. When 3 or more s. follow consecutively, work 3 d. c. for each and an extra d. c. at the end. 4 o., 5 ch., turn.

Continue to follow diagram, working 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square, working straight across the line A—B, until end is reached.

When end is reached, turn, skip last row and follow diagram back to the first row. This completes one-half of yoke, work the other half in same manner.

Join thread at A., follow diagram to B.



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Follow diagram of start to end. Repeat from line A. B. to end until strap is the length desired. Join to back of yoke. Make the other strap in same manner.

Rose—Ch. 5, join in a ring, work 10 s. c. into ring.

Second row—(5 ch., skip 1 single crochet of previous row, sl. st. into next st.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around.

Third row—(Work 1 s. c., 5 d. c., 1 s. c. over next chain of previous row.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around.

Fourth row—(8 ch., sl. st. in back of next s. c. of previous row.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around.

Fifth row—(1 s. c., 6 d. c., 1 s. c., over next 8 chains of previous row.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around.

Sixth row—(10 ch., sl. st. in back of next single crochet of previous row.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around.

Seventh row—(1 s. c., 9 d. c. over next 10 chains of previous row.) Repeat between parentheses all the way around, make 3 more flowers. Sew a flower over centre, (design in each point.) Work s. c. and p. all around edge of yoke.



Dainty Rose Scallop Yoke for Camisole or Combination

Crochet cotton No. 60. No. 12 Steel Hook.

Directions:
Ch 101.

1st Row—11 sp, 1 bl, 6 sp, 1 bl, 3 sp, 3 bl, 1 sp, 2 bl, 1 sp, 3 bl. Follow design, adding bl at lower edge to form scallop. 14 scallops make 40-inch bust.

Shoulder Straps—6 sp wide and 110 rows long.

Beading Around Neck—3 d tr in 1st sp, * ch 3, 1 d tr in 2d sp, ch 3, 3 d tr in 2d sp. Repeat from*.

Edge Around Neck and Each Edge of Shoulder Straps—3 s st in first three sp, 1 p. Repeat around.

2nd row—1 s st half way between 2 p, ch 12. Repeat around.

3d row—5 s st around ch, 1 p, 5 s st in same ch, 1 p, 5 s st in same ch, s st over s st. Repeat.

Knitted Openwork Blouse

YOU will need 2 balls of Iceland yarn and 2 No. 5 amber or bone knitting needles.

If you knit 6 sts. to an inch with this size yarn and needles, cast on 85 sts. for size 36. (Cast on 6 sts. more for each size larger and 6 sts. less for each size smaller.) Knit plain 3 inches. Turn. *Knit 3 sts. increase (to increase, pick up thread at base of next st. and knit it as if it were a st.). Repeat from * all the way across.

*Knit 1 st. (wind thread three times around needle, knit 1 st.). Repeat between parentheses all the way across. Turn. *Knit 1 st., drop thread wound around needle. Repeat from * all the way across. Knit 5 rows. Repeat from * until underarm measures 12 inches, measuring from cast-on stitches. (Make it one inch longer for each size larger and one inch shorter for each size smaller.) The entire sweater is worked in this pattern.

Sleeves—Continue to work pattern, casting on 16 sts. at end of next 2 rows. This will allow 16 extra sts. at each end for the sleeves (cast on 5 sts. more for each size larger and 5 sts. less for each size smaller). Continue to work pattern until edge of sleeve measures 6 inches.

Neck—Work pattern over 40 sts. (Work over 8 sts. more for each size larger and 8 sts. less for each size smaller). Slip sts. off on a safety-pin. Bind off 65 sts. loosely. Work remaining sts. *Turn. Work across row. Bind off 3 sts. at neck edge. Repeat from * twice more. Work 1 inch without decreasing. Continue to work pattern, casting on 3 sts. at neck edge of every other row until 12 sts. have been increased. Slip sts. off on a safety-pin. Work other side in same manner.

When second front is completed, join both fronts with 65 cast-on sts. Continue to work pattern until edge of sleeve measures 12 inches. Bind off sleeve sts.

Continue to work pattern until underarm of front is as long as underarm of back as far as increased sts. *Knit 3 sts., decrease 1 st. (to decrease, work 2 sts. together as one). Repeat from * all the way across. Finish the lower edge with a band of plain knitting, the same as in back.

Cuffs—Cast on 6 sts. knit plain for 12 inches, bind off. Overcast to edge of sleeve.

Band for Neck—Cast on 140 sts. loosely, knit 10 rows. Bind off tightly. Thread a darning-needle with the same color yarn. Run this thread around neck edge. Gather the neck. Overcast the loose edge of the band to neck edge of sweater so that the tightly bound-off edge helps to make a nicely shaped neck. Overcast underarms.



A Pretty Slip-On in a New Stitch for the Little Girl

YOU will need 3 balls of blue Shetland floss, 1 ball of white Shetland floss, 2 No. 5 amber or bone knitting-needles.

If you knit 6 sts. to an inch with this size yarn and needles cast on 78 sts. for 8-year size. (Cast on 6 sts. more for each size larger and 4 sts. less for each size smaller.) Knit 2 sts., purl 2 sts. for 2½ inches.

Body—(Knit 5 rows, purl 1 row). Repeat between parentheses until work 12 inches, measuring from cast on stitches.

Continued on page 46

Do You Want to Earn Some Money at Home?

Then read this story of a woman who not only solved her clothes problem, but found more happiness than she ever dreamed possible.

By MRS. LOUISE ROBERTS

SOMETIMES when I look back over the events of the last few months, I feel almost as if I had been born again. For they have brought me more happiness than I ever dreamed possible.

Why, it seems only yesterday that I was so worried over the clothes problem that I hardly knew which way to turn. And yet to-day I not only have prettier and more becoming clothes than any other woman I know, but in addition I am earning considerable money each week designing and making clothes for others.

Just the other day my husband's aunt—and where can you find a more critical person than a "husband's aunt"?—said to me:—"I don't know why it is, Louise, but you look much prettier now than when you were first married."

And the best of it is, I really believe I am!

Oh, if every woman would only learn, as I did, the happiness of pretty clothes—the admiration they kindle in the eyes of one's husband and friends—how proud it makes even the children to know that "mother is as well dressed as Billy's mother or Mary's mother."

Truly, my husband and I have been closer these last few months than in a long, long time. We visit so much more together and I know he is proud of me.

And the money I am earning helps so much to buy the things we always wanted, but could not afford—an occasional piece of new furniture—little trips together—the joy and independence that come from having a bank account and watching it grow from week to week.

I AM telling you all this because what I have done you can do, too. I am sure you can, because when I first found the way to solve the clothes problem I hardly knew how to sew at all, and I didn't see how I could ever afford to buy even one really pretty dress at the prices the shops were asking.

I remember the day that was to change my entire life as clearly as though it were yesterday. Everything seemed to have gone wrong. I was feeling tired, nervous and discouraged. Somehow it didn't seem fair that I should have to go through life always worrying about money and without pretty clothes just because I wasn't as fortunate financially as some other women.

I picked up a magazine and began to read—just as you are reading this magazine to-day. Then suddenly a picture caught my eye and I stopped and read every word of the story beneath it. It was intensely interesting. I didn't know when anything fascinated me so strangely. For here was the story of a woman just like myself who had found a way to have pretty, becoming clothes by studying dressmaking at home through the Woman's Institute.

Of course, I had heard of the Woman's Institute before—every woman has, I guess—and yet even though I had read about it so often and had more than half resolved many times to find out more about it, I had always put it off.

But this time I made my decision promptly. "If all these other women can learn to make pretty clothes so easily," I said to myself, "I believe I can learn, too." So I sat right down and sent that familiar coupon to Scranton.

In just a few days the postman brought me a friendly letter from the Institute and a booklet describing the perfectly wonderful success of women

and girls in just my circumstances. These actual experiences impressed me more than anything I had ever read, so I enrolled.

I thought I might have some trouble with the lessons, but everything is made so simple and is so clearly explained that I believe a child could understand it. And most wonderful of all to me was the fact that you start right in with the very first lesson to make actual garments.

IT was surprising how quickly I went ahead. I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in magazines, and work in the little individual touches just suited to my particular type.

My husband just couldn't get over the change in me and whenever I would show him a new blouse or dress he

would say, jokingly, "Well, how much did that cost—\$1.85 or \$3.15?" And he was pretty nearly always right.

Soon the neighbors began admiring my clothes, and when I told them how little they cost, they could scarcely believe it. And then almost before I knew it, I had begun to make dresses and other pretty things for my friends.

I WAS astonished at the great number of women who were looking for a really capable dressmaker. Everything I made turned out so fine that I soon had quite a reputation.

For four months now I have deposited a substantial sum in the bank each week—some weeks as much as \$25. Best of all, I have that precious feeling of independence that I have always wanted.

It seems strange, when I think of it now, how I hesitated before taking the course because I could not see how I was ever going to get the money to pay for it. As it turned out, the course itself has made it possible for me to earn enough sewing for other people to pay for my lessons many times over—buy the materials for all our clothes—and help with the household expenses. And I'm so happy! As I said in the beginning, I feel almost as if I had been born again.

LOUISE ROBERTS is just one of many, many women who have not only solved their clothes problem, but have found an easy, fascinating way to earn money at home through the help of the Woman's Institute.

It makes no difference where you live because all the instruction is carried on by mail, and it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and just when it is convenient.

And remember that it costs you absolutely nothing to find out all about the Institute and what it can do for you.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet "Dressmaking Made Easy"

IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail, and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats, and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

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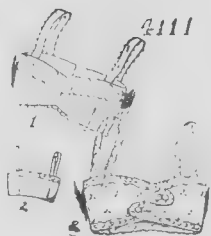
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Colors: Bluish, Brownish and
Greyish MixturesOUR HOME MONTHLY
FASHIONS—PATTERNS

Many coat dresses are shown among the new models for autumn, and draperies command much attention.

That skirts will be fuller as the season advances, is already evident from the width of some of the advance styles. Dresses are worn very long, from five to seven inches from the ground, while those with uneven hem lines appear still longer.

Low waistlines are still emphasized, but some models show the waistline at normal.

In sleeves all lengths are permissible.

The long close fitting sleeve, set into the regulation armhole, is much in evidence. These sleeves are long and shaped over the hand on some models; others are finished with gauntlet cuffs. Some sleeves are shaped in "Leg-o'-mutton" effect, with deep armhole.

The new coat frocks are smart, and not tailored severely. Some are made in "wrap style"—with the comfortable side closing, and with soft blousing. Sometimes the straight outline of these models is emphasized by added straight panels at the sides.

A smart finish for a frock of this kind is a frill, slightly circular, at the closing line.

The general effect of the smart Autumn models is that of accentuating height and slenderness.

A girdle exactly on a line with the top of the hips is quite correct, and marks the waistline a trifle higher than that of the past season.

The flat back is reappearing on many of the new styles and in connecting with it, the material is draped upwards on the fronts.

Circular effects are prominent, and godets are much in evidence.

The irregular hem line is especially noticeable on draped models, or those with plait or godet inserts. Undraped frocks usually show the even hem line.

The untrimmed neckline still obtains,—a straight line from shoulder to shoulder, with some exceptionally clever collar arrangements.

Combinations of light and dark crepe are a distinguishing note in the season's newer models.

In suits the three piece designs prevail, with the jacket in varying length and style.

Fur trimming is extensively used.

The season's coats will conform more or less to the straight lines, excepting in dressy models, and in some made of pile fabrics.

Collars of coats and suits are mostly of the choker style, and are mainly large and of fur. Metal buckles and clasps are used in place of buttons.

Separate skirts for sports wear are shown in plaids and fancy mixtures. The two piece models, with side hems are most favored.

The overblouse is the most popular of all waist designs. It is shown with close fitting hip section, and the upper portion bloused, or cut straight to the hips and belted.

For children the straight line frocks and coats continue in favor.

Soft materials in dull but rich shades are employed for the finer coats, which are fur trimmed.

Beaver and nutria are used for general wear as a trimming on coats. Plaid back coatings are popular, made on sports lines, with adjustable collar, inverted plaits at the back and raglan sleeves.

Popular dress materials will be velvet, matelasse, and all kinds of crepes especially georgette, Canton and crepe de chine. All over laces are used in black and colors.

Among woollen materials twill is prominent, kasha, duvetyne and serge also are popular.

Flat braids and soutache are used for trimmings.

Brown is mentioned as the leading color for the coming season. Bronze, tobacco and cocoa are approved shades. For afternoon dresses, one may choose, almond green, gray blue, or cafe au lait, while for evening there are lovely shades of emerald, chartreuse, scarlet, turquoise and thistle. Light and dark shades will be blended in one gown, such as navy and French blue, brown and beige, light and dark green.

On separate skirts, self covered buttons, belts and buckles are the usual trimming.

Decorative treatment in the way of embroidery or braiding on the back of coats and wraps is very effective.

Fall millinery shows the use of metal and tinsel trimming, in brocades, ribbons and flowers.

Velvet and silk plush as well as felt are used for hat shapes.

The large hat is considered smart. Brims are slashed, or of irregular outline.

Velvet ribbon is used for trimming, especially on felt hats.

The new corsets are distinguished by quite a bit of boning. Low top models are still popular. For winter wear the bandeau style of brassiere will offer many good modifications in a combination of silk jersey and elastic.

Richer and deeper will be the shades of the Fall lingerie.

Pink, orchid and honey dew are popular shades. Very little blue and white is seen.

Ribbons are not much in evidence. Applique and embroidery in coarse silk is the favored decoration.

Chantilly lace will be used for skirt and arm draperies.

Cire laces, many in two tones, will be used for afternoon and dinner wear.

A Very Attractive Model—4073-4113—Comprising a new "over the skirt" blouse, and a very smart "panel" skirt. Printed voile and organdy are here combined. This style is good for serge with embroidered or braided bands, as well as for combinations of materials other than illustrated.

The blouse is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. To make this dress for a medium size, and as illustrated, requires 5½ yards of 32 inch figured material, and 3¼ yards of plain material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2¼ yards.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

Send 20c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE FALL & WINTER 1922-1923 BOOK OF FASHIONS.

A Pretty Frock for Slender Figures—4124—Youthful lines and becoming plait fullness are pleasing features of this style. It is nice for all crepe weaves as well as for voile, gingham and tub silk. Serge and kasha cloth also would be suitable.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 5¼ yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¼ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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A Smart Frock for the Growing Girl—4114—Serge with braid trimming would be good for this model. It is nice also for combinations of material. The collar, vest and skirt panel could be of plain goods, with the other portions of striped, plaid or figured material.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year old size requires 4¾ yards of 36 inch material.

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Prizes Each
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Mrs. Clever sent to her grocer. What
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also send you full particulars of one
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fulfill before you are entitled to a prize.
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A Jaunty "Wrap"—4127—This is a splendid utility style, suitable for all cloakings. As portrayed, tweed was used, with trimming of braid. The collar is convertible.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 5½ yards of 44 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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A Seasonable "Wrap" for the Growing Girl 4103—Here is a smart cape that may be buttoned close to the neck, or, with collar rolled low, and fronts open produce an equally attractive effect.

Velours, tweed, crepe de chine, Canton crepe, or heather mixtures, all are good for this style. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. A 12 year size requires 4 yards of 44 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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A Popular Shirt Waist Style—4107—Here is a very smart conservative model, suitable for wash fabrics, for silk, flannel and velveteen. The collar is convertible. The fulness of the fronts is gathered to yoke extensions of the back. This style will be pretty in the soft crepe weaves, or in butchers linen. Stitching, hem-stitching or binding makes a suitable finish.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3 yards of 32 inch material.

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A Comfortable Work Dress—3959—It is the little touch in the finish of this garment that will please you—as well as knowing that it is easy to make and comfortable to wear. In seersucker or chambray or a neat pattern of percale it is quite as nice as if made up in gabardine, dimity or dotted Swiss.

It is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches—bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 6 yards of 36 inch material.

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A Popular Apron Style—Pattern 3692—is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A medium size will require 3¾ yards of 36 inch material.

Gingham, percale, lawn, linen, sateen, alpaca and drill may be used for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Suit Style for the Small Boy—4132—Galatea, linen, Indian head, and serge are desirable materials for this design. The blouse may be made with sleeves in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. A 4 year size requires 1¾ yard of 27 inch material for the blouse and 1¾ yard for the trousers. To make collar and cuffs of contrasting material will require ½ yard.

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A Simple Pretty Gown—4123—Crepe de chine, kasha or georgette could be used for this dress. The underdress is a one piece model, and like the overdress is in slip-on style. Stitchery, embroidery or braiding would be effective for decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 7½ yards of one material 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2½ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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A Popular Play Suit—4120—Comprising rompers in "pantee" style, with long or short sleeves, and a simple sleeveless smock which may be omitted, and may be finished with or without the facing. This facing may be stitched to form serviceable pockets. Blue chambray and dotted percale are here combined. Gingham or linen and cretonne may be combined for this style.

The pattern is cut in 4 Styles: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 2½ yards for the Rompers, and 2 yards for the Smock of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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A Popular Apron Model—4130—A neat and comfortable apron, with ample skirt sections to protect the dress beneath. Gingham, percale or sateen, also muslin and lawn may be used for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36 inch material.

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A Comfortable Work or Porch Dress—4128—Here is a very pleasing house dress, that may also do duty as a "street dress" in coat style. The lines are simple. The sleeve may be in wrist length or finished with the cuff in elbow length.

The Pattern, which is nice for gabardine, serge, gingham, percale, prints and crepe is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5½ yards of 32 inch material. To trim as illustrated requires 1 yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¾ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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Two Comfortable Corset Substitutes—4111—These designs may be developed in linen, jean, drill, muslin, silk or satin. They may be trimmed with lace or binding, or finished with stitching.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires ¾ yard of 36 inch material for either style.

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Please send me your free book, "You," and tell me what style corset to buy. I am _____ in height, weigh _____ pounds, waist _____ inches, bust _____ inches, hips _____ inches.

Name _____

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Province _____



USE YOUR GARDEN PRODUCTS

NOT for many years have we had such an abundance of perfect vegetables as we have now. Every day they should appear twice on the table, while they are at their best; one or two varieties, in addition to potatoes, for dinner, and some delicious, carefully cooked vegetable, may be the hot dish for supper or luncheon.

Many men do not care for vegetables because they did not learn to eat them in childhood. Then, some housewives do not know how to cook them properly. We have known women who boiled tender cobs of corn for a whole hour!

It is rather difficult to give definite time schedules for vegetable cookery, because they differ so in size and age.

In selecting vegetables for a meal the color should be considered. Contrast is essential to the pleasing appearance of a meal—turnips and sweet potatoes, for example, would not be served together.

The bulky structure of vegetables is a valuable aid to the digestive processes. The ever-increasing tendency of the present civilization to eat more concentrated food is responsible for much of the digestive troubles which are so common today. Plant foods give us the mineral substances which good health demands. Much of the mineral matter is dissolved by the water in cooking. For this reason, whenever possible, vegetables should be used raw, as in salads, or the juice in which they are cooked used in soup or a sauce. Another important reason for a liberal use of vegetables, is their rich supply of vitamins, so essential to our well-being.

Vegetables may be divided into two classes—those with a mild sweet flavor which we wish to preserve, and those of stronger flavor, some of which we wish to dispense with. This we do by changing the water once or twice during the cooking, or by adding a milk sauce.

Perhaps boiling is the most frequent method of cooking them, but, unless the water is used, it is the least desirable. The fundamental object is to so cook and prepare them that the greatest possible amount of minerals, vitamins, and flavor will be saved. Baking of such vegetables as can be baked, is the best method.

Wilted vegetables are improved by soaking in cold water for a short time before cooking. Strong-flavored ones are parboiled for a few minutes, the water discarded, and fresh water used to finish the cooking. Tender vegetables are cooked in salted water, tougher ones being salted later in the process. The prepared vegetables are placed in rapidly boiling water slowly, so as not to check the boiling. The water is kept boiling gently. Some watery vegetables, or tender green ones such as spinach are better steamed than boiled. Vegetables with a very strong odor, such as cabbage or onions, are neither so strong in flavor nor of so objectionable odor if boiled with the lid off the kettle. Soft water softens the fibres of vegetables more readily than hard water. Adding baking soda to hasten the cooking, destroys the vitamins.

Frying in deep fat is associated with potatoes, but is not to be recommended.

Most vegetables may be used in such dishes as salads, soups, croquettes, and scallops. Any of these are excellent ways of using left-over vegetables.

The vegetable, with the water in which it was cooked, milk, a little flour, fat and

seasoning, makes a delicious soup. Scallops are made by adding a cream sauce, covering with buttered crumbs and browning in the oven. A little left-over meat, fish, or grated cheese, gives variety when added. Sometimes two left-over vegetables may be combined in a scallop, with pleasing effect.

Either cooked or raw vegetables are used in salads. Fritters are made by parboiling the vegetable, dipping in batter, and fried, or they may be mashed, seasoned, and mixed with enough beaten eggs to hold their shape, before dipping in batter. Souffles are mixed with a large amount of beaten eggs, beaten separately, then baked.

Cauliflower in Batter

Wash the cauliflower, and boil till nearly done. Divide into servings, dip in batter, and fry. The batter is made of 1 beaten egg, 1 cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter.

Cauliflower au Gratin

Cook the cauliflower in salted boiling water till tender, drain and break in pieces. Place a layer in the bottom of a baking dish. Cover with a layer of grated cheese and repeat. Pour over it a little cream sauce, and cover with buttered crumbs. Brown in the oven.

Cabbage au Gratin

Cabbage au gratin may be prepared by substituting finely shredded cabbage for cauliflower.

Baked Tomatoes

6 large firm tomatoes
1 cup chopped cooked meat
6 teaspoons bread crumbs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon melted butter
1 teaspoon chopped parsley

Cut the stem end from the tomatoes, but do not peel them. Remove part of the pulp. Mix with the meat, salt, pepper and parsley, and pack in the cavities in the tomatoes. Mix the crumbs and butter and sprinkle over the top. Bake in a moderate oven till the tomatoes are done.



Fried Summer Squash

Escaloped Salsify

1 bunch salsify
1 tablespoon vinegar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups white sauce
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs
2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ or more cup grated cheese

Wash and scrape the salsify, cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch-slices, and drop into water containing 1 tablespoon vinegar to prevent discoloration. Drain and cook in boiling salted water till tender, (about 25 minutes). Drain, and place in a baking dish, with alternate layers of grated cheese—pour over it $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of white sauce—cover with the crumbs mixed with the butter, and brown in a hot oven. Use the juice in which the salsify was cooked, for mock oyster soup.

Baked Egg Plant

Pare and slice one egg plant, and cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch cubes. Soak in cold salted water for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Drain, mix with 1 finely chopped onion, 1 cup soft bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika. Pour over it $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot milk mixed with 2 tablespoons butter. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven.

Tomatoes Baked with Rice

8 Tomatoes
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
3 cups cold boiled rice, parsley, or celery tops
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup or more grated cheese
1 teaspoon salt
Buttered crumbs

Wash the tomatoes, cut off the stem end, and remove the pulp. Mix the rice, cheese and seasonings, and moisten with part of the pulp. Pack into the tomato cases. Sprinkle the tops with the buttered crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven till done.

Hubbard Squash

Steam part of a hubbard squash till soft. With spoon scrape out the soft part, mash in a hot bowl. To 1 quart of pulp add $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons cream. Beat and pile lightly in a baking dish, set in a hot oven to brown very slightly on top.

Kentucky Corn

2 cups corn cut from ccb
1 cup milk
2 eggs
2 tablespoons melted butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper

Cut the corn from the cobs, beat the eggs till light, mix the ingredients together, and pour into a buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake till a silver knife comes out clean.

Stuffed Vegetable Marrow

Pare and cut the marrow lengthwise; a scalloped summer squash would be cut

Fried Tomatoes

Select firm tomatoes, wash, and cut off the stem. Cut in halves, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in cracker crumbs, and place in a hot pan with butter or drippings. Brown quickly and serve at once.

Swiss Chard Greens

The leaves may be washed, and either boiled or steamed till tender, drained, chopped and seasoned with butter, salt and pepper.

The White Stalks

Cut the stalks in four inch pieces, tie in bundles, and cook in boiling salted water till tender. Serve as one would asparagus.

Stewed Cucumbers

1 quart of cucumber cubes
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks

Peel the cucumbers, remove the seeds and cut in 1 inch cubes. Boil till tender, drain, reserving the stock. Make a sauce of $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of the stock, the butter and flour. Boil till thick, add the seasonings, and beaten egg yolk. Sprinkle with paprika.

Corn Custard

1 cup corn
6 slices fried tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon onion juice
 $\frac{1}{8}$ cup or more grated cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
3 eggs

Cut the corn from the cobs, add the salt, onion juice, milk and well-beaten eggs, pour into greased custard cups, and bake till set. Turn on a hot platter, garnish with the fried tomatoes, and sprinkle with the grated cheese.

To Stew Old Corn

Cut the grains through the centre and press out the pulp from old ears of corn. Cook for 30 minutes in the double boiler. Add 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper.

Fried Summer Squash

Pare and slice the squash. Beat two tablespoons of milk into one egg; add salt and pepper to taste. Dip the slices of squash into the egg mixture, then into flour or fine bread crumbs. Fry in melted butter in a saucepan.

New Potato Recipes

The following are a few particularly good recipes used by the Potato Demonstration team from Park River, North Dakota, at the Winnipeg Garden Show, 1922.

North Dakota Special

6 medium sized potatoes
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. ham
1 small onion
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons ham fat
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt-pepper

Trim fat from ham, put the lean part through the grinder, add onion. Dice the fat and fry to a nice brown in a frying pan and remove. Make a white

crosswise. Remove the seeds. Cook the vegetable in boiling salted water ten minutes. Cool, and drain well. Fill the cavities with a stuffing made of finely chopped, well seasoned cooked meat, moistened with gravy or stock, or a beaten egg and a little melted butter. Place in a pan, cover with buttered crumbs and bake ten minutes in a hot oven.

Creamed Cucumber

Pare the cucumbers, cut in halves, remove the seeds, blanch, and cut in half-inch pieces. Brown in butter over a slow fire, for about 8 minutes. Cover with a cream sauce and simmer till tender. After placing in the serving dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and garnish with toast points.

sauce by adding flour to rat that is left in the pan and add milk gradually. Cook till thick and smooth. Wash and pare potatoes and remove the centers with an apple corer, stuff with prepared ham and place in a shallow baking dish. Pour white sauce over stuffed potatoes and bake in a moderate oven until potatoes are done, basting occasionally. When done sprinkle with browned fat and paprika, garnish with parsley.

Hongroise Potatoes

Wash, pare, and cut potatoes in one-third inch cubes, there should be three cups; parboil three minutes, and drain. Add one-third cup butter, and cook on back of range until potatoes are soft and slightly browned. Melt two tablespoons butter, add a few drops onion juice, two tablespoons flour, and pour on gradually one cup hot milk. Season with salt and paprika, then add one egg yolk. Pour sauce over potatoes, and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

Potatoes au Gratin

Put a layer of diced potatoes in a buttered baking dish; then a layer of grated cheese; another layer of potatoes and continue till dish is nearly full; pour over thin white sauce and cover with buttered crumbs; bake until crumbs are brown.

Potato Biscuits

- 1 cup mashed potatoes
- 1 cup flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup milk

Sift the dry ingredients. Add these to the potatoes, mixing them with a knife. Work the fat into this mixture lightly. Add gradually enough milk to make a soft dough. Toss the dough on to a floured board, pat and roll it lightly to ½ inch in thickness. Cut it with a biscuit cutter. Place the biscuits on greased pans, and bake them for from 12 to 15 minutes in a hot oven. If other flours are used in place of wheat the biscuits have a good taste but are not so good in appearance.

Potato Rolls

(3 Dozen)

- 3 cups mashed potatoes
- 4½ cups flour
- 3 teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons corn syrup
- 1 cake compressed yeast softened in ¼ cup water
- ¾ cup milk, scalded
- 2 tablespoons butter

Add the hot milk to the potatoes, and when the mixture has cooled until it is lukewarm, add the softened yeast and other ingredients. Allow the dough to rise until it has doubled in bulk. Work it down and let it rise until it has increased in size by about one-half. Then shape the rolls, let them rise until they are doubled in size, and bake them in a hot oven.

Potato Drop Cookies

- 2 cups mashed potatoes
- 2 cups corn syrup
- ¾ cup butter or other fat

- 2 cups barley flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup raisins
- 2 teaspoons salt

Mix the ingredients in the order given, and drop the mixture by spoonfuls on a slightly greased tin. Bake the cookies in a moderate oven.

Potato Muffins

Boil and mash 3 potatoes; add 1 teaspoon salt, tablespoon butter. Beat well. Add 2 beaten eggs, ½ cup milk, flour to make a drop batter and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Bake in hot greased griddle in greased rings.

Potato Chocolate Cake

- ¾ cup butter
- 2 cups sugar
- Yolks of 4 eggs
- 1 cup hot potatoes (mashed)
- 4 sq. chocolate
- ½ cup milk
- 2 cup flour
- 3½ teaspoons baking powder
- Whites of 4 eggs
- Pinch of Salt

Sift together flour and baking powder three times; cream butter with one cup sugar; beat yolk of eggs and other cup of sugar until light; combine two sugar mixtures; add chocolate; then potatoes, and flour and milk alternately; lastly the whites of eggs. Bake in layer and ice to suit.

Potato Fruit Cake

- 2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon mace
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- ¾ cup water
- 1 cup raisins or currants
- ½ cup nuts
- ½ cup butter
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup warm mashed potato
- 2 oz. bitter chocolate melted

Sift together flour and baking powder three times; cream butter with one cup sugar until light; beat yolks of eggs and other cup of sugar until light yellow; combine two mixtures; add chocolate; then potatoes and flour and water alternately; lastly white of eggs and fruit. Bake in loaf.

Potato Doughnuts

- 1 cup sugar
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup riced potato
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- Flour enough to make soft dough.
- Spices as desired,
- 1 cup milk

Cream butter, add sugar, eggs and potato, then milk, sift in dry ingredients, turn dough on floured board, pat and roll to ½ in. in thickness, cut and fry in deep fat.

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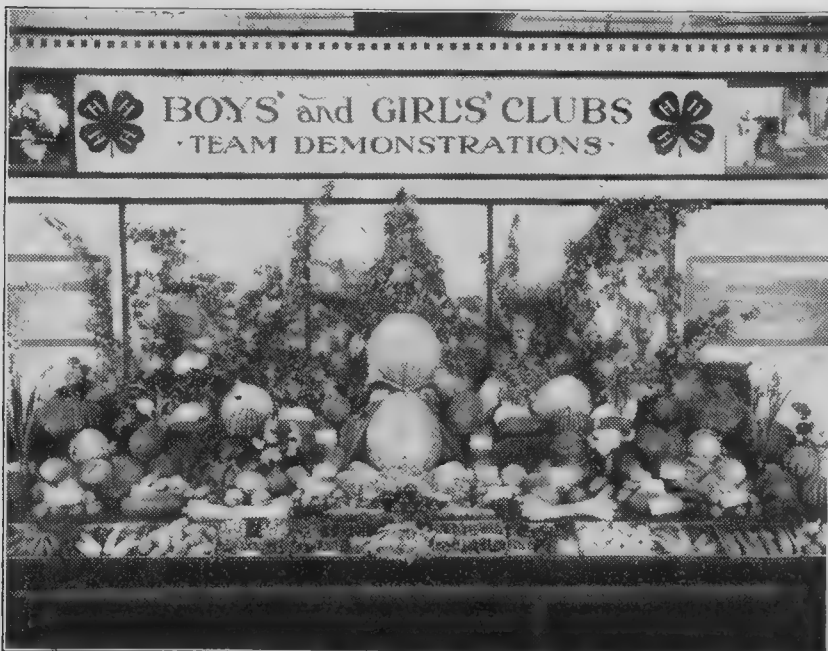
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Fruits and vegetables displayed by the Boys' and Girls' Clubs Team Demonstration at Winnipeg Garden Show

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

*"For the jovial season when grapes abound
And mellow apples strew the ground."*

THE other day I happened to be at the opening exercises of one of our district schools. It was a pretty rite—this welcoming of the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." And as one gingham-clad youngster stood up to "say her piece" about grapes and apples, I thought to myself:

"They have appropriate exercises to commemorate the season at the schools, why not co-operate with the mothers of these children and suggest to them recipes of appropriate and seasonable things to eat at home. And so, I suggest two dishes—a Dessert and a Salad—especially good for October—one made from grapes and the other of apples and celery, and in my books you will find many more recipes."

GRAPE JUICE SOUFFLE

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 tablespoonful lemon juice $\frac{3}{4}$ cup heavy
1 pint grape juice, sweetened cream
Whites of four eggs
Soak gelatine in grape and lemon juice ten minutes then heat in double boiler until gelatine has dissolved. Strain into bowl set in saucepan containing ice water, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Half fill individual mold, first dipped in cold water, with mixture. To remainder add cream beaten until stiff. Fill molds with cream mixture, and chill. Remove from molds to serving dish, and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla)

LUNCHEON SALAD

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water 1 cup celery cut in
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water small pieces
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice 3 tart apples
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice and sugar. When mixture begins to stiffen, add apples, sliced in small pieces, chopped celery and broken nut meats. Turn into molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing. This mixture may be served in cases made from bright red apples.

Other Seasonable Recipes—Free

My books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" contain hundreds of very remarkable recipes for all kinds of meat and fish molds, relishes, salads, desserts, candies and invalid dishes. Write for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

KNOX

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Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal

"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine think of KNOX."



Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Contains Lemon Flavouring. No lemons required

Potato Doughnuts

1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon shortening
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup riced potatoes
2 cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Mix sugar, spices, salt, and shortening, add well beaten egg and milk. Beat well, and add flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Mold on board and roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick; cut with a doughnut cutter and fry in deep fat.

Potato Candy

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup mashed potatoes
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 sq. melted chocolate
Powdered sugar

Mix mashed potatoes, melted chocolate, butter and vanilla. To this add powdered sugar until mixture is stiff enough to mould, add nuts; roll on a board into long roll; cut this across into pieces of uniform size.

HALLOWE'EN FESTIVITIES

FOR Halloween parties, the menu should suggest ghosts, witches, fairies, elves, and folk of such ilk. Among the items might be such dishes as—

Goblin's Broth
Fairy Rings
Elves' Fingers
Dragon's teeth
Magic potion
Horseshoe Salad
The Milky Way
Astrologer's Broth
Lucky Stars
Fairy Wands
Moonshine
Brownies
Constellation Salad

Goblin's Broth is cream of mushroom soup.

Fairy Rings are salads containing pepper rings, or pineapple slices, or apple rings.

Elves' Fingers are long narrow bread and butter sandwiches.

Dragon's Teeth are salted almonds.

A Magic Potion is coffee.

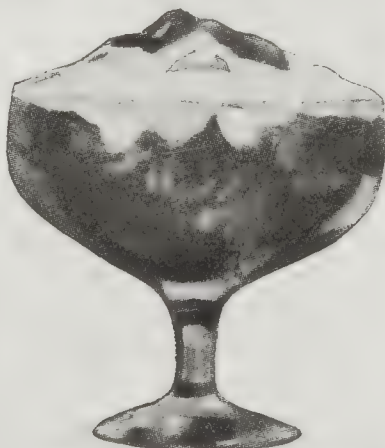
Horseshoe Salad is decorated with horseshoes cut from green peppers.

The Milky Way may be milk, butter-milk, or hot malted milk.

Astrologer's Broth contains tiny stars, crescents, etc., cut from carrots.

Lucky Stars served with them are wafers cut from pastry in star shape.

Fairy Wands are lady fingers or breadsticks.



Moonshine is a dessert made of gelatin jelly with an easily mashed fruit, such as bananas or peaches, and beaten egg white, or whipped cream lightly beaten together.

Brownies are ginger cookies cut in figures of children.

Constellation Salad is decorated with potatoes, carrots, and beets, boiled, cooled, cut in very thin slices, then cut in star, moon or crescent shapes.

Rhubarb Fritters

rhubarb a little salt
1 pint of milk powdered sugar
2 eggs fat
6 large tablespoonfuls of flour

Peel the rhubarb and cut into pieces three inches long. Make a batter of the

flour, the milk, the salt and the eggs, and beat the mixture until it is light. Dip the pieces of rhubarb into the batter and fry them in hot fat until they are a golden brown. Pile the fritters on a napkin, sprinkle them with powdered sugar and serve them very hot.

Rhubarb Snowballs

$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of rice water
rhubarb sugar cream

Boil the rice in water until it is tender and dry; then wring small pudding cloths in hot water and spread a layer of rice half an inch thick in the centre of every cloth. Chop the rhubarb and place three tablespoonfuls of it on each layer of rice. Sweeten the snowballs, tie them up tight in the cloths and steam them for twenty minutes. Then turn them out of the cloths, place whipped cream on the top of each one and sprinkle sugar on the whipped cream. Serve the snowballs in individual dishes.

For Baked Potatoes

WHEN potatoes for baking are ready for the oven, run them over with a piece of paper dipped in either lard or drippings. This keeps the skins from getting hard in the baking, and they are much nicer to handle when they come from the oven. You will find the result well worth the extra trouble.

A Small Economy

SAVE all bits of grocers' white twine and tie them together; when enough has been saved, crochet (using long, loop stitch) into convenient squares and use for bath rags and dish cloths. These are so easily kept snow white, sweet and clean, and as they cost nothing the idea is worth trying. It is also a good way to make use of the otherwise useless twine.

To Keep Cereals Crisp

SO MANY of the "ready-to-eat" breakfast foods are really not at all palatable unless they have been "crisped" in the oven, and in the bustle of getting breakfast the housewife is apt to forget to remove the flakes until they have been slightly scorched. To avoid this, keep your cereals on a shelf above the radiator, or above the kitchen range, and the flakes will always be crisp.

Work For Busy Fingers

Continued from page 41

The entire sweater is worked in this pattern. Make it 2 inches longer for each size larger and 2 inches shorter for each size smaller.

Cast on 20 extra sts. at end of next two rows. This will make 20 extra sts. at each end for the sleeves. (Cast on 3 sts. more for each size larger and 3 sts. less for each size smaller.) Continue to work pattern until edge of sleeve measures $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Work 2 rows of pattern more for each size larger, 2 rows less for each size smaller.

Neck—Work pattern over 52 sts. (Work pattern over 6sts. for each size larger and 5sts. less for smaller sizes.) Slip these stitches off on a safety pin. Bind off 14 sts. for the neck. Work remaining stitches. Decrease 2 sts. at neck edge of next row, work 2 rows, decrease 2 sts. at neck edge on next row. Work pattern for 1 inch on remaining stitches. Cast on 3 sts. at neck edge of every third row until 9 sts. have been added. Slip sts. off on a safety-pin. Work other side in same manner. When second side has been completed, slip sts. off safety-pin, work all sts. on one needle joining both sides with 10 cast-on sts., continue to work pattern until edge of sleeve measures 8 inches. Bind off sleeve sts.

When under arm of front is as long as underarm of back, work band of ribbing at lower edge.

Cuffs—With white Shetland floss, pick up sts. at edge of sleeve, knit plain until cuff measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Collar—With white Shetland floss cast on 45 sts., knit plain until work measures $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, measuring from cast-on inches. Bind off. Make other half of collar in same manner. Overcast each half of collar to neck edge. Overcast underarm seams.

Instead of knitted wool, collar and cuffs of white flannel bound in silk braid or finished with blanket stitch are new, and make an attractive attractive.

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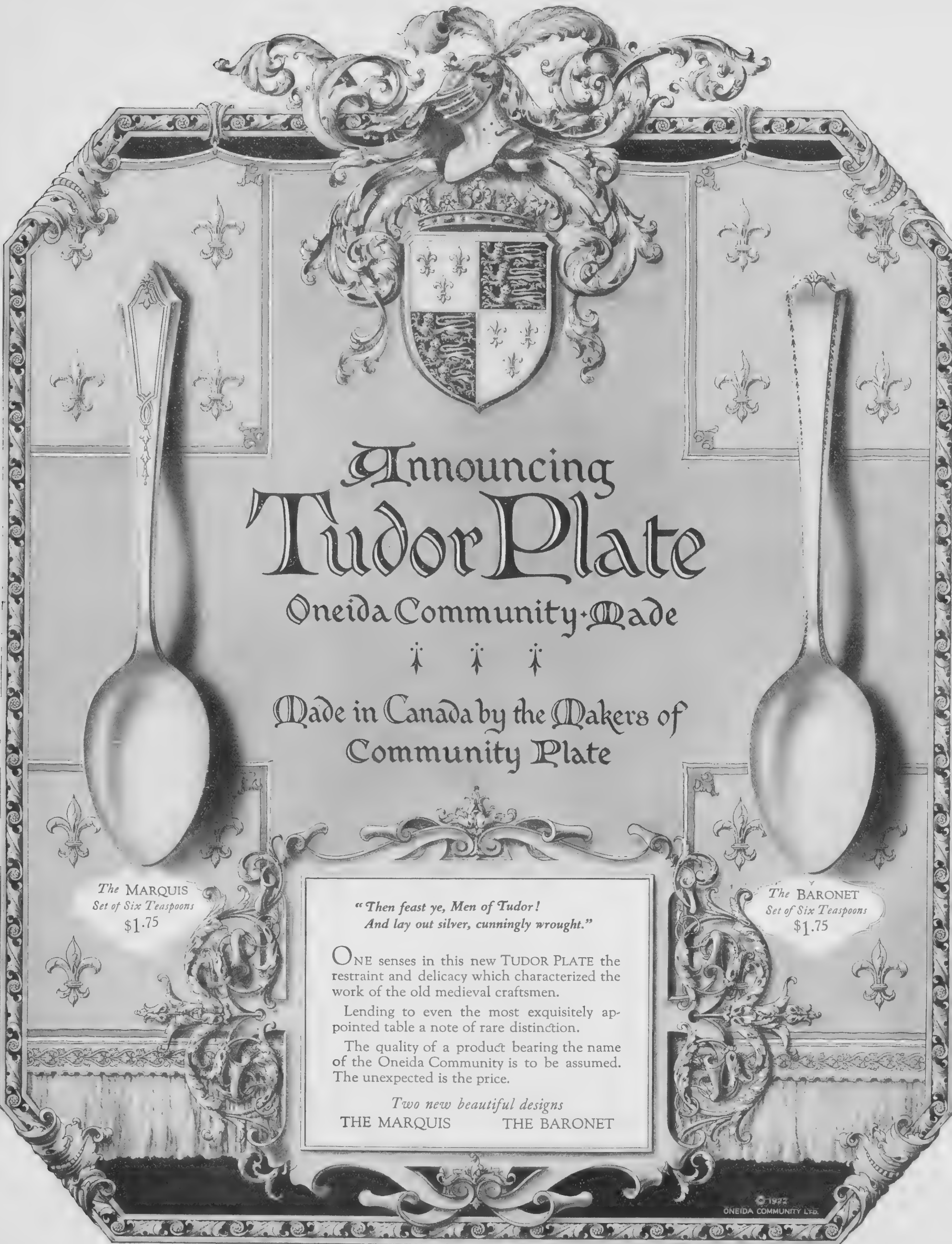
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THE MARQUIS THE BARONET

The BARONET
Set of Six Teaspoons
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Democracy

EVERY time has had its Jeremiahs. The present time seems to have more than its due share of them. Not a few writers of books and of articles in the learned reviews are bemoaning present conditions and tendencies, as they see them, and making most lamentable predictions about what the world is coming to. They point out how much worse this degenerate age, as they see it, is than "the good old times" of the past. To some people the sunset of yesterday was much more beautiful than the sunrise of today—and this is especially true of some who are never up early enough to see the sun rise. These condemnations of the present are not well-judged; they are the expression of sentiment rather than reason and evidence. Those who take long enough and wide enough views of human history will not mistake backwashes and marginal eddies in the onward movement of human progress for the main stream. The Jeremiahs of the present are shaking their heads doubtfully over democracy. "Can democracy," they ask lugubriously, "save itself from the serious faults and dangers which threaten it? Can the people, as a whole, be trusted to choose wisely their leaders and policies?" These doubters fail to understand that the foundations of democracy are deeply and firmly based in the moral instincts and judgments of humanity, the instincts of service and sympathy, the judgments as to right and wrong, and justice and injustice. This is the great truth which religion has ever emphasized. The world has had experience of many kinds of exclusive class rule—absolute monarchy, aristocracy, middle class and proletariat—and though some of these have proved better than others, they have all been bad, for they have all eventually violated the fundamental moral instincts and judgments of humanity, and so they have ended, sooner or later, in disaster. The end of the tyranny of the proletariat in Russia cannot long be delayed. Democracy is not without its shortcomings in actual practice; but it is the only system which has the true spirit of humanity in it.

The Problem of Animal Intelligence

IN scientific circles in England there is great interest in the case of one of the finest elephants in the London Zoo, which was a gift to that institution two years ago by the Maharajah of Cooch Behar. She had been trained to carry passengers around on her back and to do other services for her English keepers, in reply to words of command in English, but last spring declined to work and finally refused to leave the elephant yard for the parade. A regular mahout was brought from Cooch Behar. As related in the "London Times," he formally saluted the elephant, standing first at her head and then at her tail, and then began talking to her in Hindustanee, and before long persuaded her to kneel and let him mount, and took her round the parade, where it had been her duty to parade. Some of the things he said to her are translated in the "Times": "I am told you eat your food, but will not work; that is wrong, for Allah enjoins on us that we must work, if we would eat." "You are cheating your masters, and it is unworthy of you." "I am only a black man, and you must not mind me." "Put fear out of your mind; take it up out of your heart, and throw it out." The "Times" says: "After two years, during which she had heard no Hindustanee, she again shows her understanding of the old words of command. But, let it be noted, this was not the mere awakening of memories of old responses to old responses to old commands, because the Indian mahout had taught her in Hindustanee to obey those commands in English." She now obeys the commands when given in English. Who shall explain the conduct of that elephant? What do we know of the inner life of our fellow-creatures in the world? We live surrounded by mysteries, by the unknown.

The Great Charter

IN MINNEAPOLIS is the headquarters of a Magna Charta Association, of which President Harding is honorary president. The Association has received from Lloyd George a letter of warm approval of its purpose, which is the dissemination in the United States of knowledge of the true meaning of Magna Charta in the development of the institutions of the two great branches of the English-speaking family. The Association proposes to inaugurate a campaign for an annual celebration in the cities of the United States of the anniversary of the signing of Magna Charta, which falls on June 15. It was on that date in the year 1215, seven hundred and seven years ago, that King John was compelled to sign that historic document, which Lord Chatham termed "the Bible of the English constitution." The original is preserved in the British Museum. Almost destroyed by fire, the pages of it remain which alone, of themselves, entitle it to be named the Great Charter. The provision for the preservation of the liberty and property of the subject until after trial and the famous words, "To none will we sell, to none deny or delay, right or justice," are still plainly legible. As President Harding has truly said, Magna Charta is a bond between all the English-speaking nations of the world.

The Philosopher

"Busy, Curious, Thirsty Fly."

AS knowledge advances, one of the things we learn is that many insects are among the most deadly enemies of the human race. They are carriers of infection, and foremost among the winged bringers of disease to human beings is the household fly, as every schoolchild is now well aware. But only a couple of years ago the household fly was regarded as merely an annoyance. An English poet, William Oldys, who was born in 1696 and died in 1761, wrote a little poem in which the fly is regarded not only with toleration but with some affection. It became one of the best known short poems in the language, and every child was taught it:—

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, as drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short, and wears away.

No child is now taught that little poem. Instead, every child knows the injunction, "Swat the Fly!" Despite the gentle offer of old William Oldys to share his cup of ale with a fly, he lived to the age of sixty-five. Possibly his invitation to the fly was purely poetical; he may never have actually allowed a fly to drink with him. At any rate, nobody would now extend such an invitation to a fly.

Slang is Not all Alike

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to one of the Winnipeg papers recently, suggested that a society should be formed to discourage slang and to encourage the use of good English. In so far as slang is the expression of vulgarity and ignorance, it should of course be discouraged by every means possible. But what are the possible means of discouraging vulgarity and ignorance? Education is the only way. As for slang, that is not the expression of vulgarity and ignorance, but as simply unconventional language which expresses vividly what cannot be as well expressed in conventional language, it will stand on its merits. People who are neither vulgar nor ignorant will be heard using it, and if it is worth being added to the language, it will in time become good English. It is thus the English language, and every other language, has grown. Many of the most useful words and expressions in the English language, which are to be found now in all the dictionaries and are used by the most fastidious of speakers and writers, were originally slang. Slang is not the creation of people in the mass; like the songs that become popular and are handed down from generation to generation, it is the creation of individuals. It is a product of exuberance of mental activity and of natural delight in language-making; and when a new piece of slang strikes the popular fancy, it comes into general use. Shakespeare adopted not a few of the slang words and expressions of his time, which are now good English. The war produced a great deal of slang; a great deal of it has already dropped out of use, but many war words, such as "camouflage," have become permanent additions to the language.

The Climate Growing Less Cold

DURING the past month The Philosopher has had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Sir William Schooling, the English writer on economic subjects, who was vice-chairman of the National Saving Committee established by the British Government during the war—an organization which achieved results nothing short of wonderful—and is now in this country, visiting the Hudson's Bay Company's posts across the northern reaches of the map of Canada. He is engaged upon the work of writing the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. It will be the first full and complete history of the great Company. All the records in Hudson's Bay House in London and all the Company's records on this side of the Atlantic have been placed at his disposal. It is interesting to note in this connection that in a recent article in the London Daily Mail the records of the Company, which Sir William has a staff at work in Hudson's Bay House setting in order, mention is made of the fact that the dates of the freezing of the lakes and rivers and of the breaking up of the ice in the spring are recorded year after year in the journals kept at the different posts of the Company, and that these dates show that in a century and a half the interval between the freezing up in the fall and the spring thaw has decreased by about ten days. There is every evidence that the climate of the northern hemisphere is not growing colder and wetter, but less cold and drier. The process is a very slow one, but it is undeniable, both in Northern America and in Europe. The change during the span of time covered by even the longest human life is hardly noticeable, perhaps, so gradual is it, and with such recessions; but century by century the change is going on.

Gaining Knowledge from Mummies

A GOOD many years ago The Philosopher was for a whole day the travelling companion of Sir Henry Stanley, the famous explorer of central Africa. Among the many interesting things which that remarkable man told him one was about a necklace of human teeth, the gift of a chieftain in the heart of the dark continent. Sir Henry said that Lady Stanley objected to having that necklace in the house, and sent it to the London College of Dental Surgeons, where the teeth composing it were examined. They furnished proof positive that the central Africans in whose jaws they had functioned suffered from all the tooth troubles which the most civilized people of to-day suffer from. This would seem to indicate that the theorists who tell us that if we lived in what they call "a state of nature," we should not have tooth troubles and other ills which flesh is heir to in our present "artificial conditions of life," may not be altogether right in telling us that. In a recent issue of "The Lancet," the London Medical Weekly which is known the world over, there is an account of the results of the examination of a number of Egyptian mummies. Microscopic investigation of the organs and tissues was made, and every method made possible by the most advanced modern science was applied, with a view to ascertaining in each case, so far as possible, the cause of death and any other information of value. The results obtained justify the conclusion that since those mummies were laid away there has been no change in the diseases fatal to mankind. They also justify the conclusion that the average length of human life has increased considerably. There have been exceptional cases of longevity, of course, even among people whose average duration of life was short; from the beginning of history such exceptional cases have been recorded. As the centuries have brought increase of knowledge, there has been a prolonging into middle age of the vital energy and working capacity of youth, and a prolonging into old age of the lessened vigor but clearer judgment of the middle period of the span of life.

About Worry

WORRY is thought, of course. But it is not the right kind of thought. The Philosopher has been trying to work out a definition of worry. It would seem that worry may rightly be defined as the mixture of fear with thought. Instead of concentrated, clear, serene thinking on the problem in hand, worry is thinking which is muddled black with fear. Such thinking is about as helpful as brakes applied to wheels that are toiling uphill. And yet how easy it is to counsel another not to worry, and how hard it is sometimes to abide by that counsel oneself! Once we grasp the truth clearly and realize self-convincingly that fear can be cast out of the mind, the day of deliverance is at hand. And the substitution of encouraging, healthy thought, of new channels among the old ruts, is a powerful aid. When we realize at last, once for all, that where thinking cannot help us fear certainly will not, then we have worry by the throat.

Representation in Parliament

AS IS more or less usual every ten years, after each Dominion census is taken and the question of the redistribution of the representation in Parliament comes up for discussion, there are misunderstandings of the manner in which the British North America Act, which is the constitution of the Dominion, provides for the readjustment of the representation from each Province in the House at Ottawa. When the Fathers of Confederation were framing the British North America Act, those of them who represented Quebec insisted that Quebec should always have 65 members in Parliament, and that was agreed to. The Act accordingly provides that when the Dominion census is taken every ten years, the population of Quebec shall be divided by 65, and the resulting quotient shall be taken as the measuring rod, so to speak, to determine the number of members each of the other Provinces shall have. This means, of course, that the total number of members of Parliament is not a fixed number; it varies. But the principle of representation according to population is established beyond possibility of being departed from. This might have been done in other ways. The total number of members might have been fixed, or the number of inhabitants necessary to form a constituency might have been fixed. But the fact remains that the unit of representation is fixed every ten years by dividing the population of Quebec by 65. On the basis of the figures of the census taken last year, the unit of representation for the redistribution to be made at the next session at Ottawa is 36,326. One of the notable things in this connection is that Manitoba, whose population increased from 461,394 in 1910 to 610,118 in 1920, or 32.3 per cent, will have its number of members of Parliament increased from 15 to 17, while British Columbia, whose population increased from 392,480 in 1910 to 524,582 in 1920, or 33.6 per cent., will have its members of Parliament increased from 13 to 14. When Manitoba's population is divided by the unit of representation, 36,326, the quotient is 16.79, while the quotient in British Columbia's case is 14.4. The British North America Act provides that when the fraction is less than one-half, or .50, it shall not be counted, and where it is more than one-half it shall be counted as a unit. This may not always seem fair. But can a fairer system be suggested?

A WOMAN, who has read many letters from girls, says it is a waste of energy to try to reform the flapper. She can be taught only by her own experience. She emphatically states that "No one need be a prophet to foresee what her precocious experiments with life are going to teach the flapper. What she will learn, too late, is this: That youth is very short and age is very long, and the girl who relies solely on physical charm as a source of happiness will have nothing left to make life endurable when her graces have departed. Ten, twenty, thirty years hence, the spectacular flappers of to-day will make the most miserable set of women who ever walked this earth, because they will have no resource in themselves, no interests but themselves."

No hint of intellectual ambition nor spiritual beauty is heard in her jazzy conversation. Her interests center in the effect of her conspicuous appeal to men of all ages, and the most desirable type of these men soon tire of empty headed prattle. So much jazz wit contains the bitter sting of malicious gossip.

But where can girls with jazz Mothers find noble ideals? There are even jazz journalists who say it is a crime to be serious and who ridicule modesty of speech and manner, and who even criticize mothers because they do not allow their daughters to become cheap and common—who claim it weakens a girl to be disciplined. In the face of all this, the young girl of to-day has problems.

Dignifying Practical Work

GIRLS who are doing things these days are those on demonstration teams, under the direction of the extension departments of the Provinces. We turn from the flapper to these genuine girls who are learning the meaning of real womanhood as provided in the courses of the Agricultural Colleges. We find these girls belonging to the very best families of our country and city. The environment creates an influence that brings the very best out of young women. Too much cannot be said in favour of this training of young womanhood.

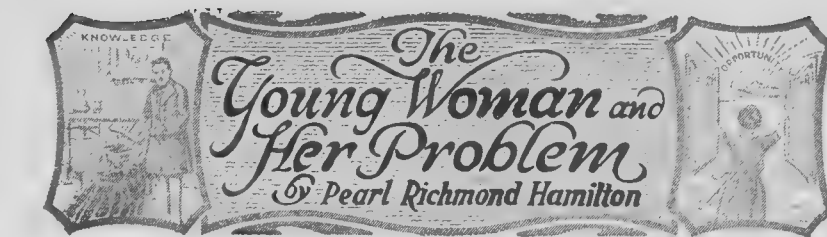
This year demonstration teams have taught, through practical methods, canning, cooking, nursing, sewing and other forms of home making, lessons so helpful that the economic life of the provinces will be most beneficially served. This training is a solution for keeping the young people on the farms. Ten years ago mothers were not anxious for their daughters to marry farmers. To-day, largely due to the training given by our Agricultural Colleges, mothers are anxious for their daughters to marry farmers. These courses make housework attractive, because they teach the art of doing more work with less effort through system and understanding of values. Young women are trained to work intelligently, and that means the drudgery is taken out of life and joy fills its place. Not only tangible results but character building—the creation of a distinctive place in the home and community bring priceless returns for time and money spent in our Agricultural Colleges.

Personally, I feel that the education of a girl is not complete without a course in one of these real citizenship colleges.

"What can you make with your hands?" was a question a prominent professor recently asked a group of one hundred and fifty graduate students at a University banquet.

He pointed to the table cloth and asked: "Is there anyone here who, from personal experience, knows anything about the labor involved in making this tablecloth? Have you ever touched the making of linen at any stage?" There was silence. Then he pointed to the exquisite examples of pottery and mentioned the fact that men and women who produce such things are artists. "What a joy," he exclaimed "for a man to hold such a piece of work in his hand and say, 'I made it!' Many forms of labor are involved here—the digging of clay, the carting, fashioning, burning, baking, painting and finishing. If there is a man present who has ever contributed in any way to such work I would like to know about it."

There was no answer. Then he took a dish of cut glass and referred to the art and effort to produce a dish so beautiful. Again he asked the question. There was no response.



He looked about the room and spoke of the silver, and the mining, and life of the miner—the carpet and rugs—the curtains—the decorations in the room, and in every reference he asked if any one had contributed service in the production of it. Then he pointed to the table loaded with beautiful things. Not one student could completely classify even the flowers on the table. He explained that he was a representative college man and wanted to know whether the thing we call education is really education at all. Each student began to think and wonder how he could balance the little he knew with the number of things he knew nothing about. He did not know the joy of fashioning things with his own hands. Then the speaker emphasized: "Here you are, a large group of men graduated from a famous university, yet you produce nothing we eat at this banquet; you are even ignorant of the origin of things we see. Education must prepare and equip men and women for the duties, privileges and responsibilities of life. The one cardinal thought I have in mind is that the highest form of culture and refinement known to mankind was intimately associated with tools and manual labor." The speaker stepped back saying: "I want to present to you a picture which accords with the facts of history and experience." He went through the motions of drawing aside a curtain. "Gentlemen," he said, "may I introduce to you—a young Galilean

carpenter." The student body was silent. Then the professor turned, as if addressing an actual person, and asked: "Master, may I ask you, as I have asked these young students, whether there is anything in this room that you could make with your hands?"

The speaker laid bare the corner of the carved oaken table. As he looked into the faces of the students he said: "The Master says 'Yes, I could make the table—I am a carpenter.'"

Shall I Knit on Sunday?

THE above question was asked me recently by a young girl. My answer was this:

"You must decide for yourself."

"But," she continued, "Why do you not knit on Sundays?"

"Why do I not knit on Sunday? Sunday is a day set apart for God. Only those things should be done that will enable me to keep the day for the purpose for which it was intended. If I engage in unnecessary work or games I am not keeping the day for God. Human life is lifted above the animal level just in so far as the spiritual nature is developed. We should allow nothing to rob us of the opportunity to spend one day in seven in exercising and developing the religious faculty which is the element in our nature that is distinctively human and makes us different from the rest of creation."

During the war, when the enemy threatened to destroy the very founda-

tion of religion, our women knitted for the soldiers on Sunday because a great need demanded every moment of our time. Today every church of every denomination is calling for workers. At least one day in seven we owe to the Creator of all of our blessings. Just what would it mean to humanity today if every church member would spend two or three hours every Sunday in Christian service? We constantly hear—"Why do the churches not do more for humanity?" Was there ever a time in history when men and women played or chased pleasure on Sunday as much as today? Less for self and more for others on God's day will create new love and interest in our lives and the sunshine in our hearts will shine through our eyes and brighten our faces.

Let us be strong women—strong in purpose, strong in endurance, strong to resist temptations of all kinds, strong in serving others. Inspiration! Listen to the voice of a Canadian poet, Hilda M. Hooke:

"A moment when the world is sunk in space,
And like a cloak Eternity is flung
Across the shoulders of the lifted soul,
That stands tiptoe, outstretched to
meet the spheres,
And, yearning upward like a flower is
caught
Against the bosom of the Infinite."

Women and Their Ambitions

KATHLEEN NORRIS, one of the most successful writers on this continent, says she starved in other lines of work, so she decided to starve in doing what she really liked, and her first story was the result. It was sent to thirty-eight magazines before it was accepted. Finally it was published. Three other magazines wrote her saying they wished they had had the privilege of seeing it, whereupon she sent them their rejection slips.

A girl, who is blind, has graduated from Goucher College, Baltimore. Every professor in the college, except one, told her she could not win a degree. All through her course she stood among the first in her class. One professor believed in her and encouraged her, and she beat her handicap. If a girl who is blind won honors at college, what cannot one who is normal and healthy accomplish? Last winter a young woman came to this city to work her way through college. A professor told her she was too old, and she went home discouraged. If another professor had known of her ambition his encouragement would have made it possible for her to undertake the course. No one knows the power that may lie dormant in that young woman's life. We are never too old to go through college. If the young woman referred to reads this I wish she would write to me. Our very environment—these prairies that convey a picture of distance, bounty, ambition and a great future, make us look forward with faith and desire. We are stimulated to do our best.

Our country is so big and beautiful and its potentialities for the service of man's physical and spiritual needs are so exciting, that naturally our young women who live in the great outdoors think aspirations.

An interesting Canadian woman, who has worked in the Administrative branch of the Civil Service at Ottawa since 1903, is Miss Edna L. Inglis. She obtained her position, not through political pull but through ability, hard work and merit. She is a model of feminine charm in appearance, dress and manner, and handles a big job in an efficient way.

A Prairie Spring

Come out to the West in the Springtime,
Come out to the Prairies free,
If you've never been thrilled by their vastness
Come out, and you soon will see
Why the pungent smell of the sage-brush,
And the golden vetches call,
To the heart of one who loves them,
With a voice that sounds o'er all.

The faint, sweet scent of the willows
Is borne on the Western breeze,
And the gleam of the silent river
Is seen through the poplar trees.
And hark! 'tis a soft wind blowing,
To your raptured ears 'twill bring
The clear, high call of the field lark,
The soul of a Prairie Spring.

—Lettice Bentley.



ENGLAND'S ONLY WOMAN NEWSPAPER OWNER
HAS QUEER HOBBY.

Lady Bathurst, who has the distinction of being the only woman in England who owns a newspaper and takes an active share in its management, the paper being the "London Morning Post," but likes to be known for her fads, the principal one of which is the raising of goats with pedigrees.



Bloomers

STANFIELD'S Ladies UNDERWEAR

is finer, if possible, than Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear for men, which is the Canadian standard of comfort, warmth and satisfactory wear.

Now, ladies can get the Stanfield style and Stanfield quality, the Stanfield perfection of fit and comfort, in all fabrics, all weights, to suit winter conditions in every section of Canada from coast to coast.

Made in combinations and two-piece suits, in full length, knee and elbow length, and sleeveless, in all weights and textures for ladies and men.

Stanfield's Adjustable Combinations and Sleepers for growing children (patented). Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply you, write us for the name of a dealer in your neighborhood who can. Sample book of weights and textures mailed free on request.



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Truro, N.S.

Style
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Adjustable
Combinations & Sleepers

The Secret of their Satin Jackets

You have noticed the delightful smoothness, aroma and flavor of the coating on Moir's Chocolates.

Do you know how this velvety texture is obtained?

Moir's do not buy their chocolate coatings. They make their own, importing for this purpose the highest grade cocoa beans.

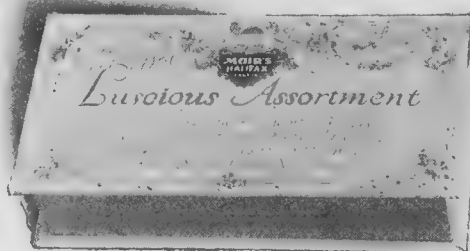
The cocoa beans are first blended, roasted and enriched with added cocoa butter and then ground in powerful machinery for days at a time until the paste has the smoothness of satin and is so close in texture that the air is excluded and the flavour and delicate aroma of Moir's Chocolates almost indefinitely preserved.

That is why Moir's Chocolates are always fresh, delightfully flavored, delicate.

Take home a box to-day



From far off Ceylon, Java and South America come direct the cocoa beans used in making Moir's Chocolates.



Moir's Chocolates
PURITY AND QUALITY ASSURED

MOIRS LIMITED, HALIFAX

21

Getting the Most for Your Money

Advertised goods are economical and safe, because first of all, to stand the test of publicity, the product must emphasize quality. Inferior goods cannot be trade-marked and advertised successfully, because such goods would only be sold once.

The manufacturer who backs up his product with his trade-mark and the reputation of his firm, must first of all be sure that his product is right, before he can safely tell the world about it through the medium of advertising. Advertised goods are made to please the buyer for all time. That is why the manufacturers of nationally advertised goods continue to live and grow, while the manufacturers of inferior products are unsuccessful.

Careful buyers to-day realize that it does not pay to be penny wise and pound foolish. They believe in advertised goods because they have found that in purchasing goods of high quality, the money goes farther, and their purchases are generally more satisfactory.

Let the advertising columns of your favorite magazine be your buying guide.

You'll learn much about new methods, of living better, and more economically.

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Putting Up The Pipes

Norman Tuckwell

I
"B-R-R-R!" A shiver runs through and through me as I step from the office out into the chilly late October evening, homeward bound.

Hastily I pull up my coat-collar, and involuntarily I speed up the old stride, as I begin to see visions of what the next few months have in store. The nights are certainly drawing in—Winter, with all its terrors for the middle-aged, is about to swoop down upon us out of the limbo—or wherever it holes up during the off-season.

Arrived home, dinner negotiated in healthy style, easy chair side-tracked to the old lounging corner, I commence the business of burying the nose in the favorite sporting page, preparing, with anticipatory relish, to absorb the sports' scribes' pre-season line of hockey bunk.

"Joe," (friend wife appears) "they just have to go up—we can't do without them any longer! It's getting to be real chilly inside the house at nights. Run up to the tinsmith's and get him to come down and put up our stovepipes for the heater. It's—"

"Run nowhere!" Thus I assert myself—proving decisively who is the Boss in our house. "Run nowhere! I" (capital letter or, better still, black-face) "I will put 'em up in half a jiffy!"

"B-b-but, Joe-e," the Feminine Gender remonstrates, "You know it's quite a hard job; remember the tussle you had last Fall—and—you've not been well lately, you know—and—"

"Cease, woman!" (Authority speaks.) "I'll put 'em up when I've glanced over this."

"Well, but Joe—it's a long job. Hadn't you better—?"

"Dash!" (exclamation). "Can I have no peace? All right, get me my overalls, the step-ladder, pincers, the wire, the hammer, wire-cutters, some nails, the pipes, my—"

"Joe, Joe! Mercy! I have a wash!"

"Yes! There it goes again! 'Let George do it all!' Well, out of my way, woman. I want to make this fast! There's a meeting on up town, and—"

(The curtain drops, as materials are being assembled preparatory to the little job being done up in quick time.)

II
TEN Minutes Later. Tap! Tap. Bang! "Confound it! These pipes are all bent! Why the mischief weren't they put away properly—and left alone?" "Joe! You stored them away—and nobody's touched—" In that most exasperating tone herself butts in on the scene again.

I justly ignore the uncalled-for interruption—and She retires to the kitchen, deservedly snubbed.

Wrench, Twist, BANG!—Aha! that's fixed it! The head-piece is in place—just a room-length to go now to the turn. This is easy! Soon the old heater will be shedding its comforting warmth. I make a mental decision to stay away from that 'meeting' (a poker session—and I'd likely get hooked, anyway), as the picture of the heater, glowingly cheerful, confronts my inner vision.

BANG! Two Bangs! CRASH! (Half-a-dozen shockers). Down comes the head-piece in a shower of soot, which almost smothers and half chokes me, as I assimilate a working majority of it. "Why didn't the woman clean those pipes!!**?!!!"

III
HALF-AN-HOUR Later, when the laborious task of joining together the head-piece is done over again.

"Aha! That's better! All set at last! Now for the lengths. Not so bad after all. I know those lengths—they'll slip into their places in a jiffy!"— "Gosh—dern it!" Twist! Wiggle! Wrench! "Who's been monkeying with these bends?" "Aha!" "There we are. Great head-work!"

(I pause here for a smoke. The lengths are up, head-piece in shape. Everything ready for the elbow at the turn. After that, it's all plain sailing.)

I consider. "U-m-m! P'raps I'd better get the wife to lend a hand here while I fix on that elbow. Safety first. No! Certainly Not! She'd never forget it! Nothing to it, anyhow—away we go for a final burst of speed—"

Ding-bust this elbow! What's sticking—?"

"Joe dear, how are you coming—?" (Friend wife again intervenes.)

"For the luva-mud, can't you let a man do a little thing like this in peace? Go away!!" (She disappears again.)

"Now, where's that wrench?" "Aha! In my hip pocket." (Thought that was something else.) "Well, all set, away we go!" I mount the step-ladder in business-like fashion—

BANG! C-r-a-s-h-!! J-r-r-angle!!! Down comes the whole contraption with a noise like a ton of bricks. As I grab for the main-piece, I over-balance—the ladder buckles under me—heavily I fall, beating the field, pipes, ladder, sundries, like a "long shot," beats the favorite under the wire (when you're "on" the favorite)—to the floor below, which I hit with a sickening thud. Oblivion—and black as the soot with which I am covered as I enter.

IV
AS I am busily engaged in finishing my washing in the kitchen, wondering whenever Joe will have those bothersome stove-pipes up, I am startled almost out of my wits by the sound of a tremendous crash.

Hastily drying my hands, I rush inside, and am almost dazed at the unbelievable wreck that meets my fearful gaze.

Parts of my poor husband I see sticking out from underneath a fearsome looking



conglomeration of stove-pipes, tools, wire and pieces of step-ladder—the whole—covered with a terrifying, sooty grime.

My heart jumps as I notice a horrible cut on the side of Joe's head, from which blood is streaming down his sooty face and spashing in drops from his grimy chin to the floor.

"Oh Joe! Oh dear, oh dear, that foolish boy! Why ever is he so head-strong. The tinsmith would have had it all done long since. Oh dear! Whatever has he done to himself?"

Horrified, I rush to the 'phone. The doctor promises to come right over. Oh, I am so anxious. "Poor, poor Joe—his head—!"

The doctor arrives, looks serious. "U-m-m!" "This looks bad!" He shakes his head, looking grave. Deftly he cleans that horrid cut, puts in some stitches, and applies a bandage.

"U-m-m!" he murmurs. "Perhaps a fortnight in bed, with careful nursing, will—"

"Oh, my poor Joe—" I groan.

V
STRUGGLING back to consciousness after my little journey to that oblivion place, I feel rocky. Weak in the old head. "The Pipes," I suddenly recollect. "Wife" I feebly holler, "come hold this elbow in place while I fix this length—" "What's this?—in bed?" I realize my surroundings, notice old Doc. Hunt in the room looking grave and shaking his head. It comes back to me—and I collapse with a groan.

"Wife," I weakly murmur, "send for the tinsmith—those pipes must go up. It's getting c-c-cold!"

MUSIC IN THE HOME

Some Lessons From a Great Composer's Life

THERE is much encouragement for the hard-working music student in the long life of Camille Saint-Saens, recently ended, says Groves' sober dictionary: "Saint-Saens is a consummate master of composition, and no one possesses a more profound knowledge than he does of the secrets and resources of the art, but the creative faculty does not keep pace with the technical skill of the workman." This, of course, is a polite way of saying that he was a first-class technician with a second-rate genius which, however, he developed to an extreme degree by sheer hard work and clear thinking.

Genius is rare. Mozarts and Schuberts are very scarce in musical history. But all of us can work, and though our endowments may be considerably less than those of Saint-Saens, this gifted musician shows that it is possible to work hard, live long, and enjoy a large measure of success in music by making the utmost of whatever share of talent we possess. In this respect at least we can learn more from Saint-Saens than we can from, say, Schubert.

Incidentally, Saint-Saens mixed freely with men, and as an amateur astronomer could be happy alone with the stars. It is well to cultivate a hobby outside music for this, no doubt, helped Saint-Saens to live to eighty-six.

Simple Methods of Teaching Music To Children

THROUGH the medium of the reproducing instruments, such as the phonograph and the player piano, every child can be taught to respond to the rhythmic appeal of music and to interpret a piece in movement, and when he has reached this stage he will be able to listen to music with a fair degree of intelligence. Of course, this is one of the highest developments for children, because their attention cannot be claimed for long, and in the case of the phonograph the records must be especially adapted for them. Pieces that tell a story intrigue the children's interest and they soon learn to make up stories of their own as suggested by the music. In listening to music a child develops not only musical taste but such mental characteristics as alertness, perception and concentration. It also exercises quick perception and a retentive memory. There are many instances of children whose minds worked slowly not only acquiring greater alertness but improving other branches of their studies as well by listening to music. And, moreover, a child acquires a taste for music at this early period that will be a source of perpetual delight. He will have learned to comprehend something of music in the same way that he learns to talk through the ear.

Another means of fostering a love for the best is through singing. Most children love to sing. They should be encouraged to express themselves in song, even before they can comprehend the printed word or note. It is really surprising how speedily the children acquire the words and melody of a piece—just from hearing it sung—and in this connection it is gratifying to know that there are many delightful phonograph records now available which should be valuable in the home as well as in the school.

Much can be accomplished in the home if the parents themselves will give close attention to the musical needs of the children.

The Use of Music

WE are only beginning to realize the true meaning and significance of music in everyday life. The use to which music is put after a man or woman leaves college, when compared to the use he or she makes of French, German, chemistry, physics, philosophy, or many other subjects which one might name in no way substantiates its absence from our school curriculum.

Music has been classed for many years among the cultural subjects, and a stigma has been attached to this word cultural. It is indeed unfortunate that we have been so intent upon practical and techni-

cal education that we put off into a separate class certain subjects, call them cultural, and as a result leave them almost unnoticed and always unrequired.

Scientists Investigating Properties of Music As An Aid In Healing

Music through the phonograph is receiving more attention as a cure for ills of every description, and scientists are beginning to investigate the medicinal properties of music.

In the various hospitals during the war certain kinds of music were found to hasten convalescence and to prove beneficial. Fritz Kreisler, in a recent article in a well known magazine, has some very interesting things to say on this subject. "My father was a physician," he writes, "and I studied medicine for about two years, so I know a little about medical science. I do not think it unscientific to say that in certain instances music can effectively be used as a healing agency. Recently a case was brought to my notice. A young lady was sick with a

high fever in her home in one of the Western States. The doctor's home was far away and he could not be summoned readily. A friend asked the mother to get her daughter a music cure. A certain record was played on the phonograph a few times. The young lady's temperature came down." There are many such instances of a similar nature on record.

It now remains for the scientists to work out by tests the selections best adapted in combating certain diseases and to classify them accordingly. This will make it easily possible for doctors to include in their prescriptions two or three phonograph records to be played every fifteen minutes or so.

Humorous and Otherwise

A little urchin who could qualify as "Peck's Bad Boy" told his piano teacher the other day that a fugue is a piece of music in which voices come in one by one and the listeners go out the same way.

A piano left out of tune for an extended period cannot be put in satisfactory shape with one tuning. Sometimes it takes three tunings. It is economy to have your piano tuned twice a year.

Never grab the handle of your phonograph and spin it around in a jerky way, as you would crank your Ford on a chilly morning. Wind it slowly and evenly, as you would the clock, and do not wind it too tightly.

While phonograph records may be handled freely and quickly without danger of injury, they should not be stacked up in a pile without protection for the surfaces, nor should they be given the baby to play with. Albums are the most economical and handy way of keeping any average person's collection of records.

Independence

By Grace G. Bostwick

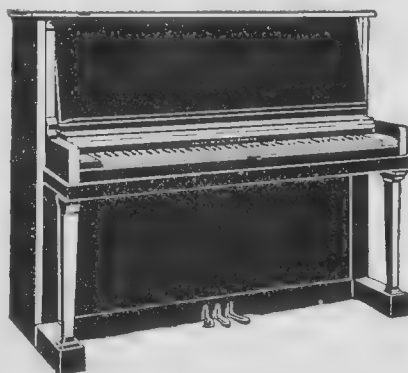
One time I walked with fearful tread
And wide and watchful eye
Lest anyone should shake their head
At me as I passed by.
And everywhere I went I found
That tongues wagged fast and free;
It seemed that everyone was bound
To disapprove of me.
But now that I no longer care,
But go my heedless way,
Regardless of the idle stare,
No tongue has aught to say.

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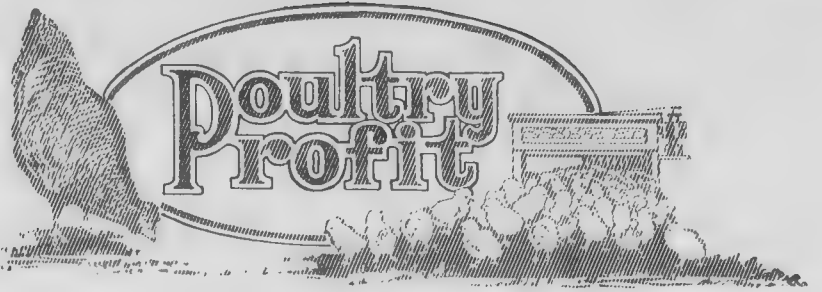
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Helen E. Vialoux

THE "boarder hen" or "slacker" is being culled out in many farm flocks in all the Prairie Provinces this autumn, Saskatchewan particularly making great strides in this necessary branch of poultry profit. Both in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, lessons in culling were given at the Agricultural Colleges, Saskatchewan putting on a special course in culling demonstrations lasting for eight days last spring, when twenty students availed themselves of the short course. Each Agricultural Society was asked to send one representative to attend these lectures, and after becoming expert in the art of culling poultry, these men were then fitted to do this important work in their own districts. The system of sending out inspectors, in vogue in Saskatchewan, is a very good one which I would like to see in the other provinces. Pure bred flocks are inspected at intervals throughout the province, culling demonstrations held, and other advice in regard to poultry given. A report made by the Saskatchewan inspectors is interesting, and states that a total of 13,377 birds belonging to 217 flocks, were handled by the inspectors, and 3,571 birds were weeded out as being unprofitable during the past year. Only pure bred flocks are included in this list. After carrying on this line of work for two or more years, a considerable improvement is noted in egg production in that province. Housing, feeding, and the mating of birds are also taken up with the farmers by the poultry inspectors with excellent results.

Professor Herner gave a very interesting demonstration of culling at the recent Charleswood Fair, working over some White Leghorns, and Barred Rocks, taking a few minutes to point out the marks of a "good layer" and a "poor layer". When the yellow color or pigment is blanched out of a hen's legs, beak, and around the eyes in August or after any season of laying, she has laid well. This sign is invariable, the professor said, though the loose elastic skin, width of the pelvic bones, and smooth textured head, alert and well set up, are all signs to note in a prolific hen of any breed.

From the latter part of August until October is the profitable time to cull out poor layers, and the late moulter is always a good layer. Most hens take at least a couple of months to moult, and get in laying trim. During these autumn months a better price can be obtained for one and two year old hens, as the young stock has not commenced to move.

In the East, under the auspices of the Farmers' Central Co-operative Association of Quebec, carloads of these culled hens, in good condition, are being shipped to Montreal, the best poultry market in Canada, where satisfactory prices have been obtained for the live birds, the consignments reaching market in good shape. These shipments by the carload, consisting of 25,000 hens and roosters, were in charge of representatives of the Dominion Live Stock Branch, and the Provincial Government of Quebec.

Our Western poultrymen need to form just some such Co-operative Company in the West, and eliminate the middle-man's profits when selling their stock in the Fall.

IT is interesting to read in one of the Eastern papers that the management of the egg-laying Contest at Storrs, Conn., U.S.A., announces a new feature this coming year when the pens in all the Contest houses will be lighted with electric light to obtain a larger egg production. It is also hoped that the use of electric light in the famous egg-laying contests will do away, to some extent, with the fowls' moulting in winter. The use of electric light as an aid to winter laying, has been practised and advocated by the Manitoba Agricultural College for the past four years. The experiment carried out at Storrs, will doubtless "throw more light" on this problem of winter egg production.

Many farmers and others interested in poultry, have been inquiring for "a condensed buttermilk" obtainable in a powdered form, and I am now glad to tell them that one of the creamery companies of Winnipeg, have just such a product on hand at a moderate price put up in 50 and 100 lb. sacks, which they ship to any point in the city or country, as required. If the sale warrants the production of this "buttermilk powder" in Winnipeg, the firm in question intend putting in an expensive condenser to turn this waste product in their creameries, to practical use, of value to farmers for pigs and poultry.

J. S. Ridout, of Stonewall, is making a good living from his poultry, using his garden as a sideline. Mr. Ridout has now been in the poultry business in that locality (an ideal one for chickens) for about three years. He keeps from 100 to 150 laying hens of the Barred Rock breed, and in ten months, 145 hens including 83 pullets of 1921, laid 17,435 eggs, or a little over 120 eggs per bird for this period. These pullets commenced

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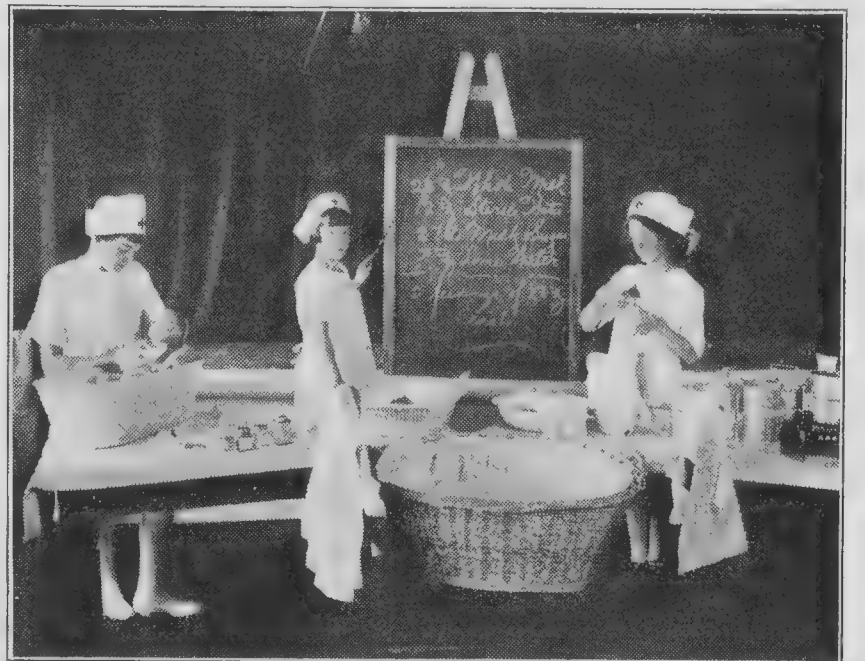
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A Journalistic Appreciation from B. C.

PERMIT me to congratulate you on the excellent progress made by the Western Home Monthly in the past few years. The display of its beautiful colored pages on the news stand here is a pride to me as a Canadian and as a Newspaper Man. Its contents measure up to my ideals of a Household Magazine—while the make up is a credit to the printing art.

Vancouver, August 22, 1922. F. J. DICKIE

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly



Junior Red Cross Winnipeg Team at Winnipeg Garden Show

laying when slightly over 5 months of age. During the winter this pen of 83 pullets averaged as high as 74 eggs per day. Though now in a heavy moult, Mr. Ridout's hens are still going strong, as he expects the average of his whole flock for 1921-22 will be 150 eggs per hen. This is a splendid record for any flock, and is fully as good work as experts are doing in Agricultural Colleges. For a flock of 145 birds, a good price from a city hotel is realized the year round by this up-to-date poultry man, who keeps his birds housed in sanitary runs, leading from comfortable houses.

During the period of growth, the birds are given more or less free range. The eggs are clean, large in size, and graded before being shipped by street car into Winnipeg. Plenty of buttermilk is fed these birds all the year round, Mr. Ridout finding buttermilk a fine chick developer. Electric light is used in winter in moderation, a feed being given the hens at 9 p. m. The ordinary grains are fed at "Sunnyside Poultry Farm", Mr. Ridout doing his own mixing of the grains and mashes, using an egg-laying mash all the season through.

COMPLAINTS have come in of loss among young poults of six to ten weeks of age, after drooping for a day or two. Well-fed, strong-looking chicks are found dead for no apparent cause. This trouble is likely to be caused by intestinal worms in the young birds, which have caused considerable loss this season. A mash of bran and shorts, containing a teaspoon of turpentine, should prove a good remedy. Follow this treatment with a dose of salts, also given in mash, using a teaspoon of salts mixed in water, to each quart of mash. A dose of salts, given to the hens and turkeys about once a month or so, may rid them of sluggishness, and ward off disease.

Turkeys should not be overfed. No doubt some of the loss in young turkeys is caused by overfeeding. Poults should be kept on the hungry side, and not fussed with after they are a month old. They pick up much fine food on the range but of course must be driven into a safe lodging at night, when prowling "varmints", including dogs, are out for mischief.

No Wonder

Dr. Lyman Abbott, at a luncheon at the Colony Club in New York, was good-humoredly arguing the suffrage question with a prominent suffragette. "Now, doctor," said the suffragette, "there's one thing you must admit. A woman doesn't grow warped and hide-bound so quickly as a man. Her mind keeps younger, fresher." "Well, no wonder," Dr. Abbott, retorted. "Look how often she changes it!"

A Boy's Composition on Breathing

Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver, and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath, we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through our nose and when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out-of-doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonic acid got in that there hole and nearly killed everyone before morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys, because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy, so I can run, holler, and row, and have a great big diagram.

Notes Taken at the Winnipeg Garden Show, September 4, 1922

MANITOBANS have known for years that the wonderful soil of their country can grow the finest vegetables in the world, and have carried off trophies of all kinds from the big shows open to world competition in Kansas, U.S.A., and elsewhere, but that our country is now producing fruit of large size and luscious flavor comes as a revelation to "the man in the street."

The garden show at the Board of Trade Building, Winnipeg, displayed all the choicest vegetables and fruits, including

Mr. Boughen went up to this north country about 20 years ago, and by means of shelter belts and wind-breaks, has converted the bald-headed prairie into a most wondrous orchard, where bushels of plums, hardy apples, and crab-apples are freely grown without any fussing or winter protection, we realize the importance of his work. Needless to say, "small fruits" are grown in many varieties on the Boughen farm, as much as \$300 being realized on an acre of raspberries in 1920.



Display of fruit at Winnipeg Garden Show

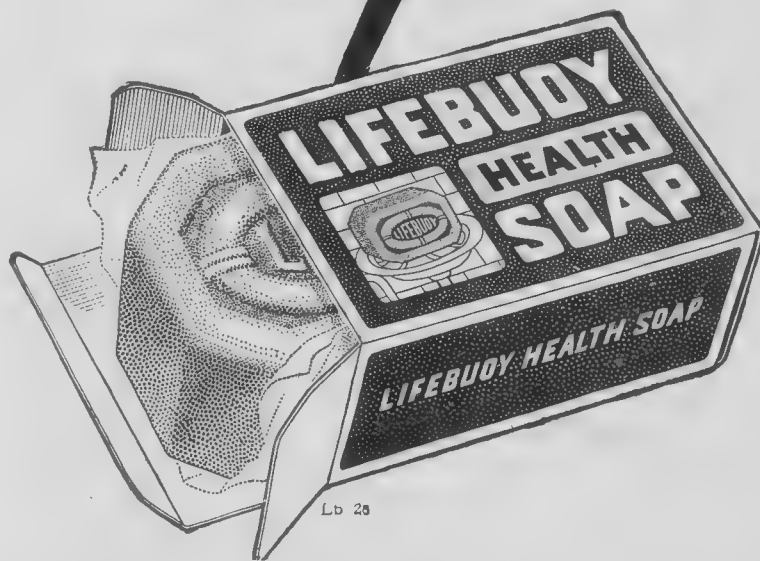
musk and water melons, and the most magnificent collection of apples, crab-apples, plums, cherries, raspberries, strawberries, ever shown in Western Canada. Some members of the Chicago Board of Trade, and several distinguished members of the British House of Commons, were visitors at the Garden Show. They were deeply impressed by the abundance of vegetables, fruits and the thousands of exquisite blooms which graced a dozen large tables in the big auditorium. Manitoba represented just so many grain fields of wonderful No. 1 hard to those visitors until they came and saw for themselves, those wonderful fruits, flowers and vegetables. A. P. Stevenson of Morden, perhaps, showed the largest assortment of apples, but Wm. Boughen of Valley River, Man., carried off the silver cup given by the Horticultural Association for the best collection of cultivated fruits. When we learn that Valley River is 200 miles further north than Winnipeg, and that

One of the most interesting exhibits was from the Morden Experimental Farm, brought in by Mr. Leslie, the Superintendent of that remarkable place, from which great results are already being shown. The apples and crabs were beautiful; of large size and perfect coloring. When Mr. Leslie told us he had already 80 acres planted in fruit of various varieties, we realized the magnitude of his work on this splendid Experimental Farm.

To sum up the fruit situation in the West, the time is drawing near when any up-to-date farmer can grow hardy, delicious fruits which have been thoroughly tested out by those earnest horticulturists such as A. P. Stevenson, Wm. Boughen, and Wm. Leslie of Morden. On the prairie, the shelter belt is the only solution to successful fruit growing, of course. Only a few years growth will make an ideal shelter for an orchard.

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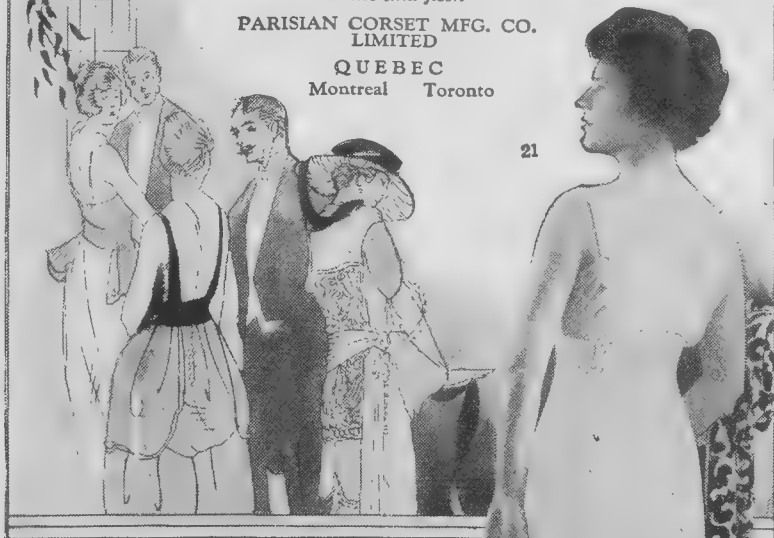
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Then, one day, a married sister told her of this. Ten weeks later, at a house dance, Sally astonished her friends by saying, "Why I made that gown myself. Otherwise, I could not afford to have it. I took up the Franklin Institute system and after 10 weeks

fascinating sparetime work, I can now design and make my own gowns, waists, skirts and suits. I am now making an evening dress for mother."

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MOTHER'S SECTION

Our Duty to Our Teeth—

MANY people seem to think that an annual, or at most a semiannual, visit to the dentist, with a perfunctory use of a tooth-brush once or twice a day, is enough to do for the health of the mouth and teeth. As a matter of fact, that is far from being enough.

The dentist stops the mischief already caused by neglect, and puts the mouth in a condition to withstand further mischief. He can instruct his patients on the care of the mouth, and stimulate them to more persistent attention to it. We all know how careful we are for a few weeks after a good scolding from a conscientious dentist; we should be just as careful three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and several times in the day.

"How frequently should the teeth be cleaned?" That depends on how clean you wish to be; but this, at least, is certain—you should clean your teeth immediately after eating, no matter how often you eat, and above all, you should clean them the last thing at night.

Teach children to use the tooth-brush at a very early age—as soon, in fact, as they can hold the brush. You can make a sort of kindergarten game of it, and establish the habit for life. That is much better and easier than to wait and introduce the process to the child of seven as one more of the many bothersome penalties of being alive.

Merely to present the brush is not enough; nor will the hurried maternal query, "Did you clean your teeth this morning?" save a single tooth. Teach the correct use of the brush as you would that of any other tool. Let tooth-brush drill be a favorite nursery game, with penalties and prizes.

Teach your child also to use the waxed dental floss, and to rinse his mouth and throat with some antiseptic solution. See that the brush is pushed back and forth, and up and down in every direction, and that the waxed thread is passed with a sliding motion between every two teeth. Teach him to be very careful with the back teeth, for those are the teeth with which he eats. Teach him to be very careful with the front teeth, for those are the teeth that others see whenever he opens his mouth. Teach him to be careful with them all, for good teeth mean good looks, good digestion, and good breath.

A Mistake in Child Training—

A PARTY of friends, during a social call, were chatting about their little ones in the fond, proud way that parents will, when one, a man of the world and a scholar—in certain directions a public educator—said gaily, "My little puss isn't bashful—not a bit of it. She knows how to hold her own, little two-year-old as she is. She is a fast one, I assure you."

A young student hearing the professor's remark, and noticing the parent's pleased manner as he spoke thus of his girl-baby, turned to his own mother, who stood near, and, with a perceptible curl of his lip, said: "Yes, that's the way it goes. When their daughters are babies they let them be as rude and forward as they will, and think it smart, and call them 'fast,' and laugh; and when they're grown up they have the pleasure of hearing other men call them 'fast,' and laugh on the other side of their mouths."

A stroke of lightning out of a clear sky could not more have startled the mother than did these words from her son. That youth, a mere boy, himself by no means a model of perfection, had with one sentence fathomed the depths of one of our period's sorest evils.

I have not drawn from imagination for my illustration. Within the past week the youth's plain words were spoken within my hearing. I yet recall the half-contemptuous, half-compassionate glance he turned on those near by, and every word that he uttered lingers yet in my memory.

His Mother—

JUDGE LINDSEY tells a striking incident of a little fellow who came before his court, and was many, many times admonished about truancy from school. The teacher kept writing, however, that nothing had been accomplished, and that Tim seemed bound to work and to let school go. One day, in reproving him, the judge said: "Now, Tim, there will be

time enough to work when you are a man." The boy replied like a flash: "My father was a man, and he didn't work. He went off and left mother and me, and I guess that's what killed her too." Finally, after breaking every instruction, Tim appeared in court one day with a changed expression, his face ablaze with satisfaction. Walking up to the judge, he pulled from his pocket a dirty piece of paper, all crumpled up, and handed it up for inspection, saying: "I'm going to remember all the things you have told me now, judge, and I am going to school regular now, for I've got that job all done." Judge Lindsey unrolled the paper and found it to be a receipted bill, and discovered that, little by little, poor Tim had actually paid, with pennies and nickels, fifty dollars for a headstone for his mother's grave. "My boy, is that what you have been doing while you have been missing school so much?" said the judge; and Tim answered, as he wiped the tears from his dirty little face: "I wanted her to have a monument too, judge, like the others had. She's done a lot for me; that's all I could do for her now."

A Fable

TWO mothers were walking out one day by the country roadside. Each held a child by the hand. After a while the grasp of one loosened and the child toddled off alone. Its steps were uncertain. Once it stumbled and fell on the greensward, but it arose again and again and went on. Its steps grew more certain, and at length it ran about with confidence. The second mother kept her child's hand tight within her own clasp. When its feet stumbled she caught it up. So it happened that the little legs did not grow strong; nor was confidence gained.

So they walked for days and days. The mothers became footsore and weary, and just as they came to the edge of a forest of whose wilderness they knew nothing, they sank down exhausted.

"We can go no farther, you children must go on alone. At length you will come to a castle which is your rightful home. You must not stray from the road, nor must you linger too long on the way."

There was a handclasp and good-bye. The children went on alone. The one ran along gaily, for it was used to walking alone. The other tottered along, falling and trying to rise again, bruising its little palms on the stones. After a while one was far ahead and yet unwearied, while the other lay crying and exhausted before a few miles had been traversed.

It was a beautiful country through which the road led. Pine trees towered high, and an exquisite changing sky was over all. There were huge boulders sometimes in the road, and cascades tumbled down from the heights. The child who was accustomed to make his way alone sprang lightly over the obstacles and laughed when the spray dashed in his face.

He reached the top of the hills at last where the road ended. Here he entered into his kingdom.

His little fellow traveller found himself unable to clamber up the rocks, and so turned aside by a roundabout path which eventually ended in a quagmire or swamp.

It is not to be doubted that the two mothers talked together at the separation of the roads. She, whose son had lost the path, comforted her heart with this: "I led him while he was with me; I spared him every bruise and ache that I could."

The other mother, whose son had entered into his kingdom, said simply: "I taught him to walk alone—without clinging to me. And he has entered into his own—as a man."

A Remarkable Case

The guests at the boarding-table, says the St. Louis Star, were discussing diets.

"I lived on eggs and milk for two months," remarked one lady, "and I actually gained ten pounds."

"And I," said a gentleman, "lived for more than a year on nothing but milk, and gained in weight every day."

"Mercy!" came the chorus. "How did you manage to do it?"

The gentleman smiled. "I cannot say that I remember," he replied; "but I presume my method was similar to that of other babies."

Celebrate Your Birthdays

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

THERE are a great many holidays in this country:—Labor Day, Dominion Day, Empire Day and countless others. Now we have Mother's Day, although I must say few people know the date of this last until it is past and they read about it in the papers. Some people keep one or two of these holidays, some others. I think they are kept more in the cities than in the country. Farm work has to go on, whatever the date.

I am not advocating more holidays, when I say:—"Celebrate your birthdays." There are many people who think we have too many holidays already. I simply think that, even on a farm, some difference should be made on Mother's and Father's birthdays. There is no fear of our not keeping the children's birthdays. Generally they will remind us of them themselves by such remarks as:—"Ten more days to my birthday." "I wonder what I shall get on my birthday this year?"

If the Father's or the Mother's birthdays come on a week day, on the farm, I recommend keeping the father's birthday on the following Sunday. Men, as a rule, do not mind which day it is kept, nor often whether it be kept at all.

Women are different. They like their birthdays to be kept on the right day. So, even on the farm, the Mother's birthday should be celebrated on the day on which it falls. This need make no difference to the men's work. When the breakfast is quite ready, get the Mother into the other room, for some pretext or other, then let the children put their little gifts in the Mother's plate. This starts the day all right, by reminding the father that it is Mother's birthday. After breakfast, he goes to the field as usual.

During the morning, the children should try to do as much of Mother's work as they can. They should lay the table prettily, have cut flowers in vases when the season permits, give Mother her favorite dishes and have a birthday cake in the centre of the table. When the father returns from the field, he will note the festive look of the room and thus again be reminded that it is "Mother's birthday."

In the afternoon, if the farmer has to go to the field again, the children should keep up the traditions of the day. Mother should not have to wash the dishes this day, unless the children are too young to do so. She should rest and read and change her dress. The children, too, should be better dressed for supper, and again some little gift could be put in Mother's plate, and favorite dishes cooked for her.

Generally she considers everyone before herself, so this day, at least, she should consider her own preferences. Of course, she will not do so unless the children insist on it.

We make a great point of celebrating birthdays in our family. Even if we have to work most of the time, we never forget what date it is.

Once I rang up a friend on the telephone, and told her what a good time I was having:—"You are lucky to have a birthday," she replied. I felt I was more lucky in having a daughter who would not allow anyone in the house to forget that it was "Mother's birthday." In fact, she makes a point of preparing for the day, months ahead, every year!

They say that women are touchy about their ages. This may be so; but still I do not think they like their birthdays to be forgotten, even then. To the remark:—"How old are you?" which comes up naturally on a birthday, they can reply laughingly:—"Young enough to be foolish and old enough to be wise!" Some such remark causes merriment, and after it none but the very unmannerly would insist on forcing any other answer. A woman is not merely as young as she looks. She is as young as she feels, and this is often a different matter.

Of course, the Mother must start reminding her children, and often her husband, when her birthday occurs, otherwise they will not acquire the habit of remembering it. Once she lets a birthday slip by, unnoticed, she will find it harder to keep the next one. From the time the eldest child is five, there is no fear of "Mother's birthday" being forgotten, because, by now, it is an institution. Even father cannot forget it.

because the children will remind him weeks ahead so that he too is ready with his gift.

The gifts need not exceed the limits of the family purse. Mother is most pleased with the work of her own children. She prefers an embroidered pillow slip, worked by loving fingers, to any expensive bought present.

Keeping Mother's birthday makes the children unselfish. It teaches them to think of someone else, for weeks or even months. It gives them secret feelings of importance; for no one, not even father, can properly plan for Mother's birthday as her children can. They know her tastes better than he does.

In planning for Father's birthday, the Mother and children put their heads together and arrange everything. The man so often forgets his own birthday that the celebration is a real surprise to him! It cannot be so to Mother. Women never forget their birthdays. I did know

one woman who told me she remembered it in the afternoon. Well, even then, she remembered it. I think it was the children's fault that she did not remember it sooner. Or, most likely, she was herself to blame for allowing it to slip by unnoticed once or twice before.

When the children see that you love to keep your birthday, and that you appreciate their efforts on your behalf that day, you need never fear that you will be neglected; for you will always be among the "lucky ones who have a birthday to keep."

What if your birthday cannot come on you as a surprise? The manner of keeping it may be different. The gifts can be different. There can be something unusual about each birthday. Trust your children for that. They like change. Their secret whisperings in every corner are all part of the glorious surprise they are planning for you. You may not like children whispering in corners. As a rule, it bodes no good. Children should have no secrets from Mother, except twice a year:—at Christmas and for her birthday.

As the day comes nearer, allow your children more chances to plan. They mean no harm. These innocent secrets

mean much to them. They are part of the fun. If you should discover something beforehand, you could pretend not to do so. A Mother should be able to play the Game of Pretence as well as any child.

These birthday celebrations will not make you feel older, from year to year. On the contrary, they will make you feel younger, in proportion as you enter into the children's fun. Look forward to this day which they are planning for your happiness. Hope great things from it—great pleasure and great blessings. Be like the children themselves. Remember that when Hope has passed, Youth has passed.

I hope to have countless more happy birthdays, and I hope that my birthday will never be forgotten, even when there are "silver threads among the gold" and long after that.

A Change of Diet

"Mamma, I want a dark breakfast." "Dark breakfast! What do you mean child?"

"Why, last night you told Mary to give me a light supper, and I didn't like it."

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About the Farm

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Harvesting and Storing Potatoes

IN the harvesting of potatoes, a good deal of profit from the crop may be sacrificed through just a few faulty methods which may not appear to be so important at the time of digging the tubers up. Unfortunately, the potato harvest arrives at a time when a good many rival crops are demanding the attention of the average farmer, and even market and amateur gardeners feel particularly pressed for time at this end of the season owing to the decreasing daylight period and the ever present menace of frost. A good many bushels of potatoes may be saved that would otherwise be lost, by following the methods of successful growers, who have through years of careful investigation, tried out various methods and adopted the most suitable for the climatic conditions that must be taken into account.

The date when potatoes are dug varies considerably, as this operation may have to wait for some time owing to pressure of work, but the usual time is about the beginning of September, though if the soil is well drained and not wet it is not generally considered dangerous to leave the crop in for a month later.

If there is disease among the potato crop, it is as well to leave the crop in the ground until frost has caused the diseased ones to rot, thus saving the unnecessary work of harvesting the unfit ones. If diseased potatoes are dug and stored as soon as the tops are dead, the disease will be almost certain to develop in the cellar, and healthy tubers will rot from contact with diseased ones. Potatoes in wet soil should be dug sooner than those in drier and well drained soil.

It is very important to keep potatoes dry, hence the digging should be undertaken in dry weather, so that the tubers are taken to storage in a perfectly dry condition.

The storage of potatoes for best results needs a dry, cool and well-ventilated cellar; this cellar should be quite dark. It should be the aim to have as good circulation about the potatoes as possible. By piling damp potatoes in heaps in a warm, poorly-ventilated cellar, any disease that may be in them will soon develop and then rotting will take place and spread through the good ones.

Instead of piling the potatoes indiscriminately on the cellar floor, it will be found a profitable undertaking to put down a false floor about six inches above the proper floor, taking care to leave considerable sized cracks between the boards. In a similar manner walls may be erected by the use of slats, and these should be about six inches from the permanent wall and a few feet high in order to prevent the potatoes from contact with the cellar wall. These precautions will ensure a good circulation of air behind the pile and under it. Of course, if the piles be very large, the air currents will have considerable difficulty in penetrating into the innermost tubers, and hence it is a good plan in such a case to put in large square ventilators made of slats with one end resting on the floor and the potatoes banked up around it. Another good plan is to make crates of slats, the slats being near enough to each other to prevent the potatoes from falling out. These crates may be placed side by side in the cellar, with a small alleyway between each, so that there will be a free air circulation. This latter method will prove the value of the old adage of "Do not put all your eggs in one basket," as, for instance, a few damp and diseased potatoes may accidentally find their way into one of the crates and, supposing the remainder of the potatoes in that particular crate are all spoiled, one will have the satisfaction, or consolation of knowing that the disaster has been localized instead of damaging a large percentage of the fruits of one's hard earned harvest.

The cooler potatoes are kept without freezing the better. The temperature of the cellar should be kept at nearly 33 deg. to 35 deg. F. as possible.

Putting Business on the Farm

NOW the fall has arrived, what of the winter plans? The longer evenings are opportune for the making of plans

that will help to add efficiency to the farm and farm house.

There are many things that may occur to one's mind in this regard, but there is one outstanding reform that would be well worth establishing right away, and that is, the establishing of a proper business executive centre on the farm.

The oft quoted expression in regard to "Farmers and business men" is a doubtful compliment to the farmer, as he is a business man, and the successful control of a farm demands business ability of no mean order. The average farmer is in about the same position as a manager of a large business organization, inasmuch as he has such a large number of different departments under his control, for his work demands of him the knowledge of a veterinarian, engineer, cerealist, gardener, builder, painter, etc., and it is to his advantage if he is something of an accountant and typist in the bargain.

When one goes into a business house, the eye is assailed by books, files, a typewriter, stationery, shelves, etc., for the carrying out of business without confusion. On the farm there may be first-class buildings and fences, but when one comes to the executive end there is not, as a rule, much in the way of facilities for conducting correspondence or accounting. A good deal of delay may be occasioned by the mislaying of papers and record books when such material is urgently needed. It is not to be supposed that every farm should have a fully-equipped office, but a great handiness in which business may be conducted may be brought about by having just a few essentials in a certain part of the farm house, such as a few shelves for books only, pens, ink and note paper, and a blotter handily placed on a table ready for instant use, not forgetting to have a large supply of postage stamps in the writing table drawer, for it is a sad fact that many letters are held up for a considerable time for want of postage stamps.

A rubber stamp with the name and address of the farmer may be purchased reasonably, and by using this on the top of the notepaper it will make a bold effect and impress the firm or individual written to, and will assist them in their reply, for no busy firm has much spare time for hunting over the paper to find the name and address of the sender by a rounding up process. This stamp will also be of much value in saving the work of writing the name and address of the sender on the left hand top corner of the envelope, as is required by the postal authorities. A good plan would be to purchase a good supply of envelopes and use the rubber stamp on the whole of them, thus making a supply of return addressed envelopes in advance. This stamp has no need to be very elaborate or of large type, but just sufficient to fit into a corner of the envelope and note paper.

Most farmers are handy as carpenters, and the making of the shelves and writing table should not prove a very difficult task. The table and shelves could be stained, say, light oak, and when all is

ready the fittings can be put into operation. It is very unfortunate that so much valuable literature sent out by both the Provincial and Federal Departments of Agriculture is not more fully appreciated; but by having a set of home made shelves every bulletin and pamphlet that arrives can be placed in an accessible position for reference at any time. By applying to the above Departments a farmer may have his name placed on the mailing list to receive literature as it is published, and all such literature should be carefully filed, as it covers a multitude of subjects, and in due time a very handy little reference library will be at the farmer's disposal to help him out on many a problem. These bulletins are free, and are written by specialists who have devoted considerable time and careful observation on the problems that confront the farmer. The Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, issues a very handy "List of Publications," and by obtaining this, and picking out the bulletins that are most needed, a very good start may be made, and this will be supplemented by the new publications that will be sent from time to time if the farmer's name is on the mailing list.

On a shelf apart from these bulletins, machinery catalogues, etc., can be stored. A good many such catalogues are received in addition to seed catalogues, and they may be very urgently needed at times, but it is at such times that they are very often missing.

A bill file, with alphabetical divisions, is the best way in which to keep copies of accounts. Another file for bills that are due for payment is a good system and will save confusion. The file containing paid bills is excellent evidence in the case of renewing machinery, for the last bill for the same implement that is being purchased may be taken off the file, and thus the agent will have an idea what your expectations are in regard to price, though, of course, it may not always be very effective in bringing the price down.

There are other methods of business procedure that might be suggested, but a too involved system is likely to bring about its own collapse, therefore, it is better at the start to centre one's endeavours in keeping the papers of the farm in a place to themselves, filing all valuable literature on farm topics, and keeping the writing material in such a handy place that it will not be an unnecessarily hard task to conduct any business correspondence.

Bulbs

EVEN in this Western country the advent of winter does not mean that we should be shut off from the sight of flowers grown at home. Bulbs, such as tulips, hyacinths, and narcissi, may be successfully brought to bloom in the house.

A good deal depends on the preparation of the soil for the raising of bulb bloom in the house. A method recommended is to mix two parts good garden loam, one part well decayed manure and enough sand to make an open, friable soil. Drainage should be provided for in the bottom of the pots by means of small flat stones. Five tulip bulbs to a five-inch pot is considered correct planting. The soil should be sprinkled lightly into the pots, the base of the bulb pressed down in it, then cover the bulbs and press firmly



Watching an avalanche at Lake Louise

all around. The pots should be placed in a dark cellar that is cool and the soil should be kept moist. It should be the aim to have a full root system in the pots before the bulbs are brought up into the light. When the pots are brought up they should be placed where the light is moderate only, and the same condition should apply to the temperature. After a few days the bulbs may be brought into brighter light. The blooms will last longer in a room where the temperature is low. The potting of bulbs should be done in October. The outdoor planting may be done in September or October.

For outside planting, the bulbs should be set between four and six inches deep and about eight inches apart. After planting, the surface soil should be raked smooth, and when freezing sets in the beds should be covered with leaves which should remain on until real spring weather appears, when they may be removed.

The following are among the best tulips for indoor and outdoor use: Joost von Vondel and La Reine (white); Chrysolora (yellow and red); Keizerskroon and Duchesse de Parma (red); Proserpine, Joost von Vondel, Pottebakker, and Vermilion Brilliant (red); Cottage Maid (pink).

To lengthen the season of bloom, a collection of late Darwin tulips should be planted, and they will bloom after the above varieties have passed the blooming stage. These latter are exceptionally fine and among the best are the following: Baronne de la Tonnaye, La Tulipe Noire, La Candeur, Inglescombe Yellow, Clara Butt, Fra Angelico, Madame Krelage.

Among hyacinths the following are good: La Grandesse (snow white); Madame Van der Hoop (white); Gigantea (blush pink); Enchantress (clear light blue).

Narcissi: Van Sion (yellow); Sir Watkin (bicolor); Emperor (yellow); Princeps (yellow); Golden Spur (yellow); Madame de Graaf (white); Empress (white and yellow); Victoria (white and yellow).

The following rules are a good guide in the house culture of bulbs:

Pot reasonably early in a good porous soil.

Place in a cool cellar and water regularly or when the soil appears to need water.

Maintain the temperature of the storage room at about or not above 40 degrees.

After about two months bring up into a temperature of from 50 to 60 degrees and into partial light for about a week, then place in full light and water amply and regularly.

When in bloom again place in cooler temperature, where it is possible to do so. This prolongs the life of the flowers.

"Dreamthorp"

DURING the early fifties of last century the name of Alexander Smith was held in high repute as a poet, and the widespread success of his poem, "A Life Drama," of which 10,000 copies were sold in a short time, caused some of his enthusiastic admirers to predict for him a brilliant future. Unfortunately for him, however, he lived at a time when the literary firmament was studded with stars of the first magnitude, and although so competent a judge as George Gilfillan asserted that no poet ever excelled the author of "A Life Drama" in the beauty and exquisite analogical perception in his images from nature, Smith's poetry came in for severe and hostile criticism, some of his detractors saddling him with that most fatal of all defects in a writer—plagiarism. It is not the purpose of this article, however, to discuss the merits of Alexander Smith as a poet, but rather to direct attention to another phase of his work, which, though less ambitious, is nevertheless delightful and interesting.

As a writer of prose, Alexander Smith was endowed with a style at once graceful and picturesque, and in "Dreamthorp," a volume of the most charming essays in the English language, he exercised that faculty to its fullest extent. Written in a semi-poetic strain, it embodies a good deal of fine imaginative thinking and his word pictures of the "dream village," from which the book derives its title, is a happy specimen of poetic-prose writing. "Dreamthorp—a castle, a chapel, a lake, a straggling strip of gray houses, with a blue film of smoke over all—lies embosomed in emerald." To this cool sequestered vale we are carried by the magic of his imagery, and along with him

we revel in its daisy-clad fields, its streams that flow placidly through the soft, green valleys, its pleasant country roads, where in summer the song of the lark is heard "from heaven or near it." Here one may "walk for a year and encounter nothing more remarkable than the country cart, or a troop of tawny children from the woods, laden with primroses." One indeed, feels that at last, "That flying and illusive shadow," Rest is within one's grasp, and a haven found in which to "ripen for the grave."

"On the Writing of Essays" he discourses with a delightful and easy familiarity, sometimes whimsical, sometimes serious, but always charming. To this prose poet the vagabond with the soul of a philosopher is as important as Alexander weeping for more worlds to conquer. Every condition of life has its own peculiar advantages, and the wise man is he who makes the most of them. It is the essayist's privilege to find in any and every object which crosses his path a peg on which to hang a text.

"Two rustic lovers, whispering between the darkening hedges, is as potent to project my mind into the tender passion as if I had seen Romeo touch the cheek of Juliet in the moonlit garden. Seeing a

curly-headed child asleep in the sunshine before a cottage door, is a sufficient excuse for a discourse on childhood."

In his chapter on "Men of Letters," all the famous writers since Elizabeth's time are brought vividly to our minds eye, and in this essay our author seems to give us a glimpse of his own struggles and disappointments as a literary aspirant. "Men of Letters," he tells us, are the most interesting of mankind. He would rather be," he says, "Charles Lamb than Charles XII. I would rather be remembered by a song than by a victory. . . . To be occasionally quoted is the only fame I care for." Be you beggar or king the "Man of Letters" gives to you, without reserve, his fancies and his wisdom. "Just fancy," he writes, "what a world this would be if ruled by men of letters. Ignorance would die at once, war would cease. . . . the race of lawyers and physicians would be extinct. Think of a world, the affairs of which are directed by Goethe's wisdom and Goldsmith's heart."

Elsewhere in this fascinating book he writes of the "Importance of a Man to Himself," and with a geniality, sweetly acidulated—were such a phrase permissible—exposes the follies and vanities of mankind.

"A Shelf in My Bookcase," "Christmas," "On Death and Dying," "Vagabonds," and "A Lark's Flight" are subjects which add to the enchantment of this charming volume, and the last-mentioned of these is written with a realism that grips the imagination and makes the pulses thrill and the heart beat faster. In it he describes the execution of two men for murder, and in graphic manner pictures the scaffold, the blanched faces of the two doomed men, the wide space kept clear by the military, the surging crowds hushed into silence by the solemnity of the occasion. "Just then out of the grassy space at the foot of the scaffold, in the dead silence audible to all, a lark rose from the side of its nest, and went singing upward in its happy flight. . . . and there is a sharp sound, and I feel the great crowd heave and swing, and hear it torn by a sharp shiver of pity, and the men whom I saw so near a moment ago are at an immeasurable distance, and have solved the great enigma."

A Mist of the Son.

We should need no social panacea if everyone realized that a right is merely the other face of a responsibility.



Overland Wins FIRST Gold Medal for Crossing Rocky Mountains in ALL-CANADIAN Territory

VANCOUVER—Completing the thrilling, and at times hair-raising path-finding run from Edmonton to Vancouver, the Edmonton Automobile Club Overland car piloted by C. W. Niemeyer and Frank Silverthorne, rolled into Vancouver, the men exhausted, but happy. They described their journey as one of marvelous beauty and remarkably hard work, but they said they had opened the pathway to Edmonton, and that the expenditure now of a comparatively small amount would make it a permanent and pleasant trail. They encountered muskeg, burned bridges, rock slides, grizzly bears, railroad trains, windstorms and furious rains, but they came along with only three blow-outs, and those caused by rail spikes.

Leaving Edmonton, the Overland, equipped with the famous Triplex springs, proceeded westward. It had a heavy load, but never once did the sturdy car cause any trouble during the entire grinding trip. The car weighed 1,800 pounds, carried two to four men, and was outfitted with picks and shovels, axes, hammers, four twelve-foot ten-inch planks and several shorter pieces, a complete set of tools and spare parts; two spare tires and a spare wheel; fifty gallons of gasoline and five gallons of oil. They made the entire run on forty-one gallons of gas and six quarts of oil, and came every foot of the way on their own wheels, via deserted railroad grade, active railways, tote roads, and Pacific highway, demonstrating once again the wonderful economy of the Overland four.

From Edmonton they proceeded through the Yellowhead Pass trail, taking the abandoned G. T. P. railway grade near the mountains and following it to Jasper, where they picked up Baldy Robb, a well known mountain guide, who was with them through the trip. At Jasper they took to the steel railway and

bumped the ties to Lucerne, resuming the abandoned grade one mile west of that point and following it to Red Pass. They then took steel to Tete Jaune Cache and the old tote road, thence to Alfreda, steel to Blue River and Avola, tote road to Lytton, steel and tote road to Hope and the Yale road to Vancouver. You can imagine what a tremendous strain this was on the units of the car. Yet throughout the entire trip the motor ran smoothly and powerfully. The all-steel body stood up exceptionally well and the motor remained cool and quiet under the worst travel conditions.

The motoristic Alexander Mackenzies arrived in Vancouver with blistered hands and sore muscles, even though they started out in good shape. They brushed and built miles of road, constructed 36 bridges, some of which were good enough to be called permanent structures, killed a 14-foot grizzly bear with a 303 rifle, and took 200 pictures of wild life of the trail, Rocky Mountain sheep, deer, birds and each other. They drove their car on the railroads around curves and along precipices where the variation of a hair would have thrown them hundreds of feet to death. The car wheels straddled the rails, the outer wheel being on the outer edge of the ties. The ties in many instances were projecting out over a yawning space which fell straight to the roaring river hundreds of feet below.

On arrival at Victoria, C. W. Niemeyer was awarded the Victoria Automobile Club medal for blazing the trail for the projected Trans-Canada Highway.

You may see a duplicate of this Canadian-made Overland car at any Willys-Overland branch, or at the showrooms of any Overland dealer in Canada. Illustrated catalogue will be sent post-paid, on request, by Willys-Overland Limited, Toronto, Canada.

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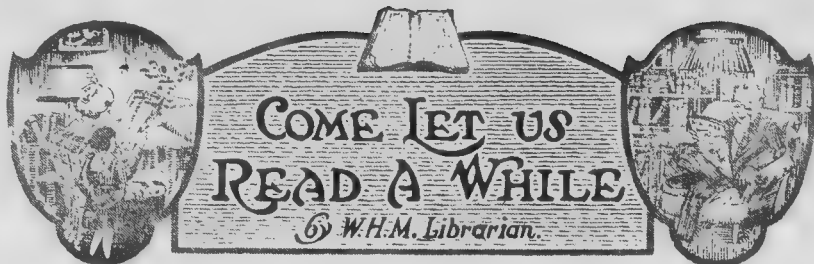
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THE calendar told me it was September 1st. I was glad of that.

It meant that it was time to think of my October chat with readers of The Western Home Monthly. And I had just finished reading a novel that I was most eager to tell you about. It is called "This Freedom" and its author is A. S. M. Hutchinson. Perhaps some of you took my advice and read "If Winter Comes," the novel that has proved Mr. Hutchinson to be in the very foremost rank of living novelists. So intensely had I enjoyed "If Winter Comes" that I could scarcely control my impatience when this new novel of his, "This Freedom," was announced. The day an advance copy reached me, I sat up practically the entire night, reading it! Now it is my pleasure to tell you a little about its plot. Not too much for fear of "spoiling" it for you when, at some future date, a copy comes your way.

Let me start off by saying this: whether or not one agrees with Mr. Hutchinson's summing up, whether or not one enjoys "This Freedom" as a mere story, whether or not one thinks it inferior or superior to "If Winter Comes"—of this I am as sure as that winter is approaching, "This Freedom" is going to be the most widely read and heatedly discussed novel of the season. It, like "If Winter Comes", will lead the lists of best sellers on both sides of the Atlantic. It will also lead off many a conversation wherever intelligent people foregather for many months to come. I will tell you why. Mr. Hutchinson in "This Freedom" has developed a theme of universal interest. Should a woman work outside of the home after she is married? Can a woman be a good mother if she does this? Is a mother's constant attendance upon her children essential to their welfare? Must children, deprived of a mother's care, necessarily "go to the bad" as the saying is? Is it more the duty of a mother to sacrifice her career to the children than it is the man's? "This Freedom" provokes all these questions and more. You can see, can you not, how varied the opinions will be about this book? There will be some who will have entire sympathy for Rosalie and uphold her attitude. There will be others who will pity Harry and denounce Rosalie. There will be others (I among them!) who will contend that Mr. Hutchinson has greatly exaggerated in order to win his point: that it was not at all essential for the sake of logic or realism to destroy the entire Ocleve family and thereby bring ruin to Rosalie's fine life.

Rosalie, the daughter of a brilliant but unsuccessful clergyman and a sweet, nondescript, colorless type of a woman, becomes a very clever, efficient, business woman in the world of finance. She has a head for figures, a passion for the romance of great commercial enterprises. At the height of her career she falls violently in love with a barrister who is as distinguished a young man as she is a woman. Before marriage, Rosalie makes it quite plain that she will never give up her business career, that they will be perfect comrades, each pursuing a chosen avocation, and living together for mutual joy. Harry Ocleve agrees entirely with Rosalie. The early years of their married life are perfectly happy. Then later three children are born to them. Rosalie does not allow the entry into the world of these children, to affect her business life more than she can help. Her household is run most excellently by efficient, well-paid servants. Her children are cared for by trained nurses and governesses. There seems to be not a single hitch in the Ocleve household. But one day, Harry

faces Rosalie with the request that she sacrifice her career for the children who, he feels, are not like other children in homes where the mother plays a leading part.

I am not going to tell you how Rosalie solves this momentous problem nor how her solution works out. But it is easy to imagine, is it not, from the bare outline I have given you, what a tremendously important subject it is that Mr. Hutchinson has chosen for his new novel. More than one subject really. For in this story, the author has touched upon the very much changed and still changing conditions of home life, of married life, of social life, and particularly the way in which these changed conditions are affecting ideas about parenthood, affecting the lives of children.

The very title of this great novel is poignant in its implication. "This Freedom" is taken from the Scriptures (Acts xxii, 28.) "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." No woman can read the story of Rosalie without feeling that her own life to a certain extent has been mirrored. No one, man or woman, can read this novel, and be unmoved to discuss the problems therein. "This Freedom" is published in Canada by McClelland and Stewart.

It was a curious thing but no sooner had I put "This Freedom" to one side, than I picked up a volume of plays by Mark O'Dea entitled "Red Bud Woman". (Stewart Kidd Co., Cincinnati.) Curious, because Mr. O'Dea like Mr. Hutchinson, has espoused the cause of women and shown great understanding of the tragedies that fall to the lot of many women just because they are women, and because civilization has still great strides to make if it is to wipe from its brow the mark of Cain. It is not its brother but its sister whom civilization has murdered from time to time by its indifference. It would seem, viewing woman's status in some spheres, that Civilization was asking as light-heartedly as Cain, "Am I my sister's keeper?"

Perhaps some such thought as this was in the mind of Mark O'Dea when he wrote the plays "The Song of Solomon" and "Shivaree". Some time ago I remember reading in a leading magazine devoted to woman's interest, an account of the farm woman in the United States of America. It was appalling. After the most careful investigations, data had been collected to show that the conditions of women on the farm were positively criminal. That is to say, the wife was over worked, seldom helped, worn out with too much child bearing, and while the man spent enormous sums in improving his farm, he denied his wife the many work saving devices that make life more bearable for the one pair of hands called upon to do the child rearing, the cooking, mending, washing, cleaning, dairying and ministering to sick neighbors in the time of distress. In the play "The Song of Solomon" Mr. O'Dea portrays with consummate skill (because with so few words) just such a case. We can see the whole life of poor Mrs. Sykes, old before her time, unroll before our eyes. We can see how she has been broken with work around the house while her prosperous husband works his farm with the help of modern inventions. How she has longed, how she has dreamt of the installation of an electric plant which would give her light, water, cooking fuel, and do her washing. But even on the forty-third anniversary of their wedding day, he denies her request and gives five hundred dollars to the Church to show what a godly man he is. One shivers as the screams of Mrs. Sykes, now bereft of reason, linger in the room after the book is closed.

CORRESPONDENCE

Too Monotonous

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for a comparatively short time. The Correspondence Page always claims my first attention.

I notice most of the members live in the Prairie Provinces, and think it is about time for some one from the West to write up on this part of the country, don't you?

I live in the foothills of the Rockies, and can't say that I am in love with country life, as some of the readers appear to be. I rather agree with Percival, or rather The Flirt. There are extremes both ways. Country life is too monotonous for my taste, nothing ever happens. One day is just the same as another, at least it is up here. I suppose I may get in wrong with some of the milk-maids if I knock the country too much, so I had better change the subject.

Aloha Oe slings a wicked pen and I suppose that, like Percival, I will come in for my share of criticism. I don't mind, however, I probably deserve it.

I am not one of those romantic cow-boys that you read about, just an every day telegraph operator, working eight hours per day for a fixed salary.

I have just returned from a visit to Jasper Park, where I got some rather interesting snaps, which The Flirt may have by writing for same.

Like most of the Members I am very fond of dancing, riding, shooting and all outdoor sports, and, like most of the letters to the Correspondence Page, the purpose of this one is to gain correspondents.

As this is getting rather long for a first attempt, I had better close my keg. Wishing all the readers the best of luck, I will sign myself,

"X"

A Call for Help

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have been an interested reader of your splendid paper for over ten years. I enjoy reading the stories but the Correspondence page interests me most of all. Nearly all of the letters are very interesting and there sure must be a number of intelligent young boys and girls scattered abroad in our vast Dominion.

I am a bachelor and live on a farm in central Saskatchewan. Believe me, dear Editor and Readers, a bachelor surely leads a lonesome life, but then one has to get used to a great many unpleasant things in this world. When I feel my single blessedness most is when I try my skill at some new recipes. A few times it goes all right, but other times I feel as though I want to call for help. The only one who sympathizes with my failures is my little pet dog, and he does that only because he knows that he will receive the first taste, and perhaps all of it. Safety First is my motto.

I am very grateful to Brown-eyed Daisy for her sympathy for us poor bachelors. Thanks also for your willingness, to send us good recipes, but I do hope you will come yourself and demonstrate how they are made.

Will someone please write to a lonely bachelor, who never in his life has had a love affair? I will answer all letters.

Wishing the W. H. M. continued success, I am

Launcelot.

The Horse Must Not Pass

Dear Editor and Members:

I have been an interested reader of your wonderful magazine for some time, so I hope you will allow me a wee space on your page. I am very fond of reading, and I think the stories in The Western Home Monthly are just fine.

I live in the country, and the scenery around here is very pretty, especially in the summer time, as we are right on the shore of Lake Manitoba.

I have just read Holster Pete's letter, and quite agree with him regarding the horse. I for one believe and hope that the horse will never be forgotten.

Well, I must say that I am a cripple, but still manage to have a fairly good time, and try to take the best out of life.

This isn't a very interesting letter, so I won't be surprised if the Editor sends

it on a visit to Mr. W. P. B. I will say in closing that I would be pleased to correspond with any of the members between the ages of twenty and twenty-five.

Daisy.

The Wild and Woolly Once Again

Dear Editor and Readers:

May I, a little blonde from the "wild and woolly West," call for a little chat? Have just finished reading the interesting letters of your valuable page and could not resist the temptation to drop a line and live in hopes of its escaping the hungry basket.

I should like to express my opinion in a few words, regarding the use of paint and powder. I wonder how many boys would choose as their partner at a party, a girl who is guiltless of powdering or spending time improving her appearance?

Likewise regarding boys, the most popular are the ones who are "fussed up" as it were, and have apparently given some time trying, and perhaps I should say succeeding, in enhancing their beauty.

Taking it as a whole, I believe the boys are guilty, perhaps not to quite the same extent, as well as girls, of the "sin" of powdering.

I am fond of reading during the long winter evenings. My favorite authors are Harold Bell Wright, L. M. Montgomery, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Ralph Connor. Have studied music, and am very interested in it. I enjoy dancing very much, and am also fond of skating.

Did I say a little chat? Well, then, it's time to bid you all adieu.

Wishing the page every success and hoping to receive some new correspondents, I will sign myself,

Onoway.

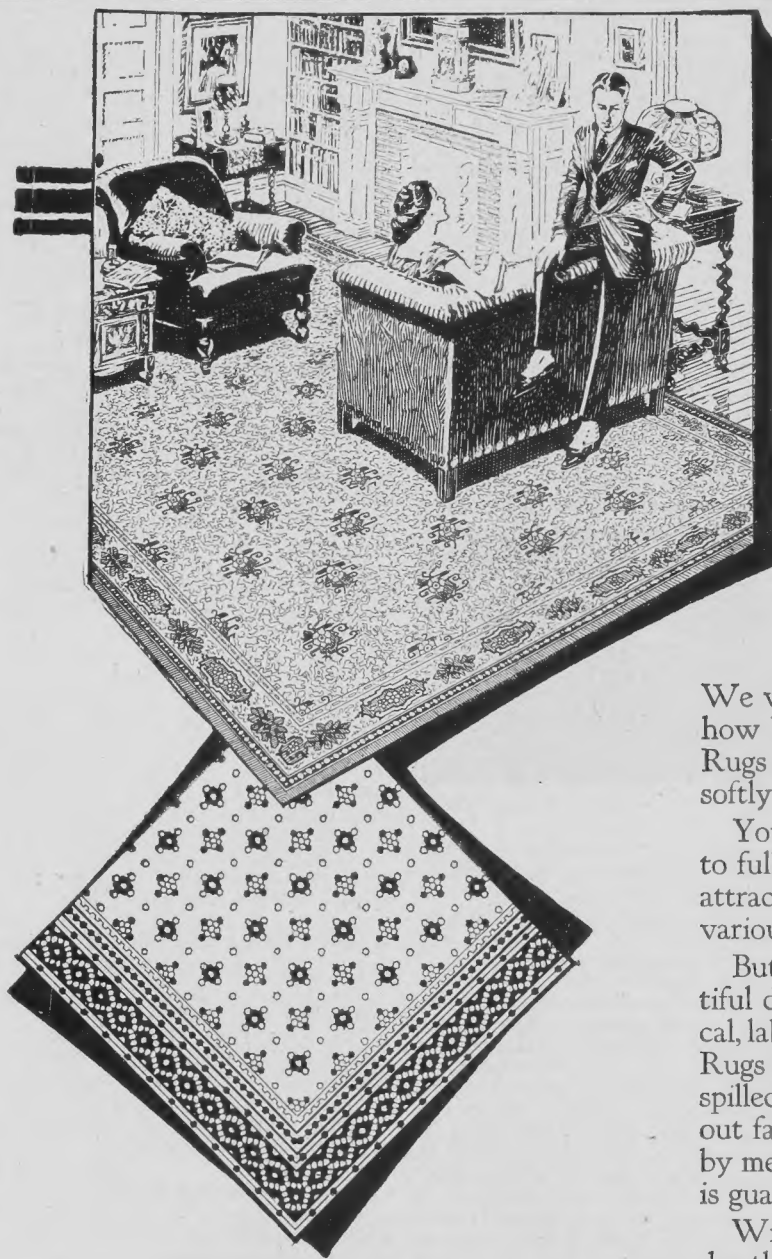
Mixed

A contributor to an English weekly tells of an Irishman who was describing his narrow escape from a cross bull.

"I seized him by the tail," he exclaimed, "and there I was! I was afraid to hold on, and I dared not let go."

"You were between the horns of a dilemma," ventured a lady.

"No, ma'am, I wasn't between the horns at all and, besides, he wasn't a dilemma. He was a Jersey."



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9 x 3 ft. \$4.50	9 x 7½ ft. \$11.25
9 x 4½ ft. 6.75	9 x 9 ft. 13.50
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Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard—in roll form, two yards wide.....85 cents sq. yd.

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The artistic design shown in the living room scene comes in two lovely combinations of color; pattern 396—a soft grey background with bright blue and brown figures; and pattern 398—a warm tan background with dark green and brown figures.

Light and dark blue tiles on white tile background make the neat pattern shown above. It's Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 408.

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The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!), and in extra thin plaster. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

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Don't Wear a Truss



BROOKS' APPLIANCE the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U.S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day

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The Western Home Monthly

about, and that is why, the 31st of October to be sure—Hallowe'en. It's a great time for a party and I don't see why all of you shouldn't have some fun.

First of all you should be dressed up and it will be very easy for you to make a "costume" for yourself and each of your guests, for a fancy paper hat worn with your ordinary clothes will make any party look gay and festive. The hats should all be black and orange, the true Hallowe'en colors, and they may be cone shaped, like a witch's hat, (these should be mounted over a stiff paper or cardboard foundation) or they may be round like crowns and finished with a row of black paper cats or witches that may be bought in packages at any book store, or you may make them of a piece of paper cut wide enough to fit comfortably around the head, and about 20 inches long. Cut a piece of stiff paper or cardboard about four inches wide and long enough to go around your head, mullage this together; then cover neatly with the colored paper. With your scissors cut the opposite end of the colored paper about two inches down in narrow strips, now tie a thread tight to the base of these strips, and you will find you have a very fanciful hat. Other ideas will suggest themselves, and you will soon have quite a millinery shop ready.

Now for games—well that is easy I am sure—ducking for apples in a tub of water, with your hands tied behind you; bobbing for apples that are tied to a string hanging from a clothes line; having a peanut hunt, when each guest is given the end of a string (on the other end of which is a peanut) which is wound upstairs and down through doorways, under beds, around chairs and in and out, the one who finds the peanut first being given a small prize. Then there is taffy pulling which is taboo in many homes because of the mess it makes, but it is great fun if you can persuade mother to let you use the kitchen. Find a recipe for pull taffy in any cook-book, watch it boiling until it strings, let it cool, and then with your hands generously floured you are ready to begin.

You may have a "spook" room lighted only by a candle set in a pumpkin Jack o' Lantern with a grinning ghost made of broomsticks and sheets in one corner and at a table a fortune teller, who well disguised, may read your hand or tell your fortune with cards. There are several things which may be used in the spook room to add to its weirdness. A rubber glove filled with water, and tied in such a position that it will strike the cheek of anyone entering will make the stoutest heart quake; an aeroplane ascent in the dark will provide many thrills; let two big boys hold the ends of a strong board

in both their hands, stooping as low as they can. Blindfold the "passenger" and have her stand in the centre of the board with her hands resting lightly on the boys' shoulders; now let the boys lift the board very slowly a few inches from the floor, at the same time raising themselves as much as possible, making remarks about the height, the danger etc., all the time. The "passenger" feeling her hands going up has the sensation of height, and finally she is told to "Jump, quickly, quickly, jump!" and she jumps expecting to hit the ceiling if she does not, and finds that all her jump has only been about three inches! Try this—it is good fun. Then there will be other games that are favorites in your neighborhood, and when you are all tired with these a simple supper of sandwiches, coffee, and cakes, followed by apples and grapes may be served, and then if you have a fireplace it will be time for popping corn, roasting chestnuts and telling ghost stories. Lacking a fireplace, why not gather round the kitchen stove? I think everyone will vote your Hallowe'en party a great success.

SOMETHING WE HAVE SEEN

IN the Cosy Corner we are always giving you good advice about using your eyes and ears, and you know the editor has to do that too or I wouldn't dare ask you to. While I was on my holidays this summer (for even editors must have holidays to sharpen up their dull wits so they may think of things to write about for you) I saw a lot of interesting little things that pleased me, and one of them was the play time of minnows in a still pool. Did you ever see them? This particular pool was nearly stagnant, but had two small openings into the lake and through these the minnows came and just at dusk they took their play time. Suddenly you would notice that the water was all little ripples, and into the light would flash a tiny silver streak, then another, and another until soon the whole surface of the pool was full of ripples where the jumping minnows played, and it was one of the prettiest and the funniest sights I ever saw to watch these flashes of living silver as they jumped in and out of the water.

Couldn't be Worse

They had just renewed their acquaintance after five years.

"Pon my word, Miss Weatherley," he said frankly, "I should hardly have known you, you have altered so much."

"For the better or for the worse?" she asked with an arch look.

"Ah, my dear girl," he said gallantly, "you could only change for the better!"



No Appetite

Nervous exhaustion leads to distaste for food. The nerves of the stomach are weak, digestion fails and you become generally upset and out of sorts.

The secret of complete restoration is in getting the nervous system fully built up.

Mrs. R. Cheney, 208 Richmond St., Chatham, Ont., writes:

"I was troubled with indigestion, which caused me many sleepless nights. I would be in terrible distress at times, and would get no relief for two or three hours. For sixteen months I ate nothing but Shredded Wheat biscuits, as I dare not eat anything else. I did not know what to do, as I had tried so many different remedies, as well as doctors' medicines, without gaining permanent relief. Finally I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and while on the second box noticed that I was improving. I continued the treatment until I am now fully restored, and have returned to my regular diet. My husband has also taken Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with splendid results, so we are glad to recommend it to others."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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The Western Home Monthly

THE "DOIN'S" OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg.





WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



The Wheat of the West

The West has wheat for the world this year if the world has the money to pay for it.—Canadian Finance.

Germany Then and Now

Germany asks for a moratorium, but plundered Belgium and France had to pay without delay.—Wall Street Journal.

The Idea of Lenine & Co.

Soviet Russia distrusts capital so much that she thinks she ought to take it away from the rest of the world.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The World's Worst Has-been

Having failed as a war lord and as an emperor, Mr. Hohenzollern insists on failing as an author.—Toronto Veteran.

It Bit Like an Adder

A Cleveland was killed by drinking poison by mistake for wine, as it is very hard to tell the difference these days.—Indianapolis Star.

It Means Nothing to Them

A mosquito remedy known as "Sweet Dreams" is on the market. As for the mosquitos they regard all remedies as pipe dreams.—Vancouver Province.

A Beacon of Disaster

As a beacon light to the world Russia isn't bright enough to glare in the eyes of any traveller on the road of life.—Halifax Herald.

Cause and Effect

Germany protests vociferously that she has got to be "helped." This comes from having tried to help herself a little too much.—London Advertiser.

Times Have Changed with Him

The report that the former Kaiser's mental powers were waning is doubted. He has just succeeded in having his income tax reduced.—Peterboro Examiner.

Conjugal Repartee

Women who marry smart men are rarely happy.—Memphis Commercial Appeal. There, wifey, you have only yourself to blame.—Arkansas Gazette.

An Immigration Problem

All the Dominions are anxious to have the British farmer as a settler. The problem is: is there enough of him to go around?—Stratford Herald.

The Gasoline Age

Every nineteenth person in Canada owns or has paid an instalment on an auto. The flivverless remnant is kept busy dodging them.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The Turk at Work

Investigating Turkey to see if any atrocities have been committed is analogous to finding out whether a duck can swim.—Duluth Herald.

International Note

Oregon hops are being shipped to France, but it is not expected that they will affect the French frog market.—Seattle Argus.

It Would

If Adam and Eve could take a walk this year through a field of Manitoba wheat we believe the crop would tickle them.—Brandon Sun.

Lazy and Critical

Soon the lazy man who lies in bed and listens to the Sunday morning sermon by radio will be complaining of, or approving, the acoustics of the sky.—Saskatoon Star.

Peace in Europe

Europe has a million more men under arms than in 1913. The situation is enough to make the dove of peace seek a perch on the North Pole.—Ottawa Citizen.

Easily

In the event of our neighbors being unable to agree on who are America's twelve greatest women, Canada can supply them with a dozen eligible for the honor.—Hamilton Herald.

Vital Importance of Good Roads

One must have lived in the country to understand the vital importance of good roads; it is not distance that matters so much, it is the condition of the road that counts.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Times Have Changed

Political picnics are not like what they were in the old days, when the "boys" were served with something more substantial than tea and lettuce sandwiches.—Brantford Expositor.

Her Worship's Age

Anticipating much surmising regarding her age, the recently-elected woman mayor of Iowa City publicly announced that she was 52 years old and did not give a hoot who knew it.—Minneapolis Journal.

Petrograd Perceptiveness

There are some signs that the Soviet government is beginning to realize that making faces at the countries you want to do business with is not the best way to expedite matters.—St. John Globe.

A Perilous Crown

A rich American is in demand for the throne of Albania. We have in mind two or three movie magnates whom we should like to nominate for this hazardous honor.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Warning to Watermelon-eaters

A surgeon had to be called to remove a watermelon seed from the ear of a Seattle boy. This should be a warning against the habit of burying the face too deep in the juicy delicacy.—Portland Express.

All the More Reason for Investigating

Kemal Pasha will not permit a commission of Allied inquiry to investigate the Turkish atrocities. He says he thinks the demand unprecedented. So, according to the information, were the atrocities.—Hamilton Spectator.

Neglect of Civic Duty

The people who wonder what's wrong with things in general can read where about 250 ratepayers out of 5,000 turned out to vote on a school bylaw and they need not do much more wondering.—Winnipeg Free Press.

The Soviet Terrorism

If you could be sentenced to death in Canada for about one-tenth the things for which you can be sentenced to death in Russia the radicals here would no doubt tear out all their hair in protest.—Victoria Colonist.

A Matter of Definition

Manitoba courts have to decide whether goats are cattle. The customs officer's classic definition of an imported tortoise might help: "Rabbits is poultry," he said, "pigs is cattle; but this 'ere bloomin' tortoise is a hinsect."—Calgary Albertan.

The Stovepipe Hat

The silk top hat, part of the uniform of the business men of the City of London before the war, is said to be doomed to extinction. Brains under a bowler are, however, just as efficient as they were under the top.—Toronto Telegram.

The Problem of Russia

Russia is working the old familiar game in which the black sheep of the bunch lies down on the job and refuses to do anything without more coin and liberal support—or remain a burden and disgrace to the family.—Journal of Commerce.

Against "Printing-press Money"

Organized effort is to be undertaken to warn the American people against the dangers of "printing press" money. A dollar's worth of Russian roubles loaded on a freight train and sent about the country might help.—Boston Transcript.

Cheese

A Canadian dairy expert predicts that Canada may soon produce better Dutch cheese than the made-in-Holland product. The domination of dairymen will be complete when we can manufacture a cheese with equal ventilation and fewer tunnels than the Swiss article.—Edmonton Journal.

Quality in Immigration

Australia is showing all the "pep" in its immigration policy, which is not surprising. Australia needs population more than Canada, and has less to offer the immigrant. Canada has had its lesson and has learned that quality counts as well as quantity.—Halifax Chronicle.

Fire Protection Day

A date in October has been fixed as Fire Protection Day, whereas what this country seems to need most is three hundred and sixty-five fire protection days in each year, with an extra day in leap years to be devoted to the same observance.—Vancouver World.

The Official Figures

It has been officially announced that 600,000 American soldiers reached the battlefield during the world war, which leaves the country at a loss to account for the 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 who, by their own admission, had a hand in the "battle of Chateau Thierry."—Buffalo Express.

Postal Prodigality

It takes about forty Russian postage stamps, valued at several thousand rubles each, to bring a letter from Russia to Canada. In real money they are worth thirty cents. If the Russian post office staff has a sense of humor, it must be having an hilarious time.—Guelph Herald.

The M. D. May Object

The president of the Rockefeller Foundation suggests that the doctor of the future will receive an annual retaining fee. The suggestion is somewhat similar to the old Chinese idea that a physician earns his fee only as long as the patient is well, and forfeits it when the patient is sick.—Toronto Globe.

A Legislative Proposal

Dr. Anna Hochfelder, a Democratic candidate for state senator, wants the marriage law amended so that any young woman seeking a license will have to show that she is skilled in some trade or occupation which she can take up in the event of her husband's death. How about plain and fancy housework in the event that her husband lives?—New York Herald.

An Easy Guess

In a fit of candor Lenine told a correspondent that his following in Russia was composed of five per cent. Communists, 20 per cent. of professional criminals, and 75 per cent. of fools. Only one guess allowed as to the particular one of the three divisions in which he would include the pink parlor socialists in other countries who look to him for inspiration.—Providence Journal.

A Parliamentary Embrace

Following a debate in the French chamber of deputies, Poincaré and Viviani indulged in a resounding kiss. They do these emotional things in France, but Canadian parliamentarians—even the French-Canadians—are scarcely likely to emulate them.—Toronto Star.

Lacrosse

To see a real lacrosse game, with lacrosse sticks and everything, seems like the return to the days of real sport. The game has been in eclipse during the last few years, particularly in Alberta. But it is a real man's game and no mistake, and it will never pass away.—Lethbridge Herald.

What a Landowner Owns

Two aviators were fined by a Pennsylvania Justice for flying over a farmer's land. The theory is that the landowner's possession is not a rectangle, but something resembling a section of a pie, beginning at the centre of the earth and widening out to the Great Bear and Orion.—Kansas City Star.

"Hard" Liquor in Montreal

The Quebec Government Liquor Commission reports that in the lower part of Montreal, where the majority of foreigners reside, the great bulk of the sales consists of "hard" liquor, and that over 20 per cent. of the gin sold at one store in the district is purchased by Chinese. Montreal has a nice way of bringing up its foreign population.—Stratford Beacon.

Memorial Trees

Saskatoon is referred to as the first Canadian city to adopt the plan of a "road of remembrance," an avenue of trees planted in memory of men killed at the front. We are told that the plan is now being worked out in the Saskatchewan city. Calgary's "Memorial Drive" was planned early last spring and many of the trees have already been planted.—Calgary Herald.

Regulating Home Life

A Georgia statesman, who has seen the new era coming and wants to be on the safe side, has introduced a bill in the state legislature to make it unlawful for any married man to sneak out in the evening without telling his wife where he is going and getting her consent. If he deceives her as to his objective, she has the right to cancel all future permits; and if he goes out without permission, he is guilty of a felony and liable to imprisonment for a term of from five to twenty years.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Western Sports in Japan

Japan has adopted baseball and tennis as national sports. Vacant lots and wide streets are nurseries for swarms of coming stars of the diamond, and American colleges that send teams to Nippon have to choose their best players in order to have a chance of winning games. The Japanese are rapidly becoming expert with the tennis racquet, and no longer do foreigners visiting in Japan carry off most of the prizes in tournaments. The women are taking up the game with zest.—Chicago Tribune.